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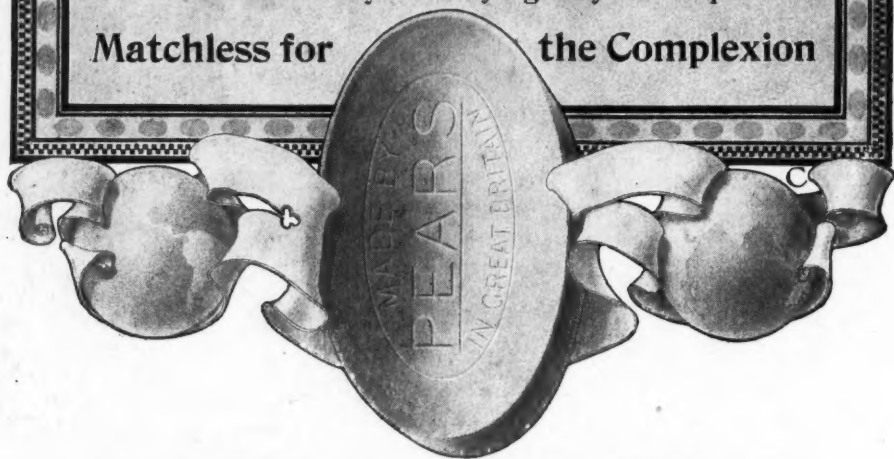
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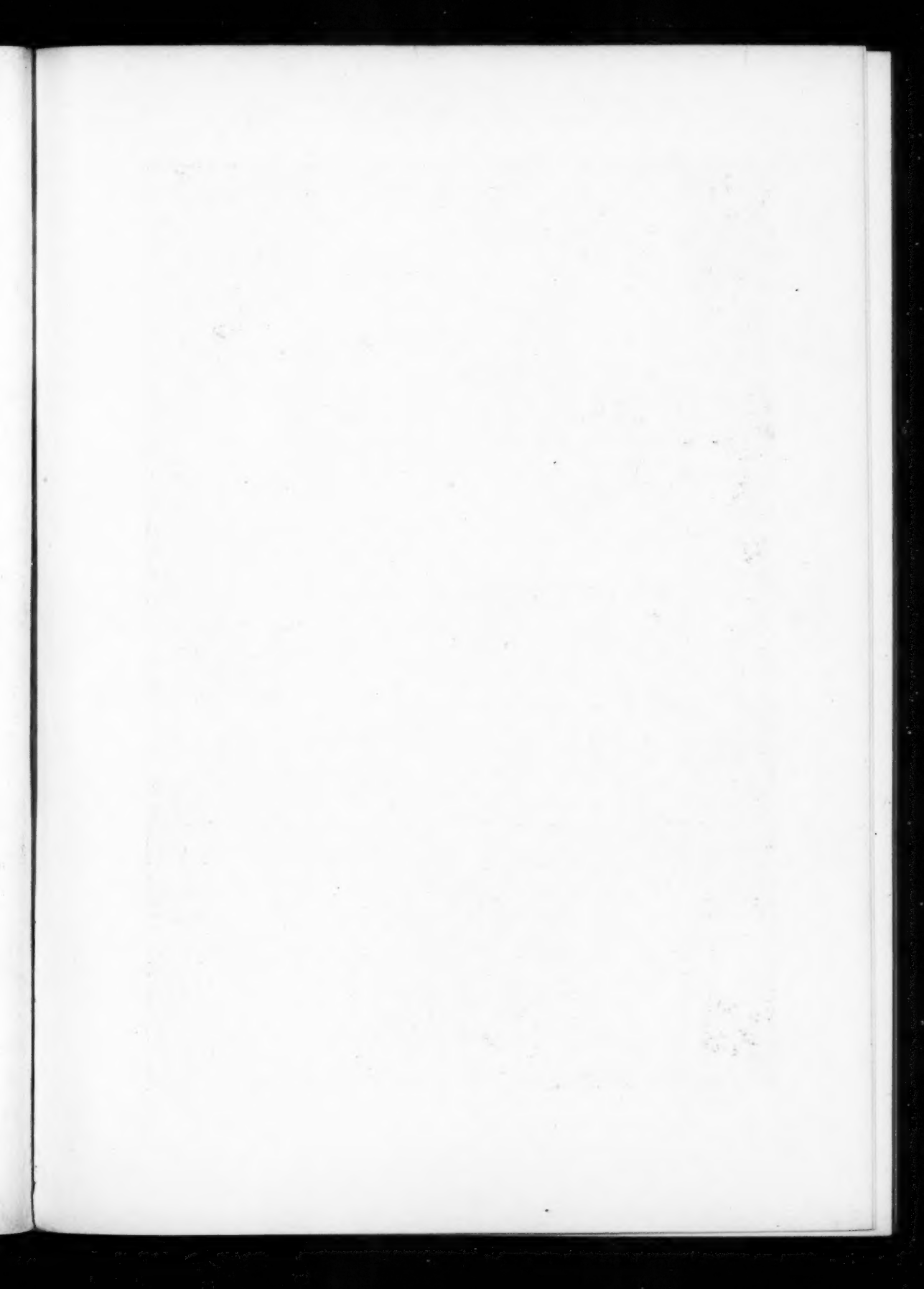
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"GOOD EVENING, AUNT REBECCA; NOT A DAY OLDER," SAID THE COLONEL

Illustration for "The Lion's Share," page 589

THE READER

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

VOLUME IX

MAY, 1907

NUMBER 6

TRUSTS AND THEIR TREATMENT

THE THIRD IN THE SERIES OF ARTICLES ON

THE PROBLEMS OF THE PEOPLE

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

DISSOLUTION AND PREVENTION

By WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

THE first step to be taken in the investigation of the trust question is to define a trust. The word had its origin in the practice, begun a quarter of a century ago, of depositing a majority of the stock of several corporations in the hands of trustees, who proceeded to manage the corporations as one. The word afterward was used to describe any agreement made among independent corporations for joint action in the restriction of trade, the division of territory, or the fixing of price or terms. The aim of these various combinations, more and more clearly defined as different plans were adopted, was monopoly. The essence of a trust is to be found in its ability to eliminate competition and control the market, and for the purposes of this article a trust will be defined as a corporation which by itself or in conjunction with other corporations controls a sufficient proportion of the article produced or handled to enable it ap-

proximately to determine the terms and conditions of sale or purchase. The word "approximately" is used because the evils of monopoly may be felt before a complete monopoly is secured, and the word "purchase," as well as the word "sale," is used because a trust may control the price of the raw material which it buys as well as the price of its product.

THE CONTROLLING INTEREST

The trust appears in four forms. The Northern Securities Company presented the trust idea in its most advanced form. A corporation was formed to purchase a controlling interest in three railroads: the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific, and the Burlington. The main advantage of the Securities Company was that it decreased the amount of money necessary to enable a group of men to control the three roads. If, for instance, one man obtained a controlling interest

in the Great Northern, another man obtained a controlling interest in the Northern Pacific and a third a controlling interest in the Burlington, the three could confer and elect the same set of men as directors of the three companies. These directors could eliminate competition and so manage the roads as to keep one from interfering with the other, but they would have to retain a majority of the stock of all three roads in order to do so. The object of the Northern Securities Company was to enable the capitalists to carry out the same scheme of control with a little more than half of the investment. The Northern Securities Company was to own a controlling interest in the three roads, and the men who owned a controlling interest in the securities company would then control the railroads. To make the matter clearer, let us reduce it to figures. If the three roads had a capital stock of a hundred millions each, the syndicate would have to own a little more than fifty millions of the stock of each road, or something more than a hundred and fifty millions all together. The Northern Securities Company, however, with a capital of a hundred and fifty-one millions, could, assuming the capital of the three roads to aggregate three hundred millions, purchase a controlling interest, and the syndicate, by controlling seventy-six millions of the stock of the Securities Company, could control one hundred and fifty-one millions of railroad stock and thus control the three roads. If, instead of capitalizing the Securities Company at a hundred and fifty-one millions, the syndicate fixed the capital at seventy-six millions and then issued seventy-five millions in bonds, it could control the railroads by holding a little more than thirty-eight millions of the Securities Company stock.

The Supreme Court, fortunately for the country, held the Securities Company an unlawful combination, although the decision rests upon rather an un-

substantial foundation, since the court stood five to four. The death or retirement of one of the majority may lead to a reversal of the decision. If the financiers were permitted to organize holding companies like the Northern Securities Company and through them secure control of railroad systems, they could, by organizing other holding companies to hold the stock of the first holding companies, still further reduce the amount of money necessary to exercise a controlling influence, until a comparatively few men with a relatively small amount of capital could control the entire railroad system of the United States.

A NEW LAW NECESSARY

The plan embodied in the Northern Securities Company had great possibilities for evil. The decision of the Supreme Court has thus far been a protection against these new evils, and the people can secure legislative protection if the decision is ever reversed. But it would be safer to proceed at once with the passage of a law that would make it unlawful for any corporation to hold the stock of another corporation. While Congress has no power to interfere with state corporations so long as they confine their operations to the state of their origin, it is within the scope of the powers of Congress to prescribe the terms upon which a corporation organized in any state shall engage in interstate commerce.

DUPLICATION OF DIRECTORATES

While the Securities Company has been dissolved, the three railroads are controlled by the same group of men who would have controlled the Securities Company, and this brings us to the second method of securing a monopoly, namely, the duplication of directorates.

This is one of the most insidious forms in which the tendency toward mo-

nopoly manifests itself. When the same men are the directors of different corporations it is not necessary that there shall be any contract or even a "gentlemen's agreement" among them. They simply manage the several corporations as if they were one. The investigations which have been conducted during the past two years show to what extent this plan has been adopted among the high financiers. Not only is competition eliminated between railroads by the duplication of directorates, but competition is suspended as between different industrial establishments engaged in the same general business. If, for instance, the leading watch companies desire to avoid competition they can do so without consolidation into one company and without agreement between the companies. All that is necessary is for a group of men to purchase a controlling interest in the competing companies and then elect themselves directors of each company. It is a simple process and as effective as it is simple.

The insurance magnates adopted this plan and used it to make an unlawful profit out of trust funds. As directors of the insurance companies they were, of course, in duty bound to manage the trust funds for the benefit of the policyholders, but they organized banks, trust companies and investment companies and as directors of these companies dealt with themselves, as directors of the insurance companies. As directors of the other companies they made all that they could for themselves, considering, of course, the close watch which they kept over themselves as custodians of trust funds. One must have unlimited faith in his own integrity to attempt to act such a dual rôle if he intends to do it honestly, and the public must have an unlimited amount of credulity to allow men to deal with themselves in such a manner.

Can a man serve two masters? Can he represent, and do it fairly and honestly,

the stockholders of two companies which deal with each other? Is it wise to allow the directors of insurance companies to become the directors of a bank which keeps on deposit the surplus money of the insurance company? Will the directors, acting for the policy-holders, secure the highest possible rate of interest upon deposits, or will they, as directors of the bank, secure the deposits at as low a rate as possible? Will these directors, acting for the policy-holders, keep the surplus at a minimum or, acting for the bank, keep the surplus at a maximum?

THE POWER OF CONGRESS SUFFICIENT

This duplication of directorates is not a new evil, although it is a growing one. Our railroads have given many illustrations of the viciousness of this system. Construction companies, formed from the directors of the railroad companies, have looted the treasuries that they were supposed to guard, and equipment companies, formed from railroad directors, have grown rich at the expense of the railroad.

The remedy for this form of the trust is to prohibit the election of any person as a director or other official of two or more corporations which are either competitive or engaged in transacting business with each other. If it were not lawful for one corporation to have business dealings with any other corporation in which any of its directors were also directors the inducement to form these interlocking combinations would be removed. Such legislation would be in the interest of innocent stockholders.

Where two competing companies are brought together under the same board of directors, competition is as effectively stifled as if there were an iron-clad agreement between the two or the two were merged into one. If there is to be a determined effort to suppress the trusts and restore competition among individ-

ual producers, it is imperatively necessary that rival companies shall be prohibited from filling their boards of directors with the same men. While the states should protect the public in this respect it is not necessary that the people of the whole country should be at the mercy of a few trust-creating states, for the power of Congress over interstate commerce is ample to provide a remedy.

THE PENITENTIARY FOR OFFENDERS

The third form in which the trust appears is found in the combination of a number of separate corporations under a contract which controls the various parties to the contract and prevents them from entering into competition with each other. This is the trust at which the provisions of the anti-trust law were aimed, and it deserves less attention now than in the years past, because, being the most familiar form of the trust, it is most likely to be exterminated. All that need to be said is as to the remedy. In the beginning the executive officers thought the civil part of the statutes sufficient and attempted to break up the trusts by injunction. That proving unsatisfactory, resort was next had to the criminal provisions of the law with the idea that a fine would be sufficient. The fine has been shown to be ineffective and the President is turning more and more toward the imprisonment clause. It is useless to attempt to prevent combinations by fines levied against corporations when the fines are small compared with the sums made by combination. Imprisonment, however, is a real punishment and the trust magnates will become scarce as soon as the penitentiary doors close upon a few of the large offenders.

THE SINGLE-CORPORATION TRUST

The fourth form which the trust assumes is the single corporation which

buys up enough factories to give it control of a given business. This is the form which the future trust is most likely to assume and it is the most difficult one to reach. The tendency at this time is toward consolidation under a single corporation. The United States Steel Company is one of the best illustrations that we have of this kind of a trust. It is a single corporation with a single board of directors, but it owns enough factories to enable it to control several different branches of industry. It has recently acquired from the Great Northern Railroad iron ore beds of enormous value. There is scarcely an argument that can be made against a trust which can not be made against the United States Steel Company, and yet no effort has been made to interfere with its plans. It is doubtful whether any law that we now have is sufficient to reach the case of the Steel Company and similar trusts operating under a single charter, but it is absurd to denounce a contract between several different corporations and then consent to the consolidation of the parties to the contract into one corporation more potent for evil than the separate ones could possibly be.

Every argument that can be made against the principle involved in any other form of trust can be made against the single corporation which secures a controlling influence over any line of business, and no time should be lost in attacking the single-corporation trust.

VICIOUS IN PRINCIPLE

Is a private monopoly desirable? From the efforts that have been made to resist the principle when it has appeared in the guise of a combination in restraint of trade it would seem unnecessary to present an argument against the private monopoly, and yet there are many who draw a line between the monopoly created by contract and the monopoly created by consolidation.

"A private monopoly is indefensible and intolerable"—so says the Democratic national platform of 1900—and this is the only tenable ground that the opponent of the trust can occupy. The moment one begins to defend the principle of private monopoly in any form he is lost. The moment he expresses a willingness to tolerate the principle of private monopoly in any form he takes his place in the ranks of the trust defenders. If the trusts are to be overthrown the opponents of the system must have downright earnestness as well as upright intentions.

Who will defend a private monopoly? Can a judge be trusted to sit in a case in which he has a pecuniary interest? No one would think of answering the question in the affirmative. Why? Because the bias of the human mind is universally recognized. No judge is fair-minded enough to decide a case when he is one of the parties to the suit. It is a settled rule of court to excuse a juror who has a pecuniary interest in the result of the suit, although he is but one in twelve. The private monopoly is vicious in principle because those who act for the monopoly are judge and jury and decide each day against the public and in favor of themselves. Until human nature is so purged of its dross that one's pecuniary interest will no longer influence his judgment, we dare not leave the public at the mercy of those who establish or gain control of private monopolies.

The corporations which secure municipal franchises are not so objectionable as the industrial monopolies, because the city authorities always reserve the right to regulate the service charges, and yet public sentiment is steadily growing against the sale or lease of municipal franchises. The industrial monopoly, not being under the supervision of any authority, municipal, state or national, is free to employ whatever means it pleases to exact tribute from the producers of raw material, from the pur-

chasers of the finished product and from the operatives. Not content with its power over its patrons and its employees, it bankrupts its rivals.

THE REBATE AND THE TARIFF

The protective tariff and the railroad rebate have been the mainstays of the industrial monopoly. The former has kept out the foreign rival and the latter has enabled the trust to drive its competitors from the field. A reduction of import duties would lessen the ability of the trust to extort from consumers, and a law authorizing the admission, duty free, of articles entering into competition with the products of a convicted trust would act as a powerful deterrent to monopolistic combinations.

We have already entered upon the experiment of railroad regulation and the roads themselves seem anxious to have the rebate system stopped. And well they may be, if the interests of the stockholders are considered, for the rebate is a net loss to the railroads. It has existed partly because directors or officials have been pecuniarily interested in the shippers favored, and partly because the trusts have controlled enough shipping to make their business a prize to the roads. Absolute equality of treatment between the trust and its competitors would very materially lessen its power over the market.

UNSCRUPULOUS METHODS

But the advantage which mere size gives to a great corporation has been underestimated by the public. A corporation with a capital of five hundred millions and with manufacturing plants scattered all over the country has a tremendous advantage over a competing corporation with a capital of five, ten or even twenty-five millions. The larger corporation while maintaining, or even raising, prices elsewhere, can undersell

the smaller corporation in the latter's territory. After bankrupting its rival, or forcing it to sell its plant, the trust can raise prices and recover its losses from the community. This is not only what can be done, but this is what has been done, over and over again. Many manufacturers who won reputation and achieved success under former conditions have learned, to their sorrow, of how little value are reputation and business experience when pitted against the unscrupulous methods of the trust magnates.

INTERSTATE LICENSE

The time is at hand when the public must deal with the single corporation which aspires to a monopoly of the market. Fortunately our dual form of government furnishes a means of applying a complete remedy. The states exercise the right to create corporations, but the federal government is supreme in the sphere of interstate commerce. A federal statute of a few lines will provide for an interstate license and forbid a state corporation to do business outside of the state of its origin without securing such a license. A few more lines will set forth the conditions upon which the license may be secured—conditions which will make a private monopoly impossible. If Congress can withdraw from a lottery company the right to use the mail or the express lines for the carrying of a lottery ticket, it can withdraw from a would-be monopoly the right to employ the railroads, the mails or the telegraph lines to aid its conspiracy against the people.

This remedy was first suggested about seven years ago; it was then embodied in the Democratic national platform of

1900; it has since been indorsed by the head of the Bureau of Corporations and more recently by the President. There can scarcely be any doubt of the constitutionality of such a statute when it is remembered that the private monopoly has always been an outlaw.

The license system would enable the government to impose any reasonable conditions and the most effective condition would be one arbitrarily fixing the proportion of the total product that the licensed corporation would be permitted to control. Experience would determine what that proportion should be.

DISSOLUTION OF PRIVATE MONOPOLY

It is necessary to draw a distinction between the natural man and the fictitious person called a corporation. Man has natural rights, inalienable and inviolable; the corporation has no rights excepting those given it by law. There is measurable equality between individuals; there is an almost immeasurable inequality between corporations. It does not, therefore, follow that, because the natural citizens of one state stand upon an equal footing with the citizens of other states, corporations created by a state must receive the same treatment accorded to natural persons.

The end to be secured is the dissolution of every private monopoly now in existence and the prevention of new ones. When the people clearly understand the principle involved in a private monopoly and the evils that result from it they will have no difficulty in making and enforcing laws necessary for their own protection. As yet only a few monopolies have been interfered with, but public sentiment is growing and the time for action is near at hand.

REGULATION, NOT EXTERMINATION

BY ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

RICHELIEU, who unified France, ended the tyrannies of dukes and princes, and controlled the royal power itself, all in behalf of the producing masses, when asked on his deathbed the secret of his power, answered: "Some say it is courage—that I am a lion; some say it is cunning—that I am a fox. It is neither. It is justice—for I have been just." This should be the spirit of every word and deed of public men. Justice, not vengeance; whole truths, and not half truths—these are the things needed now and always.

THE SIMPLEST FORM OF A TRUST

As a boy I drove one of the first self-binding harvesters turned out of the factories. They were a revolutionary innovation. Before the "self-binder" came, scores of laborers cut, bound, "shocked" the grain. The farm women toiled with flushed faces preparing meals for the numerous "hands." The man I worked for thought he could do his harvesting at a fraction of his former expense, save time, and lessen the labor of the "women folks"—and he did. But the "hands" thought their employment gone. So they talked of burning that "self-binder." The same thing occurred when Arkwright and other inventors perfected their machines. But the men were not left without work. They got better, easier work at higher wages—even at harvest time: witness last year, when Kansas and other states could not find enough men for harvest work, notwithstanding that all farmers now use "self-binders."

Yet this self-binding harvester was the simplest form of a "trust." It was a mechanical trust. It took the place of the old and crude machines, which, in their

turn, had taken the place of scores of lusty workers, swinging their singing scythes. It cheapened production, eliminated waste, saved time. Two things produced the self-binding harvester—the necessity for harvesting more cheaply and quickly, and the American genius for doing things on a big scale.

The little country town near which I worked as a boy was typical of American conditions thirty years ago. Nothing but long, heavy mud roads connected it with the world. It was a separate and crude economic being. We had a butcher shop which supplied our meat. It was the nearest market for the neighboring farmers' cattle. Other markets were difficult and expensive—the animals had to be driven through scores of miles of mud to the nearest railway station, causing decreased weight and frequent deaths. A railway came through this town. Instantly industrial revolution began. The country village became a commercial part of Cincinnati, Chicago, New York—even of foreign cities. The farmer found a market for his cattle, sheep and hogs in these great centers. He helped feed not only the inhabitants of this little town, but furnished steaks and chops to the breakfast tables of this and other nations.

The agencies through which the farmer did this were, first, the railway, and, second, concentrated capital engaged in the meat industry. Increased markets meant higher prices and steadier demand. Nothing but aggregations of money, carefully organized, could give him such a market or supply the food necessities of mankind. As methods of communication simplified and increased, the flow of capital to the meat industry increased also. It was merely logic—and beneficent logic, as all *natural* industrial

developments are. Packing houses had to be enlarged—their organization made thorough and more extensive. Great refrigerating ships (since meat is perishable) had to be set upon the seas so that American meat, the best in the world, might be supplied to London, Paris, Vienna and Berlin—and refrigerating cars put on the railways, that the far ends of this vast country might have sweet, fresh beef.

CREATED BY NECESSITIES

Such were the natural forces that developed that carefully systematized aggregation of capital called the Beef Trust for the purchase of cattle and the preparation and sale of meats. The butcher shop, which dominated the meat industry in our country town before the railroad came, could not do this work. A thousand—a million—such butcher shops could not. So we see that the Beef Trust was created by the necessities of our closely industrial civilization. (Nobody can accuse me of partiality for the Beef Trust—witness the meat inspection bill, which the Beef Trust so bitterly fought and the bill to make the Trust and not the people pay the cost of inspection and to put the date on the cans, which the Trust is still fighting.)

In this little town there was a wagon shop. Our blacksmith made our wagons. Such shops existed in every village of our county. The men who made the wagons were supposed to be "skilled." The wagons they turned out cost \$120. Yet wheels "dished," tongues cracked, axles broke, expensive repairs were needed in a single season. As population increased, roads were made better and railways became more numerous, the farmers required more and better wagons for their growing business. The blacksmith shop could no longer make wagons good or cheap enough or in sufficient numbers for the increasing needs of the farmer.

So there was a concentration of capital into the business of wagon-making. A blacksmith in Iowa, named Studebaker, best mastered the art. Also he had organizing ability. So to-day we have the enormous Studebaker factories turning out hundreds of thousands of vehicles annually, and selling them all over the nation and the world; the numberless little wagon shops have disappeared; and the farmer to-day *pays fifty dollars for a wagon which he paid ninety dollars for thirty years ago*, with this difference: the wagon he buys of this twentieth-century factory is made of wood selected by experts, carefully examined and seasoned; wheels do not "dish," or tongues crack, or axletrees break. Also his wagon is *guaranteed* for two years. So, again, we see that the aggregation of capital in the wagon industry is compelled by the business needs of the farmers.

I have given these simple illustrations to show in a plain way how modern centralization of capital in great productive industries came about. The same thing is true of all other great productive industries. If space permitted, I would trace out how these same economic forces have produced *every* economically legitimate combination of capital; often aided, it is true, by wicked devices, which I will speak of in a moment, but without which concentration of capital would have occurred anyhow.

RAILROAD CONSOLIDATION

These examples are in the field of production; now for a single one in the field of transportation. Thirty years ago railroads were built in piecemeal. For example, in my own state what is known as the Big Four system was made up of several separate lines. You could not go from Cincinnati to Chicago without buying two or three tickets and changing cars two or three times. The service was poor, speed slow, rates high, wrecks frequent, receiverships common. These

railroads were combined, and to-day you ride in luxury from Cincinnati to Chicago, without change of cars, in comparative safety, at a lower fare.

Consider these figures: The average rate per hundredweight on grain from Greensburg to Chicago during twenty-five years before the Big Four consolidation was 33 cents—to-day it is 10 cents; to New York, 67½ cents—to-day, 16½ cents. On live stock from Greensburg to Chicago the average rate before the consolidation was 53 cents—to-day, 15 cents; to New York then, \$1.10—to-day, 23 cents. I select Greensburg because there was and is no competition from that point. Or think of time saved; the average freight time used to be three days from Greensburg to Chicago—to-day, sixteen hours; to New York, fifteen days—to-day, six days.

This railroad consolidation was caused by many things, but chiefly by the desire of the people to travel conveniently and ship their product quickly, and by the farsightedness of railway men, who perceived that in meeting this desire lay their greatest profit. The change has been almost as startling as that from the old stage-coach to the first railways; and the stage-coach industry made the same outcry against the first railroad that is now made against what are called "trusts," and that has always been made against any invention in machinery. "What," said the stage-coach man, "will become of the drivers, the tavern-keepers, the men who take care of the stage horses?" Time answered that question; these men are now employed in better ways and at higher wages.

Who would annihilate the railways and go back to the stage-coach? Or the packing house and go back to the butcher shop, etc.? Would Mr. Bryan? If not, how far back would he go? And why not *all* of the way if part of the way? Is not regulation and cure of their evils better than annihilation of these and all like industrial organizations?

This is the line that separates Mr. Bryan's economic policy from the economic policy in which I believe. Mr. Bryan says: "Annihilate these organizations." I say: Annihilate *their evils*, but preserve the industries and their efficient machinery of production and distribution—the development of centuries of experience and thought born of necessity.

That this is a fair statement of Mr. Bryan's position, I cite his really great Madison Square Garden speech, last August:

"I * * * desire to see the trusts *exterminated, root and branch.*"

But it is clear that you can not "exterminate" them without exterminating good wagon roads, improved railways, telegraphs, telephones, and other agencies of communication which knit our ninety millions of people into one industrial family and, indeed, bind the world itself in a commercial union of ever-increasing intimacy. And, of course, nobody wants that done when he *thinks* about it—not even Mr. Bryan.

But all of us do want to stop the evil practices of these industries—and *we are stopping them.*

BENEFICENT RESULTS

What about their evils then? Before taking up their incidental, malevolent and curable evils (now that we have seen how these trusts develop), let us see what their permanent, natural and beneficent results are.

First, the social and political benefit. The whole people now take an influential part in the management of these mammoth concerns—there is nation-wide interest in all nation-wide business. In the old days all business was "private." What each man did was "nobody's business but his own." Nobody had a right to look into another man's books or question his "deals." The business man's office was his castle. Also, his affairs were

so small that they interested only those with whom he dealt. But when combinations of capital were created by the forces illustrated above, their business affected such widespread masses of people that their affairs became matters of public concern. For example, to-day the farmer, doctor, barber, minister, hod-carrier, school teacher—everybody—is interested in the management of the United States Steel Corporation, and have very emphatic opinions about how it should be run—opinions which that “trust” dares not ignore and *does not ignore*.

So, obeying public opinion, this corporation voluntarily published broadcast a statement of its affairs—its liabilities, assets, purchases, sales, the number of its employees, wages, and what-not. This was done *before there was any statutory law compelling it*—done exclusively in obedience to the *natural commercial law* which forced this corporation to take into account the views of the millions of people with whom it dealt. (If the Standard Oil Company had been equally wise, frank and modern with the public, it would have diminished the public's hatred for and distrust of it.) But in the old days, if the barber, hod-carrier, farmer or clerk had inquired about the affairs of any business man or corporation engaged in making steel, he would have been curtly told that it was none of his business and kicked out of the office.

We see, then, that the first effect of these big enterprises is to focus upon themselves the concentrated thought and conscience of ninety millions of people. Thus begins the wonderful and inspiring phenomenon of the change of private business into public business. In the end this means not industrial, social and political war, but industrial, social and political brotherhood; and thus do peace and good will work out their divine purposes, even through the forces of commerce. There is better feeling between capital and labor to-day than ever before.

Second, these carefully systematized industrial organizations stop waste. Indeed, it is only by using what was rejected under the old system that some of them can live. For illustration, in an old-time slaughter house everything was thrown away except the immediately edible carcass. Horns, hoofs, skull, bones—everything was cast aside. The slaughter house “yard” was as revolting as the waste it displayed was shameful. The butcher of the old days did this, first, because he did not know what to do with this waste, and, second, because he could not have utilized it even if he had known what to do with it. But the Beef “Trust” uses every bit of it. The horns are made into buttons, the bones into fertilizer, etc.

Again, the oil refineries of the old days never manufactured by-products. Also, their oil was highly explosive—who does not remember the “fires” caused by lamps “blowing up”? The Standard Oil Company, at enormous expense, eliminated this explosive element, but it did not throw it away. Instead, out of this and other elements which formerly were “waste,” there are now manufactured naphtha, lubricating oil, paraffine wax—many things. Also, these products have been greatly improved. For example, thirty years ago you had to mix a heavy per cent. of animal oil with paraffine oil to make the latter useful as a lubricant; to-day it is so used without any animal oil. If Mr. Bryan replies that this waste would have been eliminated anyhow, the answer is, that under the old system it was *not* so eliminated.

THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW

Third, these industrial organizations have steadied the whole commercial world—they have acted exactly as ballast on a great vessel. If one of the ocean liners on which Mr. Bryan has traveled so much carried nothing but the passen-

gers and their little effects, the ship could not weather the storms or even sail the seas. The freight and ballast of the modern "liner" would have sunk the old-time craft.

Let me make this even clearer from the personal experience of every business man. When, under the old happy-go-lucky lack of system, we happened to have "good times" everybody tried to make the most of them in a rushing, thoughtless, improvident way. The retailers stocked up more than they could sell; the wholesalers induced the retailers to overbuy; the manufacturers ran night and day. Everybody "made hay while the sun shone." *Nobody looked ahead.* The result was "glutted markets," reaction, "panic," "hard times." "Failures" of retailers, bankruptcies of wholesalers, receiverships for manufacturers and railroads was the rule. Such were the certain consequences of the doctrine of "everybody for himself and the devil take the hindmost." It was an unintelligent, savage, small competition of millions of little enterprises, none of which accurately knew much about industrial conditions.

But under the twentieth-century idea of carefully organized industry of labor and capital the leaders of both forces look ahead. They *must* look ahead, because such enormous interests are entrusted to their care; and they are financially *able* to look ahead, which the old-time business man, corporation and laborer were not. The great railway systems, the meat industry, the steel syndicate, all have their agents not only in every corner of the republic, but all over the world, to report on actual conditions. The labor leaders are equally well informed. Thus is formed a scientifically accurate opinion as to next year and the year after, and, indeed, several years—a judgment so nice and perfect that it considers the smallest fractions of elements which the old methods ignored. Upon this knowledge, present and future pro-

duction, distribution, prices and wages are estimated.

Thus there is given to the financial and industrial world a steadiness hitherto unknown. It is a common saying of the old-time politician that a "panic is long overdue." Why has it not come? The tariff alone has not delayed it, because "panics" have occurred here and elsewhere under high protection. Roosevelt's restraining hand on the financial madness of exploiters has helped to avert a "smash." Commercial depressions are "inevitable," I suppose, though I see no natural reason why they should be. But has anybody thought how much these great modern industrial organizations of capital and labor have extended the period of prosperity by the steadiness they have given to the commercial and financial world?

Fourth, this twentieth-century industrial development has given *continuous* employment to labor. More than that, it has actually caused—compelled—the organization of labor on *modern lines*. Under the old system each man made his individual contract with his employer. The employer gave the laborer as much as the employer pleased, and no more—though *both* created the wealth thus produced. If that system still prevailed the laborer under the new order would be a slave. But to-day the individual employer does not make an individual contract with the individual laborer; the great capital organizations agree with the great labor organizations upon "scales of wages" which last for a year or more, and which neither labor nor capital dare violate because of public opinion. Always it has seemed strange to me that modern organized capital and labor do not see their interests are identical.

FOREIGN MARKETS AND NEW USES

Fifth, to preserve and extend our foreign market is the commercial problem

of our future. And yet we can not get new foreign markets or hold what we have gotten except through the systematic energy and immense power of these twentieth-century industrial organizations. The Beef Trust, which, by its export trade, brings one hundred and eighty-seven million dollars into the United States every year, is an illustration of this. So is the Standard Oil Company, which annually brings in eighty-five million dollars from its foreign trade. So are the two or three mighty steel organizations—Europe is beginning to construct buildings out of American steel. Thus you can go down the whole list. Dissolve these combinations of American industry, and the parts into which you divide them would be helpless before similar foreign industrial organizations which foreign governments are not trying to "exterminate" but to encourage; for remember that in free-trade England, protection Germany and neutral Austria the "trust" is as well known as here, although not as big as our "trusts," just as those countries are not as big as our country.

Li Hung Chang, who was not the great statesman he is pictured, but who was the greatest business man in the Orient, said to me, in discussing American trade: "You Americans need greater business concerns in the Orient. With them our markets would be yours. But your little concerns are at a disadvantage with the immense English and German commercial houses."

Sixth, these mighty industries find new uses for their products. They must—otherwise they "overproduce." For example, we now use steel for building. Why? Carnegie thought that if steel was good for battleships it was better for houses. Everybody scoffed—great buildings had *always* been constructed with stone. (How inhospitable we all are to new ideas! Always, *at first*, a new idea is an outcast.) But Carnegie persisted—he is Scotch. His experts demonstrated

his idea. Finally he constructed a building of steel. That settled it. Everybody builds of steel now. How long does Mr. Bryan think it would have taken to learn the uses of steel as "building material" in the old days?

EVILS, ALLEGED AND ACTUAL

These are some of the material beneficial results of "trusts." Now for their evils, alleged and actual.

First, Mr. Bryan has said that they close down many of their plants, thus putting men out of employment and injuring the neighborhood where they are located. Two answers to this: First, under the excited small competition and industrial ignorance of the old times more plants were built than were needed. There was overproduction in "good times," non-production in "hard times." Laboring men were overworked part of the time and not employed at all much of the time. By the new methods the best plants are run all the time, labor is steadily employed, wages are maintained on an ascending scale.

The second answer to this alleged evil is that under the haphazard, go-as-you-please method of the old days many plants were built at improper places—it was difficult to get raw material or fuel to them and hard to distribute their product. The new method closed down plants where from the economic point of view they never should have been built, concentrated their laborers in plants correctly located, and even built new ones at commercially strategic points. The United States Steel Corporation is an illustration of this. It has closed some plants where they ought never to have been built, run on full time others more correctly located, and are now actually building on the shores of Lake Michigan a fifty-million-dollar plant. The reason that this plant is being built at this spot is plain to any economic student of industry—it is the best location for distri-

bution, by both land and water, getting its product to the consumer more quickly and cheaply, and saving "cross freights."

"Cross freights" is one of the most absurd wastes of energy, time and money which the old lack of system developed. Formerly raw material and finished product was shipped back and forth, back and forth, repeatedly criss-crossing the whole country with unnecessary mileage and duplicate freight charges. How this crude absurdity is being abolished is well illustrated by the Michigan Salt Association—its plants on the western shore of Lake Michigan supply that territory, and on the shore of Lake Huron and the St. Clair River supply the eastern territory. This saving of "cross freights" alone makes this company successful.

WAGES AND PRICES

Then it is said that these "trusts" reduce both the number and the wages of laboring men. Yet more laborers were immediately employed by every one of these "trusts" from the very moment of their formation than were employed before in the industries which went into the combination; their number has steadily increased ever since, and their "scales of wages" have been on an ever-increasing plane. For example, all factory and mechanical enterprises in the United States in 1870 employed 2,053,996 people, paying them \$775,584,343 in wages; in 1880, 2,732,595 people, paying \$947,953,795 wages; in 1890, 4,251,613 people, paying them \$1,891,228,321; in 1900, 5,308,406 people, paying them \$2,322,333,877, and in 1905, 6,152,443 people, paying them \$3,014,380,372 wages. The raw material, the price of which flowed out into the channels of every other industry in the land, is equally convincing:

1870.....	\$2,488,427,242
1880.....	3,396,823,549
1890.....	5,162,044,076
1900.....	7,345,413,651
1905.....	9,497,619,851

That the value of what was produced by this capital and labor working on this raw material completes this syllogism:

1870.....	\$4,232,325,442
1880.....	5,369,579,191
1890.....	9,372,437,283
1900.....	13,004,400,143
1905.....	16,866,706,985

In the footnote you will find the price of sugar during the last twenty years.*

I select this commodity because the American Sugar Refining Company is a good example of a "trust." I would give several others if space permitted. You will see that the prices of sugar have been reasonably steady, with slight tendency downward. Compared with the prices of sugar thirty and forty years ago, the reduction in price is enormous. Yet this "trust" could double or quadruple prices any moment—raise them, in fact, to any point it pleased. Why doesn't it?

Two reasons: First, there is a larger net profit on many sales with a small profit on each sale than there is on fewer sales with a large profit on each sale. And business men have found that when prices are raised people buy less; when prices are lowered people buy more. So it is simply "good business" to reduce prices to that point where the greatest

Year.	*Raw Sugar, 96-degree centrifugal.	Granulated.
	Cents.	Cents.
1879.....	7.423	8.785
1880.....	8.206	9.602
1881.....	8.251	9.667
1882.....	7.797	9.234
1883.....	7.423	8.506
1884.....	5.857	6.780
1885.....	5.729	6.441
1886.....	5.336	6.117
1887.....	5.245	6.013
1888.....	5.749	7.007
1889.....	6.433	7.640
1890.....	5.451	6.171
1891.....	3.863	4.691
1892.....	3.311	4.346
1893.....	3.689	4.842
1894.....	3.235	4.119
1895.....	3.258	4.140
1896.....	3.631	4.539
1897.....	3.553	4.481
1898.....	4.149	4.976
1899.....	4.418	4.921
1900.....	4.566	5.320
1901.....	4.047	5.05
1902.....	3.542	4.455
1903.....	3.720	4.638
1904.....	3.974	4.772
1905.....	4.278	4.256
1906.....	3.690	4.514

possible consumption is secured consistently with the greatest possible profits.

Second, there is always possible competition. Let any trust raise prices so as to secure tempting profits upon an article that the people absolutely must have, and competitors spring up—not *little competitors, but big ones*. The Wire Nail Pool is a good example of this. It pushed prices rapidly from \$1.45 per hundredweight to \$2.85. This last price lasted six months, and then the price was boosted to \$3.15, and that price lasted six months. In eighteen months this foolish business management *compelled the formation of immense rival companies*. The Wire Nail Pool was not only wicked, but foolish. In robbing the people it destroyed itself. Few great business managers have so little sense today; they find that by obeying the law of price they get a larger net profit and do not encourage business rivalry.

Sometimes, too, we blame a trust for the high price of certain commodities when it is not really to blame. The Beef Trust illustrates this. The price of steaks has gone up. The reason for this is not the unintelligent greed of the Beef Trust managers (they are the greediest of men, but their greed is intelligent), but the reason is that everybody is demanding sirloin and porterhouse steaks—and, of course, each beef yields only a little sirloin and porterhouse steak. The price for other portions of the animal remains comparatively low.

SQUEEZING OUT THE WATER

While a careful study of the scales of prices shows that prices have not risen to the plane of the country's general prosperity, I am convinced that they are still too high. But how shall we lower them? Not by the government, state or national, itself fixing the price of commodities—that would be impossible. Not by "squeezing the water" out of stocks—for these stocks are held by millions of peo-

ple, and there is no possible method of telling whether the share innocently held by one man is all water and another share innocently held by his neighbor is all sound. For example, suppose a corporation whose property and business is worth half a million is capitalized for one million and the stock "unloaded on the public." Half a million of that stock is water; but no single share is *entirely* water—every share is *half* water; and we can not declare Mr. Bryan's share, for which he paid in good faith, all *water* and invalid, and your share, for which you also paid in good faith, all *sound* and worth par. The evil is done, and even if it were possible to undo it, the injustice of that course would be greater than the justice.

This is the most vexing feature of the whole complex and profound corporation problem. It makes one's blood boil to think that the scoundrels who have overcapitalized great enterprises and "unloaded" their stocks on the people should be permitted to keep their millions of stolen money—some of them ought to be in jail; it is infamous that the people must pay prices based on this criminal overcapitalization. Yet we can not put these men in jail, because the constitution forbids any "*ex post facto* law," and what they have done is already done. We can not lower the capitalization already made, for the reasons given above. *But we can prevent such confidence games in the future*, and will do it just as fast as we can get away from the medieval theory of Calhoun "state's rights" (for unless we do get away from that theory, how will you prevent some insignificant little state from authorizing any amount of overcapitalization?).

A GREAT INDUSTRIAL RE-ADJUSTMENT

Neither can we "exterminate" these great organizations of industry called trusts, as I have already shown—everybody knows that is absolutely impossible

and undesirable. But suppose that we "exterminate" them—divide the Beef Trust up into a hundred thousand small concerns, the Implement Industry into another hundred thousand small concerns, the Oil Industry into another hundred thousand small concerns, our great railway systems into hundreds of little lines—all furiously competing with each other as in the old days—*would that reduce prices?* Contrary to the general belief, prices under the small and numerous competitors of the old days were *generally comparatively high*, excepting where competition ruined the industry and *compelled consolidation of the failing competitors*. This is proved by statistics. Of course, you must always take a scale of prices running through a series of years.

If it be said that this period of industrial organization is destroying small concerns, the answer is, first, that small or big concerns have a right to exist only as they best serve the people; and second, that under the old system *more than ninety per cent. of all mercantile and manufacturing enterprises were unsuccessful*; and finally, that, generally speaking, small concerns have actually increased both in number and prosperity because, economically speaking, they now occupy correct places. The department store is a good illustration of this—and the department store is a form of the "trust." (And does Mr. Bryan never buy at a department store?) This mercantile "trust"—the department store—took the place of many little stores merely because it served the people better—sold better goods more conveniently and at lower prices.

Yet there are more little shops and stores than ever before—they supply neighborhood needs, specialties requiring skill and taste, etc. In other words, they now do the work that little stores *ought* to do, and the big store does the work the *big* store ought to do. The truth is that we are in the midst of a

great industrial readjustment of means to ends, all looking to a better and more harmonious service of the people.

REBATES AND STANDARD OIL

Now for the real evils—some of them actually crimes. First, the rebate. All business depends upon transportation. Some great shippers secured from the railways secret low rates, applicable alone to them. The same rate was charged to everybody except the favored shippers; the railroad paid back to the favored shipper the difference between everybody's rate and that shipper's rate. This was called a rebate. It amounted to taking money out of the pocket of every other shipper and putting that money in the favored shipper's pocket. It was both conspiracy and theft.

The Standard Oil Company was the first and has continued to be the greatest offender of this kind. Others followed the Standard's example, notably the Beef Trust. The villainous system once started, there was some excuse for others following it—it was a question of business survival. The old savage system of small competition among ignorant competitors here manifested itself in a rivalry of cunning and power. I have carefully examined all the "arguments" for the rebate system, chief of which is the "wholesale argument": that a man who buys or ships a million pounds of anything ought to get a better price or rate than the man who ships a pound. There is something in this, but it is indefensible when applied to transportation. Highways should be open on equal terms to all.

But this evil is ended. We have made this moral crime a legal crime, with fine and the penitentiary as punishment. And Theodore Roosevelt is executing this law. Of course, a statute amounts to nothing unless it is enforced. President Roosevelt is enforcing the statutes. And we will never have a president again

who will not enforce them. Of course, if *for any reason* a president is unsympathetic with the moral regeneration of American business, "rebates" would again appear in spite of the new law—as burglars appear where there are the best of laws but lax enforcement of them. Criminals care not for the laws on statute books, but for their execution in the courts. So we have cured the evil of "rebates," and mean that the disease shall not appear again. Our guaranty is our performance.*

OVERCAPITALIZATION

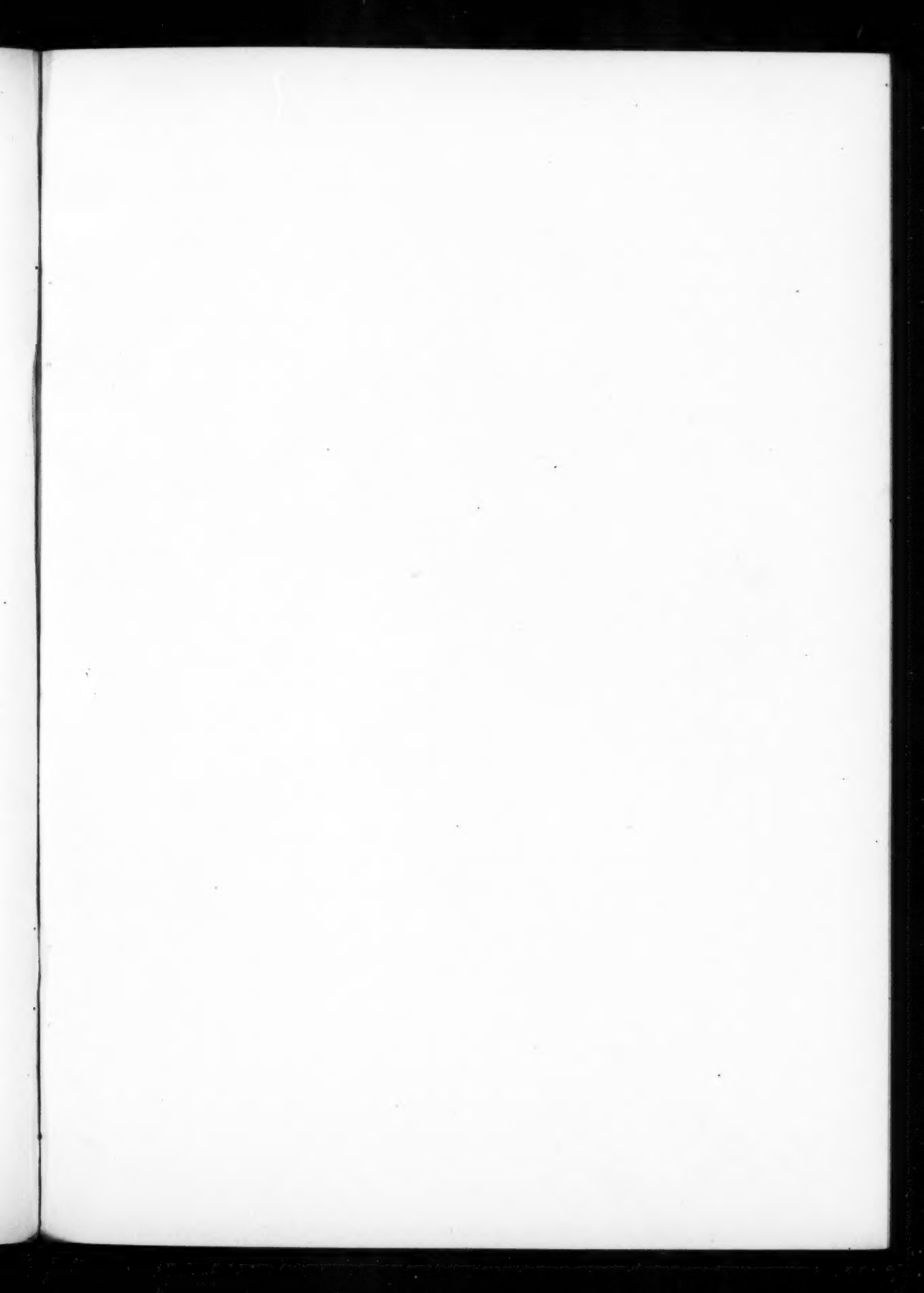
The next evil is "overcapitalization." Some "overcapitalization" is justified, but most of it is villainous. An example of the former is the early overcapitalization of our railroads thirty and forty years ago. The people needed these railroads. Capital was not then familiar with what we now know were the certain profits sure to follow their building. Capital, as such, has little faith and small imagination—the great capitalists who have both plus honesty are benefactors of the race. So the men who wanted to build our early railroads, in order to get capital, had to offer "inducements" that now seem absurd and almost wicked. They issued stocks and bonds, sold the bonds at any price they could get, sometimes as low as forty cents, and gave a large "bonus" of stock in addition. Thus the roads were capitalized for many times their cost. But the growth of the country, increase of population, development of resources, have made what was, forty years ago, a grotesque overcapitalization a real capitalization to-day.

*More prosecutions of offenders against the national "anti-trust" laws have occurred during Roosevelt's administration than occurred *altogether before, since the civil war down to 1902*, and more effective laws for the regulation of these industrial consolidations have been passed since Roosevelt became president than ever before. And Theodore Roosevelt has had more "great businesses" investigated *than ever before in our entire history of one hundred and thirty years*.

No such conditions now exist, and "overcapitalization" to-day is criminal fraud. Yet men argue for it. For example, one of the most respected of American business men told me the other day that he and two others bought a little property for half a million dollars. By good management they made it pay thirty per cent. the first year. All the stock was *theirs*, and the thirty per cent. dividend was *theirs*. Thirty per cent. on five hundred thousand is five per cent. on three million dollars. So they capitalized what was *exclusively their own* at three million dollars. This was done for two reasons: first, to conceal their enormous profits on their original capital, and, second, to sell out, if they wished, for three million dollars what they had bought for half a million dollars; and this really honest man actually thought that this was right—he was practicing the common commercial "ethics" of the time. But, of course, this was, first, a fraud and extortion on the public, whom they were charging too much for service, as shown by the thirty per cent. dividend; and, second, larceny practiced on the purchasers of their three million stock if they sold the latter in the market.

Or, again, a certain man engaged in an industry which was created by the tariff—and its creation was a splendid thing for the American people, because, first, it never could have existed without protection, and second, it has already vastly cheapened the product used by the whole American people below what we had to pay foreign manufacturers for it less than twenty years ago—this person became a member of one of our greatest "trusts" and turned his "plant" in at a figure so much above its value as to stagger belief. By this and other like processes this man has gotten—not earned, but *gotten*—some thirty million dollars or more *in less*

(Continued on page 666)





Drawing by John Cecil Gray

"AN' WE HEERD A MACCORDEUM, AN' PA SAYS 'LAAN'-O-GRACIOUS! WHO CAN HER BEAU BE?'
AN' I MARCHED IN, AN' 'LIZABETH ANN WUZ PARCHIN' CORN FER THE RAGGEDY MAN!'"

From OUR HIRED GIRL by James Whitcomb Riley

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THE LION'S SHARE

By OCTAVE THANET

Author of "The Man of the Hour," etc.

CHAPTER I

THE MAN WITH THE MOLES.

THE first time that Colonel Rupert Winter saw Cary Mercer was under circumstances calculated to fix the incident firmly in his memory. In the year 1903, home from the Philippines on furlough, and preparing to return to a task big enough to attract him in spite of its exile and hardships, he had visited the son of a friend at Harvard. They were walking through the corridors of one of the private dormitories where the boy roomed. Rather grimly the soldier's eyes were noting marble wainscoting and tiled floors, and contrasting this academic environment with his own at West Point. A caustic comment rose to his lips, but it was not uttered, for he heard the sharp bark of a pistol, followed by a thud, and a crackle as of breaking glass.

"Do you fellows amuse yourselves shooting up the dormitory?" said he. The boy halted; he had gone white.

"It came from Mercer's room," he cried, and ran across the corridor to a door with the usual labeling of two visiting cards. The door was not locked. Entering, they passed into a vestibule, thence through another door which stood open. For many a day after the colonel could see just how the slender young figure looked, his shoulders in a huddle on the study table, one arm swinging nerveless; beside him, and on the floor, a revolver and a broken glass bottle. The latter must have made the crackling sound. Some dark red liquid soaking the open sheets of a newspaper filled the room with the pungent odor of alcohol. Only the top of the lad's head showed—

a curly, silky, dark brown head; but even before the colonel lifted it he had seen a few thick drops matting the brown curls. He laid the head back gently and his hand slipped to the boy's wrist.

"No use, Ralph," he said in the subdued tones that the voice takes unconsciously in the presence of death.

"And Endy was going to help him," almost sobbed Ralph. "He told me he would. Oh, *why* couldn't he have trusted his friends?"

The colonel was looking at the newspaper—"Was it money?" said he; for a glance at the dabbled sheet had brought him the headings of the stock quotations. "Another Sharp Break in Stocks. New Low Records." It *had* been money. Later, after what needed to be done was over, after doctors and officers of the law were gone. Colonel Winter heard the wretched story. A young, reckless, fatally attractive young Southerner, rich friends, college societies, joyous times; nothing really wicked or vicious, only a surrender to youth and friendship and pleasure, and then the day of reckoning—duns, college warnings, the menace of black disgrace. The young fellow was an orphan, with no near kindred save one brother, much older than he. The brother was reputed to be rich, according to southern standards, and young Mercer had just come into a modest patrimony of his own, invested in his brother's ventures. As to the character of these ventures, whether flimsy or substantial, the colonel's informants were absolutely ignorant. All they knew of the elder Mercer was that

he was often in New York and had "a lot to do with Wall Street." He wasn't a broker; no, he was trying to raise money to hang on to some big properties that he had; and the stocks seemed to be going at remarkable rates just now, the bottom dropping out of the market. If a certain stock of the Mercers—they didn't know the name—could be kept above twenty-seven he would pull through. Colonel Winter made no comment, but he remembered he had studied the morning's stock market pages for himself, that there had been a "bad slump in the southern steels," and that one particular stock had been mentioned as "on the toboggan slide," declining from twenty-seven and a fraction to twenty-three.

"Another victim of the Wall Street pirates," was the colonel's silent comment on the tragedy. "Lucky for her his mother's dead." The next morning he had returned and had gone to his young friend's rooms.

The boy was still full of the horror of the day before. Mercer's brother was in Cambridge, he said—arrived that morning from New York. "Endy is going to fetch him round to get him out of the reporters' way some time this evening; maybe there's something I can do"—this in explanation of his declining to dine with the colonel. As the two entered the rooms, Winter was a little in advance, and caught the first glimpse of a man sitting in a big mission arm-chair, his head sunk on his breast. So absorbed was this man in his own distempered musings that the newcomer's approach did not arouse him. He sat with knitted brows and clenched hands, staring into vacancy; his rigid and pallid features set in a ghastly intensity of thought. There was suffering in the look; but there was more: the colonel, who had been living among the serpent passions of the Orient, knew deadly anger when he saw it; it was branded on the face before him. Involuntarily he fell back; he felt as if he had blundered

in on a naked soul. Noiselessly he slipped out of the range of vision. He spoke loudly, halting to ask some question about the rooms; this made a moment's pause.

It was sufficient; in the study they found a quiet, calm, although rather haggard-looking man, who greeted Winter's companion courteously, with a southern accent, and a very good manner. He was presented to the colonel as Mr. Mercer. He would have excused himself, professing that he was just going, but the colonel took the words out of his mouth: "Ralph, here, has a cigar for me—that is all I came for; see you at the Touraine, Ralph, to-morrow, for luncheon, then." He did not see the man again; neither did he see Ralph, although he made good, so far as in him lay, his fiction of an engagement at the Touraine. But Ralph could not come; and Winter had lunched, instead, with an old friend at his club and had watched, through a stately Georgian window, the shifting greenery of the common in an east wind.

All through the luncheon the soldier's mind kept swerving from the talk in hand to Cary Mercer's face. Yet he never expected to see it again. But three years later he did see it; and this second encounter, of which, by the way, Mercer was unconscious, was the beginning of an absorbing chapter in his life. A short space of time that chapter occupied; yet into it crowded mystery, peril, a wonderful and awful spectacle, the keenest happiness and the cruellest anxiety. Let his days be ever so many, the series of events which followed Mercer's reappearance will not be blurred by succeeding experiences; their vivid and haunting pictures will burn through commoner and later happenings as an electric torch flares through layers of mist.

Nothing, however, could promise adventure less than the dull and chilly April evening when the chapter began. Nor could any one be less on the lookout

for adventure, or even interest, than was Rupert Winter. In truth, he was listless and depressed.

When he alighted from his cab in the great court of the Rock Island station he found Haley, his old orderly, with a hand on the door hasp. Haley's military stoicism of demeanor could not quite conceal a certain agitation—at least not from the colonel's shrewd eye, used to catch the moods of his soldiers. He strangled a kind of sigh. "Doesn't like it much more than I," thought Rupert Winter. "This is mighty kind of you, Haley," he said.

"Yes, sor," answered Haley, saluting. The colonel grinned feebly. Haley, busy repelling a youthful porter, did not notice the grin; he strode ahead with the colonel's world-scarred hand luggage, found an empty settee beside one of the square-tiled columns of the waiting-room and disposed his burden on the compartment next the corner one, which he reserved for the colonel.

"The train ain't in yet, colonel," said he. "I'll be telling you—"

"No, Haley," interrupted the colonel, whose lip twitched a little, and he looked aside; "best say good-by now; don't wait. The fact is, I'm thinking of too many things you and I have gone through together." He held out his hand; Haley, with a stony expression, gazed past it and saluted, while he repeated: "Yes, sor; I'll be back to take the bags whin the train's made up." Whereupon he wheeled and made off with speed.

"Just the same damned obstinate way he's always had," chuckled the colonel to himself. Nevertheless, something ached in his throat as he frowned and winked.

"Oh, get a brace on you, you played-out old sport!" he muttered. "The game's on the last four cards and you haven't established your suit; you'll have to sit back and watch the other fellows play!" But his dreary thoughts persisted. Rupert was a colonel in the regular army of

the United States. He had been breveted a brigadier-general after the Spanish war, and had commanded, not only a brigade, but a division at one critical time in the Philippines; but for reasons probably known to the little knot of politicians who "hung it up," although incomprehensible to most Americans, congress had failed to pass the bill giving the wearers of brevet titles the right to keep their hard-won and empty honors; wherefore General Winter had declined to Colonel Winter.

He had more substantial troubles, including a wound which would probably make him limp through life and possibly retire him from service at fifty. It had given him a six months' sick leave (which he had not wanted), and after spending his autumn on the Atlantic coast, he was going for the winter to the Pacific. Haley, whose own term of service had expired, had not re-enlisted, but had followed him; Mrs. Haley and the baby uncomplainingly bringing up the rear. It was not fair to Haley nor to Mrs. Haley, the colonel felt. He had told Haley so; he had found a good situation for the man, and he had added the deed for a little house in the suburbs of Chicago.

Haley wouldn't re-enlist—there never was a better soldier since he had downed a foolish young hankering for whisky and wild times. If he wouldn't go back to the army, where he belonged, let him settle down, take up the honest carpenter's trade that he had abandoned, be a good citizen and marry little Nora to some classmate in the high school, who might make a fortune and build her a colonial mansion, should the colonial still obtain in the twentieth century.

The colonel had spread a grand prospect before Haley, who listened unresponsively, a dumb pain in his wide blue Irish eyes. The colonel hated it; but, somehow, he hated worse the limp look of Haley's back as he watched it dwindle down Michigan Avenue.

However, Mrs. Haley had been more

satisfactory, if none the less bewildered; she seemed very grateful over the house and the three hundred dollars for its furnishing. A birthday present, he had termed it, with a flicker of humor, because the day was his own birthday. His fiftieth birthday it happened to be, and it occurred to him that a man ought to do something a little notable on such an anniversary. This rounding of the half-century had attributes apart; it was no mere annual birthday; it marked the last vanishing flutter of the gilded draperies of youth; the withering of the garlands; the fading tinkle of the light music of hope. It should mark a man's solid achievements. Once, not so long ago, Winter had believed that his fiftieth birthday would see wide and beneficent and far-reaching results in the province where he ruled. That dream was shattered. He was generous of nature, and he could have been content to behold another reap the fields which he had sown and tilled; it was the harvest, whether his or another's, for which he worked; but his had been the bitter office to have to stand aside with no right to protest and see his work go to waste because his successor had a feeble brain and a pusillanimous caution in the place of his own dogged will. For all these reasons, as well as others, the colonel found no zest in his fiftieth birthday; and his reverie drifted dismally from one somber imagery to another until it brought up at the latest wound to his heart—his favorite brother's death.

There were three of the Winter brothers—Rupert, Melville and Thomas. During the past year both Thomas Winter and his wife had died, leaving one child, a boy of fourteen, named Archibald after his father's uncle. Rupert Winter and the boy's great-aunt, the widow of the great-uncle for whom he had been named, were appointed joint guardians of the young Archie. To-night, in his distempered mood, he was assailed by reproaches because he had not seen more

of his ward. Why, he hadn't so much as looked the little chap up when he passed through Fairport—merely had sent him a letter and some truck from the Philippines; nice guardian *he* was! By a natural enough transition, his thoughts swerved to his own brief and not altogether happy married life. He thought of two graves in Arizona where he had left his wife and his baby boy, and his heart felt heavy. To escape musings which grew drearier every second, he cast his eyes about the motley crowd shuffling over the tiled floors or resting in the massive dark oaken seats. And it was then that he saw Cary Mercer. At first he did not recognize the face. He only gazed indifferently at two well-dressed men who sat some paces away from him in the shadow of a great tiled column similar to his own. There was this difference, it happened: the mission lantern with its electric bulbs above the two men was flashing brightly, and by some accident that above the colonel was dark. He could see the men, himself in the shadow.

The men were rather striking in appearance; they were evidently gentlemen; the taller one was young, well set up, clean shaven and quietly but most correctly dressed. His light brown hair showed a slight curl in its closely clipped locks; his gray-blue eyes had long lashes of brown darker than his hair; his teeth were very white, and there was a dimple in his cheek, plain when he smiled. Had his nose been straight he would have been as handsome as a Greek god, but the nose was only an ordinary American nose, rather too broad at the base; moreover, his jaw was a little too square for classic lines. Nevertheless, he was goodly to look upon, as well as strong and clean and wholesome, and when his gray-blue eyes strayed about the room the dimple dented his cheek and his white teeth gleamed in a kind of merry good nature pleasant to see. But it was the other man who had

caught the colonel's eye. This man was double the young man's age, or near that; he was shorter, although still of fair stature, and slim of build. His face was oval in contour and delicate of feature. Although he wore no glasses, his brow had the far pucker of a near-sighted man. There was a mole on his cheek bone and another just below his ear. Both were small, rather than large, and in no sense disfiguring; but the colonel noted them absently, being in the habit of photographing a man in a glance. The face had beauty, distinction even, yet about it hung some association, sinister as a poison label.

"Now, where," said the colonel to himself, "where have I seen that man?" Almost instantly the clue came to him. "By Jove, it's the brother!" he exclaimed. Three years ago, and he had almost forgotten; but here was Cary Mercer—the name came to him, after a little groping—here he was again; but who was the pleasant youngster with him? And what were they discussing with so little apparent and so much real earnestness?

One of the colonel's physical gifts was an extraordinary acuteness of hearing. It passed the mark of a faculty and became a marvel. Part of this uncanny power was really due, not to itself, but to an alliance with another sense, because Winter had learned the lip language in his youth; he heard with his eyes as well as his ears. This combination had made an unintentional and embarrassed eaves-dropper out of an honest gentleman a number of times; to set off such evil tricks it had saved his life once on the plains and rescued his whole command another time in the Philippines. As he had studied the two faces a sentence from the younger man gripped his attention. It was: "I don't mind the risk, but I hate taking such an old woman's money."

"She has a heap," answered the other man carelessly; "besides—" He added something with averted head and in too

low a voice to reach the listener unassisted. But it was convincing, evidently, since the young man's face grew both grave and stern. He nodded, muttering: "Oh, I understand; I wasn't backing water; I know we have lost the right to be squeamish. But I say, old chap, how long since Mrs. Winter has seen you? Would she recognize you?"

The colonel, who had been about to abandon his espionage as unbecoming to a soldier and a gentleman, stowed away all his scruples at the mention of the name. He pricked up his ears and sharpened his eyes, but was careful lest they should catch his glance. The next sentence, owing to the speaker's position, was inaudible and invisible; but he caught the young man's response:

"You're sure they'll be on this train?"

And he saw the interlocutor's head nod.

"The boy's with them?"

An inaudible reply, but another nod.

"And you're sure of Miss Smith?"

This time the other's profile was toward the listener, who heard the reply, "Plum sure. I wish I were as sure of some other things. Have we settled everything? It is better not to be seen together."

"Yes, I think you've put me wise on the main points. By the way, what is the penalty for kidnapping?"

Again an averted head and hiatus followed by the younger man's sparkling smile and exclamation: "Wow! Riskier than football—and even more fun!" Something further he added, but his arms hid his mouth as he thrust them into his great-coat, preparing to move away. He went alone; and the other, after a moment's gloomy meditation, gathered up coat and bag and followed. During that moment of arrested decision, however, his features had dropped into sinister lines which the colonel remembered.

"Dangerous customer, or I miss my guess," mused the soldier, who knew the

passions of men. "I wonder—they couldn't mean my aunt Rebecca? She's old; she has millions of money—but she's not on this train. And there's no Miss Smith in our deck. I'm so used to plotting I go off on fake hikes! Probably I'm getting old and dotty. Mercer, poor fellow, may have his brain turned and be an anarchist or a bomb-thrower or a dirty kidnapper for revenge; but that boy's a decent chap; I've licked too many second lieutenants into shape not to know something of youngsters."

He pushed the idea away; or rather, his own problems pushed it out of his mind, which went back to his ward and his single living brother. Melville had no children, only his wife's daughters, who were both married—Melville having married a widow with a family, an estate and a mind of her own. Melville was a professor in a state university, a mild, learned man whom nature intended for a student but whom his wife was determined to make into the president of the university.

"Even money which will win," chuckled Rupert Winter to himself. "Millicent hasn't much tact; but she has the perseverance of the saints. *She* married Mel; he doesn't know, but she surely did. And she bosses him now. Well, I suppose Mel likes to be bossed; he never had any strenuous opinions except about the canals of Mars—*Valgama dios!*"

With a gasp the colonel sprang to his feet. There, in the flesh, before him was his sister-in-law. Her stately figure, her Roman profile, her gracefully gesticulating hand, which indicated the colonel's position to her heavily laden attendant, a lad in blue—these he knew by heart just as he knew that her toilet for the journey would be in the latest mode, and that she would have the latest fashion of gait and mien. Millicent studied such things.

She waved her luggage into place—an excellent place—in the same breath dismissing the porter and instructing

him when he must return. Then, but not until then, did she turn graciously to her brother-in-law.

"I hoped that I should find you, Bertie," she said in a voice of such creamy richness that it was hard to credit the speaker with only three short trips to England, "Melville said you were to take this train; and I was *so* delighted, *so* relieved! I am in a most harassing predicament, my dear Bertie."

"That's bad," murmured the colonel, "what's the trouble? couldn't you get a section?"

"I have my reservations, but I don't know whether I shall go to-night."

"Maybe I'm stupid, Millicent, but I confess I don't know what you mean."

"Really there's no reason why you should, Bertie. That's why I was so anxious to see you—in time, so that I might explain to you—might put you on your guard."

"Yes!" the colonel submitted; he never hurried a woman.

"I'm going to visit dear Amy—you remember she was married two years ago and lives in Passeda; she has a dear little baby and the *loveliest* home. It's charming. And she was so delighted with your wedding gift, it was *so* original. Amy never did care for costly things; these simple, unique gifts always pleased her. Of course, my main object is to see the dear child, but I shall not go to-night *unless* Aunt Rebecca Winter is on the train. If for any reason she waits over until to-morrow I shall wait also."

"Ah," sighed the colonel very softly, not stirring a muscle of his politely attentive face; "and does Aunt Rebecca expect to go on the train?"

"They told me at the Pullman office that she had the drawing room, the state room and two sections. Of course, she has her maid with her and Archie—"

"Does *he* go, too?" the colonel asked, his eyes narrowing a little.

"Yes, she's taking him to California; he doesn't seem well enough, she thinks, to go to school, so he is to have a tutor out there. I'm a little afraid Aunt Rebecca mollycoddles the boy."

"Aunt Rebecca never struck me as a mollycoddler. I always considered her a tolerably cynical old Spartan. But do you mean there is any doubt of their going? Awfully good of you to wait to see if they don't go, but I'm sure Aunt Rebecca wouldn't want you to sacrifice your section—"

Mrs. Melville lifted a shapely hand in a Delsartean gesture of arrest; her smiling words were the last the colonel had expected—"Hush, dear Bertie; Aunt Rebecca doesn't *know* I am going. I don't want her to know until we are on the train."

"Oh, I see, a surprise?" But he did not see; and, with a quiet intentness, he watched the color rattle Mrs. Melville's smooth cheeks.

"Hardly," returned the lady, "the truth is, Bertie, Melville and I are worried about Aunt Rebecca. She, we fear, has fallen under the influence of a most plausible adventuress; I suppose you have heard of her companion, Miss Smith?"

"Can't say I have exactly," said the colonel placidly, but his eyes narrowed again, "who is the lady?"

"I thought—I am *sure* Melville must have written you. But— Oh, yes, he wrote yesterday to Boston. Well, Bertie, Miss Smith is a Southerner; she says she is a South Carolinian, but Aunt Rebecca picked her up in Washington, where she was with a friend of hers who was half crazy. Miss Smith took care of her and she died"—she fixed a darkling eye on the soldier—"she *died* and she left Miss Smith money."

"Much?"

"A few thousands. That is how Aunt Rebecca met her, and she pulled the wool over auntie's eyes, and they came back together. She's awfully clever."

"Young? Pretty?"

"Oh, dear, no. And she's nearer forty than thirty. Just the designing age for a woman when she's still wanting to marry some one but beginning to be afraid that she can't. Then such creatures always try to get *money*. If they can't marry it, and there's no man to set their caps for, they try to wheedle it out of some poor fool woman!" Millicent was in earnest, there was no doubt of that; the sure sign was her unconscious return to the direct expressions of her early life in the middle West.

"And you think Miss Smith is trying to influence Aunt Rebecca?"

"Of course, she is; and Aunt Rebecca is eighty, Rupert. And often while people of her age show no other sign of weakening intellect, they are not well regulated in their affections; they take fancies to people and get doting and clinging. She is getting to depend on Miss Smith. Really, that woman has more influence with her than us all together. She won't hear a word against her. Why! when I tried to suggest how little we knew about Miss Smith and that it would be better not to trust her *too* entirely, she positively *resented* it. Of course, I used tact, too. I was so hurt, so surprised!"

The colonel, who had his own opinion of the tact of his brother's wife, was not so surprised; but he made an inarticulate sound which might pass for sympathy.

"We've been worried a good deal," pursued Mrs. Melville, "about the way Aunt Rebecca has acted. She wouldn't stay in Fairport, where we could have some influence over her. She was always going south or going to the seashore or going *somewhere*. Sometimes I suspect Miss Smith made her, to keep her away from *us*, you know."

"Well, as long as I have known Aunt Rebecca, anyhow, ever since Uncle Archibald died, she has been restless and flying about."

"Not as she is now. And then she only had her maid—"

"Oh, yes, Randall; she's faithful as they make 'em. What does *she* say about Miss Smith?"

"Bertie, she's won over Randall. Randall swears by her. Oh, she's *deep!*"

"Seems to be. But—excuse me—what's your game, Millicent? How do you mean to protect our aged kinswoman and, incidentally, of course, the Winter fortune?"

"I shall watch, Bertie; I shall be on my guard every waking hour. That deluded old woman is in more danger, perhaps, than you or she dreams."

"As how?"

"Miss Smith"—her voice sank portentously—"was a trained nurse."

"What harm does that do—unless you think she would know too much about poisons?" The colonel laughed.

"It's no laughing matter, Bertie. Rebecca is so rich and this other woman is so poor, and, in my estimation, so ambitious. I make no insinuations, I only say she needs watching."

"You may be right about that," said the colonel musingly. "There is Haley and the boy for your bags!"

The boy picked up the big dress suit case, the smaller dress suit case and the hat case, he grabbed the bundle of cloaks, the case of umbrellas, and the lizard-skin bag. Dubiously he eyed the colonel's luggage, as he tried to disengage a finger.

"Niver moind, young feller," called Haley, peremptorily whisking away the nearest piece, "I'll help you a bit with yours, instead; you've a load, sure!"

Mrs. Melville explained in an undertone: "I take all the hand luggage I possibly can; the overweight charges are wicked!"

"Haley, they won't let you inside without a ticket," objected the colonel. But Haley, unheeding, strode on ahead of the staggering youth.

"I have an English bathtub, locked, of course, and packed with things, but he has put *that* in the car," said Mrs. Melville.

"Certainly," said the colonel absently; he was thinking: Mrs. Winter, the boy, Miss Smith—how ridiculously complete! Decidedly *something* will bear watching.

CHAPTER II

AUNT REBECCA

No sooner was Mrs. Melville ushered into her section than the colonel went through the train. He was not so suspicious as he told himself he might have been, with such a dovetailing of circumstances into his accidentally captured information; he couldn't yet read villainy on that college lad's frank face. But no reason, therefore, to neglect precautions. "Hope the best of men and prepare for the worst," was the old campaigner's motto.

A walk through the cars showed him no signs of the two men. It was a tolerably complete inspection, too. There was only one drawing room or state room of which he did not manage to get a glimpse; the closed room being the property of a very great financial magnate, whose private car was waiting for him in Denver. His door was fast, and the click of the typewriter announced the tireless industry of our rulers.

But if he did not find the college boy or the man with the moles he did get a surprise for his walk; namely, the sight of the family of Haley, and Haley himself beside their trig, if battered luggage, in a section of the car next his own. Mrs. Haley turned a guilty red, while Haley essayed a stolid demeanor.

"What does this mean?" demanded the colonel.

"Haley felt he would *have* to go with you, Colonel," replied Mrs. Haley, who

had timid, wide blue eyes and the voice of a bird, but a courage under her panic, as a good wife should have. "We've rented the house to a good man with grown-up children, and Haley can get a job if you won't want him."

"Yis, sor," mumbled Haley, who was standing at attention, as was his wife, the toddling Nora being held in the posture of respect on the plush seat.

"And I suppose you took the furniture money to buy tickets?"

"Yis, sor."

"And you're bound to go with me?"

"Yis, sor," said Haley.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, sergeant," said the colonel; but he was glad at the heart of him for this mutinous loyalty.

"Yis, sor," said Haley.

"Well, since you are here, I engage you from to-day, you understand."

"Yis, sor," said Haley. Mrs. Haley whimpered a blessing; but the only change in the soldier was that his military stolidity became natural and real instead of forced.

"Sit down on this seat over here with me and I'll tell you what I want. You fraud, letting me say good-by to you—"

"I didn't want to take the liberty, sor, but you *made* me shake hands. I was afraid you'd catch on, sor. 'Tis a weight off me moind, sor."

"I daresay. You always have your way with me, you old mule. Now listen; I want you to be on the watch for two men"—thereupon the colonel described his men, laying special stress on the moles on the face of one, and the other's dimple.

Having set Haley his task, he went back to his car in better spirits.

By this time the train was moving. He had seen his kinswoman and her party enter; and he found the object of Mrs. Melville's darksome warnings sitting with a slender lad in the main body of the car when he entered. Aunt Rebecca was in the drawing room, her

maid with her. Mrs. Melville, who had already revealed her presence, sat across the aisle. She presented the colonel, at once.

Miss Smith did not look formidable; she looked "nice," thought the colonel. She was of medium height; she was obviously plump, although well proportioned; her presence had an effect of radiant cleanliness, her eyes were so luminous and her teeth so fine and her white shirt waist so immaculate. There was about her a certain soft illumination of cheerfulness, and at the same time a restful repose; she moved in a leisurely fashion and she sat perfectly still. "I never saw any one who looked less of an adventuress," Winter was thinking, as he bowed. Then swiftly his glance went to the lad, a pale young fellow with hazel eyes and a long slim hand which felt cold.

The boy made a little inarticulate sound in his throat and blushed when Colonel Winter addressed him. But he looked brighter for the blush. It was not a plain face; rather an interesting one in spite of its listlessness and its sickly pallor; its oval was purely cut, the delicate mouth was closed firmly enough, and the hazel eyes, with their long lashes, would be beautiful were they not so veiled.

"He has the Winter mouth, at least," noted the colonel. He felt a novel throb at his heart. Had his own boy lived, the baby that died when it was born, he would be only a year older than Archie. At least, this boy was of his own blood. Without father or mother, but *not* alone in the world; and, if any danger menaced, not without defenders. The depression which had enveloped him lifted as mist before the sun, burned away by the mere thought of possible difficulties. "We will see if any one swindles you out of your share," said Rupert Winter, compressing the Winter mouth more firmly, "or if those gentlemanly kidnapers mean you."

His ebbing suspicion of the boy's companion revived; he would be on his guard, all right.

"Aunt Rebecca wants to see you," Mrs. Melville suggested. "She is in the drawing room with her solitaire."

"Still playing Penelope's Web?"

"Oh, she always comes back to it. But she plays bridge, too; Rupert, I hear your game is a wonder. Archie's been learning, so he could play with you."

"Good for Archie"—he shot a glance and a smile at the lad's reddening face—"we'll have a game."

"Lord, I wish he didn't look quite so ladylike," he was grumbling within, as he dutifully made his way to his aunt's presence.

The electric lights flooded the flimsy railway table on which were spread rows of small-sized cards. An elderly lady of quality was musing over the pasteboard rows. A lady of quality; that was distinctly the phrase to catch one's fancy at the first glimpse of Mrs. Winter. Not an aged lady, either, for even at eighty that elegantly molded slim figure, that abundance of silvery hair—parted in the middle and growing thickly on each side in nature's own fashion, which art can not counterfeit, as well as softly puffed and massed above—that exquisitely colored and textured skin, strangely smooth for her years, with tiny wrinkles of humor, to be sure, about the eyes, but with cheeks and skin unmarred; that fine, firmly carved profile, those black eyebrows and lashes and still brilliant dark eyes; most of all that erect, alert, dainty carriage, gave no impression of age; but they all, and their accessories of toilet and manner, and a little prim touch of an older, more reticent day in both dress and bearing, recalled the last century phrase.

A soft gray bunch of chinchilla fur lay where she had slipped it on her soft gray skirts; one hand rested in the fur—her left hand—and on the third finger were the only rings which she wore, a

band of gold, worn by sixty years, and a wonderful ruby, wherein (at least such was Rupert's phantasy) a writhing flame was held captive by its guard of diamond icicles. The same rings, admired by her nephew ever since he was a cadet. Just the same smiling, inscrutable, high-bred, unchanging old dame.

"Good evening, Aunt Rebecca; not a day older!" said the colonel.

"Good evening, Bertie," returned the lady, extending a hand over the cards; "excuse my not rising to greet you; I might joggle the cards. Of course, I'm not a day older; I don't dare to grow older at my age! Sit down. I'm extremely glad to see you; I've a heap to talk to you about. Do you mind if I run this game through first?"

The colonel didn't mind. He raised the proffered hand to his lips; such homage seemed quite the most natural act in the world with Mrs. Winter. And he unobtrusively edged his own lean and wiry person into the vacant seat opposite her.

"How far are you going?" said she, after a few moves of the cards.

"My ticket says Los Angeles; but it had to say something, so I chose Los Angeles for luck; I'm an irresponsible tramp now, you know; and I may drop off almost anywhere. You are for southern California, aren't you?"

"Eventually; but we shall stop at San Francisco for two or three weeks."

"Do you mind if I stop off with you? I want to get acquainted with my ward."

"That's a good idea, Bertie."

"He seems rather out of sorts; you aren't worried about—well, tuberculosis or that sort of thing?"

"I am worried about just that sort of thing; although the doctor says nothing organic at all is the matter with him; but he is too melancholy for a boy; he needs rousing; losing his father and mother in one year, you know; and he was devoted to them. I can't quite make him out, Bertie; he hasn't the Winter

temperament. I suppose he has a legal right to his mother's nature; but it is very annoying. It makes him so much harder to understand, not that she wasn't a good woman who made Tom happy; but she wasn't a Winter. However, Janet has brightened him up considerably — you've seen Janet — Miss Smith? What do you think of her?"

Winter said honestly that she was very nice looking and that she looked right capable; he fell into the idiom of his youth sometimes when with a Southerner.

"She is," said Aunt Rebecca.

"Where did you find her?" asked the colonel carelessly, inspecting the cards.

Aunt Rebecca smiled. "I thought Millicent would have given you all the particulars. She was nurse, secretary, companion and diet cook to Cousin Angela Nelson; when *she* died I got her. Lucky for me."

"So I should judge," commented the colonel politely.

"I presume Millicent has told you that she is an adventuress and after my money and a heap more stuff. If she hasn't, she will. Get a notion once in Millicent's head and a surgical operation is necessary to dislodge it! Janet is the only mortal person who could live with poor cousin Angela, who had enough real disease to kill her and enough imaginary ones to kill anybody who lived with her! Janet made her comfortable, would not stand everything on earth from her—though she did stand a heap—and really cared for her. When she died Cousin Angela left her some money; not very much, but a few thousands. She would have left her more, but Janet wouldn't let her. She left some to some old servants, who surely deserved it for living with *her*, some to charities and the rest to her sisters, who hadn't put a foot inside the house for fifteen years, but naturally resented her not giving them everything. I reckon they filled Millicent up with their no-

tions." She pushed the outspread cards together.

"You had several moves left," said the colonel.

"Four. But then, I was finished. Bertie, you play bridge, of course; and I used to hear of your whist triumphs; how did you happen to take to whist?"

"To fill up the time, I reckon. I began it years ago. Now a soldier's life is a great deal more varied, because a man will be shifted around and get a show of the different kinds of service. And there are the exams., and the Philippines—oh, plenty of diversions. But in the old days a man in the line was billed for an awfully stupid time. I didn't care to take to drink; and I couldn't read as you do if I'd had books, which I hadn't, so I took to playing cards. I played skat and poker and whist, and of late years I've played bridge. Millicent plays?"

"Millicent is a celebrated player. She was a great duplicate whist player, you know. To see Millicent in her glory, one should play duplicate with her. I'm only a chump player; my sole object is to win tricks."

"What else should it be?"

Aunt Rebecca smiled upon him. "To give information to your partner. The main object of the celebrated American leads-system was signaling information to your partner. Incidentally, one tells the adversaries, as well as one's partner, which, however, doesn't count, really, as much as you might think; for most people don't notice what their partners play *very* much, and don't notice what their adversaries play at all. Millicent always is so busy indicating things to her partner and watching for his signals and his indications that you can run a cross ruff in on her without her suspecting. She asked me once if she didn't play an intelligible game, and I told her she did; a babe in arms could understand it. She didn't seem quite pleased."

"How about Archie? Can he play a good game?"

"Very fair for a boy of fourteen; he was fond of whist until his troubles came," said Mrs. Winter, with a faint clouding of her keen gaze. "Since then he hasn't taken much if any interest in anything. Janet has brightened him up more than any one; and when he heard you were coming that did rouse him. You are one of his heroes. He's that sort of a boy," she added, with a tinge of impatience in her soft, Southern voice. As if to divert her thoughts, she began deftly moving the cards before her. Her hands showed the blue veins more prominently than they show in young hands. This was their only surrender to time; they were shapely and white and the slim fingers were as straight as when the beaux of Fairfax County would have ridden all day for a chance to kiss them.

The colonel watched the great ruby wink and glow. The ruby was a part of his memories of his aunt; she had always worried it. He remembered it, when, a boy at West Point, she used to come and visit him at the hotel, dazzling, impartially, officers, professors, cadets and hotel waiters. Was that almost forty years ago? Well, thirty-six, anyhow! She had been very good, very generous to all the young Winters, then. Indeed, although she never quite forgave him for not marrying the wife of her selecting, she had always been kind and generous to Rupert; yet, somehow, while he had admired and found a humorous joy in his Aunt Rebecca, he wondered if he had ever loved her. She was both beautiful and brilliant when she was young, a Southern belle, a Northern society leader; her life was full of conquests; her footsteps, which had wandered over the world, had left a phosphorescent wake of admiration. She had always been a personage. She was a power in Washington after the war; they had found her uniquely delightful in royal courts long before Americans were the fashion; she had been of importance in

New York, and they had loved her epigrams in Boston; now, in her old age, she held a veritable little court of her own in the provincial Western city which had been her husband's home. He went to congress from Fairport; he had made a fortune there, and when he died, thirty years ago, in Egypt, back to his Western home, with dogged determination and lavish expenditures of both money and wit, his widow had brought him to rest. The most intense and solemn experience of a woman she had missed, for no children had come to them, but her husband had been her lover so long as he lived, and she had loved him. She had known great men; she had lived through wonderful events; and often her hand had been on those secret levers which move vast forces. She had been in tragedies, if an inviolable coolness of head, perhaps of heart, had shielded her from being of them. The husband of her youth, the nearest of her blood, the friends of her middle life—all had gone into the dark; yet here she sat, with her smooth skin and her still lustrous eyes and her fragrant hands, keenly smiling over her solitaire. The colonel wondered if he could ever reconcile himself with such philosophy to his own narrowed and emptied life; she was older than he, yet she could still find a zest in existence. All the great passions gone; all the big interests; and still her clever mind was working, happy, possibly, in its mere exercise, disdaining the stake, she who had had every success. What a vitality! He looked at her, puzzling. Her complexity bewildered him, he not being of a complex nature himself. As he looked, suddenly he found himself questioning why her face, in its revival of youthful smoothness and tint, recalled some other face, recently studied by him, a face that had worn an absolutely different expression; having the same delicate aquiline nose, the same oval contour, the same wide brows—who? who?

groped the colonel. Then he nodded. Of course; it was the man with the moles, the brother. He looked enough like Mrs. Winter to be her kinsman. At once he put his guess to the test. "Aunt Becky," said he, "have you any kin I don't know about?"

"I reckon not. I'm an awfully kinless old party," said she serenely. "I was a Winter, born as well as married, and so you and Mel and Archie are double kin to me. I was an only child, so I haven't anything closer than third or fourth cousins, down in Virginia and Boston."

"Have you, by chance, any cousin, near or far, named Mercer?"

Resting her finger-tips on the cards, Aunt Rebecca seemed to let her mind search amid Virginian and Massachusetts genealogical tables. "Why, certainly," she answered after a pause, "there was General Philemon Mercer—Confederate army, you know—and his son, Sam Nelson; Phil was my own cousin and Sam Nelson my second, and Sam Nelson's sons would be my third, wouldn't they? Phil and Sam are both dead, and Winnie Lee, the daughter, is dead, and poor Phil, the grandson, you know, poor boy, he shot himself while at Harvard; but his brother Cary is alive."

"Do you know him?"

"Never saw him but once or twice. He has very good manners."

"Is he rich?"

"He was, but after he had spent his youth working with incredible industry and a great deal of ability to build up a steel business and had put it into a little combination—not a big trust, just a genuine corporation—some of the financial princes wanted it for a club—to knock down bigger game, I reckon—and proceeded to cheapen the stock in order to control it. Cary held on desperately, bought more than he could hold, mortgaged everything else; but they were too big for him to fight. It was in 1903, you know, when they had an alleged financial panic, and scared the banks.

Cary went to the wall, and Phil with him, and poor Phil killed himself. Afterward Cary's wife died; he surely did have a mean time. And, to tell you the truth, Bertie, I think there has been a little kink in Cary's mind ever since."

"Did you hold any of Cary's stock?" He was piecing his puzzle together.

"Yes, but my stock was all paid for, and I held on to it; now, it is over par and paying dividends. Oh, the property was all right, had it been kept in honest hands and run for itself. The trouble with Cary was, that in order to keep control of the property he bought a lot of shares on margins, and when they began to run down hill, he was obliged to borrow money on his actual holdings to protect his fictitious ones. The stock went so low that he was wiped out. He wouldn't take my advice earlier in the game; and I knew that it would only be losing money to lend it to him, later—still, sometimes I have rather been sorry I didn't. Would I better try the spade, Bertie, or the diamond?"

The colonel advised the spades; he wondered whether he should repeat to his aunt the few sentences which he had overheard from Mercer and his companion; but a belief that old age worried easily, added to his natural man's disinclination to attack the feminine nerves, tipped the scales against frankness. So, instead, he began to talk about Archie; what was he like? was he fond of athletics? or was he a bookish lad? Aunt Rebecca reported that he had liked riding and golf; but he was not very rugged, and since his father's death he had seemed listless to a degree. "But he is better now," she added with a trace of eagerness quite foreign to her usual manner. "Janet Smith has roused him up; and what do you suppose she has done? But really, you are the cause."

"I?" queried the colonel.

"Just you. Archie, Janet argued, is the kind of nature that must have some one to be devoted to."

"And has he taken a fancy to her? Or to you?"

Aunt Rebecca's eyes dulled a little and her delicate lips were twisted by a smile which had more wistfulness than humor in it: "I'm not a lovable person; anyhow, he does not love easily. We are on terms of the highest respect, even admiration, but we haven't gotten so far as friendship, far less comradeship. Janet is different. But I don't mean Janet; she has grown absurdly fond of him; and I think he's fond of her; but what she did was to make him fond of you. You, General Rupert Winter; why, that boy could pass an examination on your exploits and not miss a question. Janet and he have a scrap-book with every printed word about you, I do believe. And she has been amazingly shrewd. We didn't know how to get the youngster back to his sports while he was out of school; and, in fact, an old woman like me is rather bewildered by such a young creature, anyhow; but Janet rode with him; *you* are a remarkable rider; I helped there, because I remembered some anecdotes about you at West Point—"

"But, my dear aunt—"

"Don't interrupt, Bertie, it's a distinctly American habit. And we read in the papers that you had learned that Japanese trick fighting—jiu jitsu—and were a wonder—"

"I'm not, I assure you; that beast of a newspaper man—"

"Never mind, if you are not a wonder, you'll have to be; you can take lessons in Los Angeles, there are quantities of Japs there. Why, even in Chicago, Janet picked up one, and we imported him, and Archie took lessons, and practices every day. There's a book in my bag, in the rack there, a very interesting book; Janet and I have both read it so we could talk to Archie. You would better skim it over a little if you really aren't an expert, enough so you can *talk*

jiu jitsu, anyhow; we can't be destroying Archie's ideals until he gets a better appetite."

"Well, upon my word!" breathed the colonel, "do you expect me to be a fake hero? I never took but two lessons in my life. That reporter interviewed my teacher, who was killed in the Japanese war, by the way; he went to the army after my second lesson. He didn't know any English beyond 'yes' and 'if you please'; and he used them both on the reporter, who let his own fancy go up like a balloon. Well, where is the book?"

He found it easily; and with it a couple of volumes of another kidney, over which he grinned.

"'The Hound of the Baskervilles' and 'The Filigree Ball!' I've read them, too," he said; "they're great! And do you still like detective stories? You would have made a grand sleuth yourself, Aunt Becky." Again he had half a mind to speak of the occurrence at the station; again he checked the impulse. "I remember," he added, "that you used to hold strenuous opinions."

"You mean my thinking that the reason crimes escaped discovery was not that criminals were so bright; but that detectives in general were so particularly stupid? Oh, yes, I think that still. So does Sir Conan Doyle. And I have often wished I could measure my own wits, once, with a really *fine* criminal intellect. It would be worth the risk."

"God forbid!" said the colonel hastily.

There came a tap on the door.

"Millicent!" groaned Aunt Rebecca, "I know the creaking of her stays. No, don't stay, Bertie; go and get Janet and a rescue bridge party as quick as you can!"

"The original and only Aunt Rebecca," thought the colonel at the door, smiling. But, somehow, the handsome old dame never had seemed so nearly human to him before.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

LETTERS FROM SCHOOL

A FAMILIAR ESSAY ON THE BOY PROBLEM "SHALL WE SEND SON AWAY FROM HOME OR PUT HIM IN THE HIGH-SCHOOL?"

By EMERSON G. TAYLOR

Author of "The End of the Journey," etc.

OF course, the agreement was, when Jack went to St. Andrew's to school, that he should send his mother a long letter every Sunday; but in the six weeks since school opened he has written home exactly twice. And in the house there has been sorrow and righteous indignation because the boy has been so forgetful and cruelly careless. He should realize what it means to his parents to have him so far away, and take some pains to tell them how he is doing. "It ought to be a rule of the school that the boys shall send home at least four pages about themselves each week," father thunders, his voice a bit tremulous. "I did think Jack would write to me oftener," says mother with a little sigh. Jack is thirteen; this is the first time he has been away from home; he is an only son. Father is to put nearly a thousand dollars into school expenses every year. Mother can hardly bear the thought of Jack's making his way single-handed—so little and lonely!—through all the traditional difficulties of a big school. Of considerable importance—wasn't it?—that they hear regularly and often from the young adventurer. But here were only five scrawly pages in six long weeks.

The first letter home was dated a week after school began. "Dear Mother," it said. "I am very well. I am having a dandy time. I went out to try for the Lower School team, and they put me in at right tackle on the scrub and I made my distance each time so I guess I will have a chance for the place, though I am pritty light, only ninety-eight striped. Mr. Ordway is our house master. He is

a dandy they call him Broadway for short. The latin teacher Mr. Parker is kind of mean sometimes. There are eighteen fellows in our house, one comes way from Texas just think his name is Bill Barry. He has asked me and two other fellows to go to his father's ranch next summer, woodent it be dandy? The Revvy said to remember him to father. He was in his class at Yale. He is a dandy. Of course he is a minister but he played third base when he was in colledge. I hope you are all well. I must close now for it is time for supper, and you have to be in your place in Hall before they say grace. With love."

The second came yesterday, and two or three sentences in it set one to thinking. "It is only five weeks to vacation," Jack remarks in a finely offhand manner. "How is everything at home?" he asks a little further on. "I hope father is cured of his cold. The Revvy said that father was the most poplar man in his class. I think that was dandy."

In all humility I submit that, on the strength of these two letters, father and mother may be reasonably content not only with Jack, but with their own judgment in sending him to one of the highest grade boarding schools instead of to the local high school, admirably conducted as the latter may be—and is. At best a difficult question, the decision in this case seems to have been a wise one. That the advocates of the private school have, even in the best examples, all the convincing arguments on their side will hardly be allowed or even claimed. There can be little doubt that for many sons of well-to-do "prominent citizens"

a capital training is waiting in the theoretically democratic life of the public school, where the youngster of tender rearing, of special privilege, of careful nurture, may find himself no brighter than a dozen bright boys from the tenements—Jews, Irish, or Italian—and will certainly imbibe some surprisingly new notions about work and drill and discipline. There are many who maintain that for a man of no more than moderate income to send his boy to a costly private school is to put the youngster in the way of a magnificent education, it is true, but will also, by suffering him to meet and make friends with the sons of the very, very rich and learning "how the other half lives," expose him to the danger of envy and discontent, or, worst of all, will turn him into a "little brother of the rich." It is proclaimed with throats of brass that the private school is un-American; that from its very nature and constitution it is one more factor, and a very important factor, in recruiting a threatened class of arrogant, well-fed pseudo-aristocrats, whose foundation is wealth alone, whose responsibility is yet to be learned, who fancy themselves, and who, to all intents and purposes are, in a privileged, separate section of society, presumably opposed, certainly indifferent to the interests of what is called "the people." And so on, from various points of view. But, all these weighty considerations aside, Jack's having written home those two special letters during his first six weeks at St. Andrew's suggests one or two other thoughts on the boarding-school question which may be worth a moment's discussion—at least between those of us to whom the boy-problem is very real and present.

Taking hold, isn't he? Finding a way through the woods, as you might say, and not scared a bit by the strangeness and the silences. It was worth Jack's while to learn where to strike a trail and how to follow it through the thickets and

swamps. He might have been lost? Hardly. They all get through somehow, and are the better for the experience—more self-reliant, more confident when they come to the other desert or dangerous tracts which they will have to traverse further on, just because they have struggled through the earliest one alone, and without feeling mother's hand in theirs. I grant you that it is hard for mother to see her darling among the lions—but mothers are such extraordinary heroes anyway, you know!

He is only thirteen, yet he is hearing daily about life on a ranch, is learning what a boy from Texas is like—what he stands for, how he thinks; what boys are like who hail from the Maine coast, from thoughtful Boston, from industrious New York or idle Newport or generous California. He is only thirteen, yet in a short six weeks he has learned that life and conduct can be viewed from many different angles, that there are quantities of interests, traditions, prejudices and enthusiasms that a fellow must take account of, no matter how queer they seem at first.

So much Jack's letters tell; and so much good we expected St. Andrew's would do for him at the very least. Self-reliance among strangers, and a set of new if imperfectly grasped ideas, are such obvious advantages on the side of the boarding school that not the flightiest sophomore debater or the most ponderous writer on school problems has ever failed to parade them with all fitting ceremony. But there's a lot more suggested by the precious, treasured, longed-for scrawls which father showed me, half in love, half in disappointment. There is a clear suggestion of a possible good in the boy's sojourn away from home for nine months in the year, which is not stressed as often as it might be, perhaps, though it would seem as plainly set before us as any other. I liked what he said about there being but a short time before he would be home again. I

am quite sure that all this year he will get no scrap of information more valuable in the long run than the Revvy's revelation about father's having been such a "poplar" man in his day and generation. Of course you see my point. No? Well—

Suppose Jack were entered in the local high school, and was making the best of his life there. Just what place in the sum and the round of his daily interests would his home be likely to hold? I believe, brother, that there is more than a chance that the boy would presently be thinking of his home as a base of supplies, a refuge in which to sleep and eat, or, saddest of all, a place from which to escape, with bungling excuses or in open mutiny—perhaps into the streets. Where young life is to be found, there, if he is worth his salt, will Jack be found. You can not check the tendency, even if you are foolish and wrong-headed enough to try. And this may mean that Jack will prefer to spend his time after school hours away from his father's house with the boys—and the girls—of his school acquaintance, here and there, up and down the city. Blame him? Certainly not. But Jack is not the sort of boy to get into mischief? My point is only that under very frequent conditions he may look on his home and the presence of his father and mother as a place of and a means to restraint more or less irksome, not as—well, what we are all pretty well agreed home ought to mean. A tendency to homesickness, and a sharp attack of that malady, are no bad things for boys of thirteen; and the recovery is such a happy affair! "Only five weeks more to vacation," wrote honest Jack right in the middle of the football season. "Only five weeks before I'm home again—home!" sighed the longing heart, weary of the new problems to be found in the world, tired even in the midst of the new happiness. "Home again where father is, and mother—especially mother, I guess."

The headmaster of St. Andrew's is wise, gentle, a bit austere, delightful when he laughs, to the boys an intimate friend, to the church a possible bishop. Jack thinks the Revvy is just about perfect, and so he is. Jack had begun to feel that father had a good many faults—he often got mad, he made Jack mind whether or no, he was sometimes unfair, sometimes preoccupied, sometimes disappointingly uninterested in what Jack knew were the really important things of life. But behold the Revvy—astute and watchful Revvy!—giving Jack some information about that same father, in the light of which father is transfigured. The Revvy's love and respect are at father's command; father is remembered by his college mates after twenty-five years! It is a big thing to have a father like that. One wonders if by any chance one may grow up to be, like him, "the most poplar man in his class."

Not at all a destruction or a stultifying of what is called "home influence" is the life of the first-class boarding school, nor should it aim at providing a substitute for such influence. The advertisements in the magazines which emphasize this as one of any given school's special claims to patronage make one think that the good people at the head of affairs know very little of their business. There is no substitute for home—real home—is there? How quixotic or how specious is any promise to provide one! No, indeed; things work out quite differently. Either the school provides a corrective for an unfortunate "home influence," which is good, or, which is best, it is a means, as in the case of little Jack and a thousand more like him, of making "home influence" the sweeter and subtler by enduing it with the sanctity all those things possess which we long for but attain to rarely. Not a means of separating Jack from his father; rather, a means of bringing them more closely together. One mistrusts all proverbs on principle; but one will hardly deny that

he who holds a brief for the all-round training of the boarding school as against that of the high school can conveniently sum up certain of what may appear to be his main points under the old saw about absence and the way by which hearts—young hearts especially—may grow in fondness.

But why suggest controversy? Surely there is no question which has so many aspects, which is so conditioned by circumstances that change each year, as this of choosing a school; none, therefore, so fruitless as material for debate. All I wanted was to tell what was in Jack's letters from St. Andrew's.



THE REVOLT OF CALIBAN

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Author of "The Man on the Box," "Half a Rogue," etc.

CONCLUSION

CARRINGTON tumbled out of bed at six and threw out the old-fashioned green blinds. A warm, golden summer morning greeted his eyes, and the peaceful calm of Sunday lay upon the land. A robin piped in an apple-tree, an oriole flashed across the flower-beds, and a bee buzzed just outside the sill. A brave day! He stepped into his tub and bathed, dressing in his riding-clothes, for there was to be a canter down to the sea and return before breakfast. From the window he could see the groom walking the beautiful thoroughbreds up and down the driveway. There were only two this morning; evidently Norah was not going.

The Cavanaugh girls had created almost a scandal and a revolution when they first appeared at Glenwood. People had read and talked about women riding like men, they had even seen pictures of them, but to find them close at hand was something of a shock. Yet, when they saw with what ease the Cavanaugh girls took the hedges, ditches and fences, how

their mounts never suffered from saddle-galls, and, above all, how the two always kept even pace with the best men riders, opinion veered; and several ladies changed their habits.

Norah, who saw the droll side of things, once said that the accepted riding habit for women reminded her of a kimono for a harp.

Carrington stole gently down to the horses. He had great affection for the sleek thoroughbreds. Their ears went forward when they saw him, and they whinnied softly. He rubbed their velvet noses and in turn they nozzled him for sugar-loaves. Had it not been for the night and the attendant mysteries, his happiness would have been complete. People waste many precious moments in useless retrospection; so Carrington resolutely forced the subject from his mind. One thing was certain, the Cavaughns knew who the burglar was; and there was something strange in the idea of an empty safe in a millionaire's home. Pshaw! He took out the expected sugar-

loaves and extended them on both palms. The pair licked his hand and crunched the sweets with evident relish.

"How are they to-day, James?"

"Fit for twenty miles, straight away or 'cross-lots, sir. Your mount is feeling his oats this morning; he hasn't been out for a run since Thursday, sir. I've put the curb on him in case he takes it into his head to cut up shines. Here comes Miss Kate, sir."

Carrington's pulse rose. Kate was approaching them. She was pale but serene. She smiled a good morning, which took in the gentleman and the groom.

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting."

"Not a moment; I only just got down myself," said Carrington.

She mounted without assistance and adjusted her skirts. The filly began to waltz, impatient to be off.

"To the beach?" Carrington asked, swinging into his saddle.

She nodded, and they started off toward the highway at a smart trot. Once there, the animals broke into an easy canter, which they maintained for a mile or more. Then Kate drew down to a walk.

"What a day!" said she, waving her hand toward the sea-line.

There was color a plenty on her cheeks now, and her eyes shone like precious stones. There is no exhilaration quite like it. She flicked the elders with her crop, and once or twice reached up for a ripening apple. In the air there was the strange sea-smell, mingled with the warm scent of clover.

"I'll race you to the beach!" she cried suddenly.

"Done! I'll give you to the sixth tree." He laughed. There was really nothing at all in the world but this beautiful girl, the horses, and the white road that wound in and out to the sea.

She trotted her mount to the sixth tree, turned, and then gave the signal. Away they went, the horses every bit as eager as their riders. With their ears

laid back, their nostrils wide, their feet drumming, they thundered down the road. Carrington gained but slowly, and he had to hold his right arm as a shield for his eyes, as the filly's heels threw back a steady rain of sand and gravel. Faster and faster; a milk-wagon veered out just in time; foolish chickens scampered to the wrong side of the road, and the stray pigs in the orchards squealed and bolted inland. It was all very fine. And when they struck deep tawny sand the animals were neck and neck. It was now no easy task to bring them to a stop. Carrington's hunter had made up his mind to win, and the lithe filly was equally determined. As an expedient, they finally guided the animals toward the hull of an ancient wreck; nothing else would have stopped them.

"How I love it!" said Kate, breathlessly, as she slid from the saddle. "Beauty, you beat him, didn't you!" patting the dripping neck of her favorite.

They tethered the horses presently, and sat down in the shade of the hull.

"Nothing like it, is there, girl?"

"I hate automobiles," irrelevantly.

The old, old sea quarreled murmurously at their feet, and the white gulls sailed hither and thither, sometimes breasting the rollers just as they were about to topple over into running creamy foam. The man and the girl seemed perfectly content to remain voiceless. There was no sound but the song of the sea: the girl dreamed, and the man wondered what her dream was. Presently he glanced at his watch. He stood up, brushing the sand from his clothes.

"Half an hour between us and breakfast, Kate. All aboard!"

The night before might have been only an idle dream.

So they took the road back. Only the sea and the gulls saw the tender kiss.

The pariah sauntered in at two o'clock that afternoon, just as the family were



"NOTHING LIKE IT, IS THERE, GIRL?"

sitting down to luncheon. He was a revelation. There was nothing shabby about him now. He wore a new suit, spats, a new straw hat, and twirled a light bamboo. There was something jaunty and confident in his air, a bubbling in his eyes; altogether, he was in fine fettle about something. He cast aside his hat and cane.

"Aha! just in time," he said. "Another chair, William."

The butler sent a dubious glance at his master; there was the usual curt nod and the frown. So grandpa sat down beside Norah (whose usual effervescence had strangely subsided), pinched her cheek, and deliberated between the cold ham and chicken.

"A fine day! A beautiful day! A day of days!" he cried, surrendering to the appetitious lure of both meats.

Nobody replied to this outburst of exuberance—nobody had the power to. A strange calm settled over every one. This was altogether a new kind of a grandpa. There was nothing timid or hesitant here, nothing meek and humble; neither was there that insufferable self-assurance and arrogance of a disagreeable man. Grandpa's attitude was simply that of an equal, of a man of the world, of one who is confident of the power he holds in reserve; that was all. But for all that, he was a sensation of some magnitude. Carrington was seized with a wild desire to laugh. The truth came to him like an illumination; but he wisely held his peace.

"There is something in the air to-day that renews youth in old age; eh, my son?" with a sly wink at Cavanaugh.

Cavanaugh's expression of wonder began to freeze and remained frozen to the end of the meal. So all the honors of conversation fell to grandpa, who seemed to relish this new privilege.

"Father," said Cavanaugh, holding back his accumulated wrath, "I want to see you in my study."

"Immediately, my son. I was just about to make that same request." Grandpa looked at Kate, then at Carrington. "I suppose you young persons will invite poor old grandpa to the wedding?"

"Father!" This was altogether too much for patrician blood. Cavanaugh's face reddened and his fists closed ominously. "You will do me the honor, father, not to meddle with my private affairs. Kate is my daughter, and she shall marry the man it pleases me to accept."

Carrington felt this cut dart over grandpa's shoulder. He stirred uneasily.

"Oh, if that's the way you look at it!" with a comical deprecatory shrug. Grandpa touched Carrington on the

arm. "Young man, do you love this girl? No false modesty, now; the truth, and nothing but the truth. Do you love her?"

"With all my heart!" Carrington felt the impulse occult. Something whispered that his whole future depended upon his answer.

"And you, Kate?"

"I love him, grandpa," bravely.

"That's all I want to know," said grandpa.

Cavanaugh released one of his fists; it fell upon the table and rattled things generally.

"Am I in my own house?" he bawled.

"That depends," answered grandpa, suavely. "You've got to behave your-



THE PARIAH WAS A REVELATION. THERE WAS NOTHING SHABBY ABOUT HIM NOW

self. Now, then, let us repair to the secret chamber of finance. It is the day of settlement," grimly.

Mrs. Cavanaugh was gently weeping. The dread moment had come, come when she had been lulled into the belief

that it would never come. Kate understood, and longed to go to her and comfort her; and she trembled for her father, who knew nothing of the pit that lay at his feet. Carrington dallied with his fork; he wished he was anywhere in the world but at the Cavanaugh table. The desire to laugh recurred to him, but he realized that the inclination was only hysterical.

Cavanaugh was already heading for the study. He was in a fine rage. Grandpa was close on his heels. At the threshold he turned once more to Carrington.

"You're familiar with your 'Tempest,' young man, I'm sure," he said. "Well, this is the revolt of Caliban, Caliban uplifted, as it were."

The door closed behind them, and father and son faced each other.

"I'll trouble you for those papers you took from the safe last night," said the son, heavily.

"Ah, indeed!" said grandpa.

"At once; I have reached the limit of my patience."

"So have I," returned grandpa. "Perhaps you know what these papers are about?"

"I know nothing whatever, save that they belong to Mr. Carrington. Hand them over."

Grandpa helped himself to a cigar and sat down. He puffed two or three times, eyed the lighted end, and sighed with satisfaction.

"If you but knew what they were about, these papers, you would pay a cool million for their possession. My word, it is a droll situation; reads like the fourth act in a play. If you have a duke picked out for Kate, forget him."

"She will never marry Carrington!" Cavanaugh's voice rose in spite of his effort to control it.

"My son, they will hear you," the pariah warned. He blew a cloud of smoke into the air and sniffed it. "You never offered me this particular brand."

"Enjoy it," snapped the other, "for it will be the last you shall ever smoke in any house of mine."

"You don't tell me!"

"Those papers, instantly!"

"Be it known by these presents, et cetera, et cetera," said the old man. He rose suddenly, the banter leaving his lips and eyes, and his jaw setting hard. "You had better get your check-book handy, my son, for when I'm through with you, you'll be only too glad to fill out a blank for fifty thousand. I consider myself quite moderate. This young Carrington is a mighty shrewd fellow; and I'd rather have him as a friend than an enemy. He has made out his case so strongly that it will cost you a pretty penny to escape with a whole skin."

"What are you talking about?"

"The case of *The People versus Cavanaugh et al.* It concerns the clever way in which you and your partners slid under the seven per cent. dividend due your investors; which caused a slump in the price of the stocks, forcing thousands to sell their stocks; which you bought back at a handsome profit. Moloch! The millions you have are not enough; you must have more. There are about twelve of you in all, not one of you worth less than three millions. What a beautiful chance for blackmail!"

Cavanaugh stepped back, and his legs, striking a chair, toppled him into it. His father had become Medusa's head!

"Aha! That jars you some," chuckled grandpa.

It took Cavanaugh some time to recover his voice, and when he did it was faint and unnatural.

"Is this true?" he gasped.

"It is so true that I'll trouble you for the check now."

"Come, father, this is no time for nonsense." Cavanaugh waved his hand impatiently. "Kindly let me see the document."

"Hardly. But the moment you place the check in my hands, I shall be pleased

to do so. But there must be no reservation to have payment stopped."

"I will not give you a single penny!" The mere suggestion of giving up so large a sum without a struggle seemed preposterous. "Not a penny! And furthermore, I am through with you for good and all. Shift for yourself hereafter. Fifty thousand! You make me laugh!"

"I will make you laugh, my son; but not on the humorous side." The old man reached out his hand and struck the bell.

"What do you want?" asked Cavenaugh, mystified.

"I want the author of the document. I propose to take the family skeleton out of the closet and dangle it up and down before the young man's eyes. You will laugh, I dare say."

Cavenaugh fell back in his chair again. The door opened and William looked in. "You rang, sir?" to Cavenaugh *filis*.

"No, William," said Cavenaugh *père*, affably; "I rang. Call Mr. Carrington." The butler disappeared. "It is my turn, Henry, and I have waited a long time, as you very well know. Ha! Sit down, Mr. Carrington, sit down."

Carrington, who had entered, obeyed readily.

"You left some papers in the dining-room safe last night," began grandpa.

"I was about to ask you to return them," replied Carrington, with assumed pleasantry.

The two Cavenaughes looked at each other blankly. Finally grandpa laughed.

"I told you he was clever!"

"It is true, then," snarled the millionaire, "that you have been meddling with affairs that in no wise concern you. I warn you that your case in court will not have a leg to stand on."

"I prefer not to discuss the merits of the case," said Carrington quietly.

"I have been your host, sir; you have eaten at my table." Cavenaugh, as he spoke, was not without a certain dignity.

"All of which, recognizing the present situation, I profoundly regret."

"Good!" said grandpa. "Henry, if you had been the general they give you credit for, you would have offered Mr. Carrington that seventeen thousand two or three years ago. There is nothing so menacing to dishonesty as the free lance. Now, listen to me for a space. We'll come to the documentary evidence all in good time. I spoke of Caliban uplifted," ironically. "For years I have been treated as a pariah, as a beast of burden, as a messenger boy, as a go-between to take tricks that might have soiled my son's delicate hands. Father and son, yes; but in name only. Blood is thicker than water only when riches and ambition are not touched in the quick. This dutiful son of mine could easily have elevated me along with himself; but he would not do so. He was afraid that people might learn something of my past, which would greatly hinder his advancement. He prospered, he grew rich and arrogant; he put his heel on my neck, and I dared not revolt. You wouldn't believe it, would you, Mr. Carrington, that I was graduated with honors from Oxford University. I speak three tongues fluently, and have a smattering of a dozen others; am a doctor of philosophy, an Egyptologist. But I was indolent and loved good times, so fell into evil ways. Formerly, I was a burglar by profession."

He stopped, eying Carrington's stupefaction. The son gnawed his lips impotently.

"I was a master, after a fashion," resumed the old man, satisfied with his denouement. "I committed a dozen splendid burglaries. I never left a trail behind. The police sought for me, but did not know me either by name or by sight. This was the sword my son kept over my neck. The slightest rebellion, and he threatened to expose me. Oh, I know the boy well enough; he would have done it in those days. Once extradited to Eng-

land, thirty years ago, no one would have connected our names. Yet he was afraid of me; he wasn't sure but that at any time the old desire would spring up renewed. I robbed to gratify my craving for excitement rather than to fill my purse. I made an unhappy marriage; something Kate or Norah shan't do while I live. Henry was clever. He made me an allowance of two hundred a month. And how do you suppose he arranged the payment? On the first day of the month he placed the cash in a safe in the house, and changed the combination. If I got the money without being caught it was mine; otherwise I went hungry. Ingenious idea, wasn't it? For I had all the excitement, and none of the peril of a real burglary. Henry forgot, yesterday, that it was the first of the month."

The millionaire found it impossible to remain seated. He paced the floor, his hands clenched. Carrington felt as if he was in the midst of some mad dream.

"Sometimes I succeeded in opening the safe; and sometimes, when luck went against me for two or three months, Norah tipped me the combination. She dared not do it too often. So the months went on. Once a month I was permitted to visit my grandchildren. My son grew richer and richer; for myself, I remained in the valley of humiliation. I had no chance. I had never met any of my son's friends; he took good care that I did not; so they were in total darkness as to my existence. But the ball and chain were knocked off last night. Your papers are, after all, only an incident. Caliban revolts. Mr. Carrington, my son! Oh, I am proud of him. I believed the genius for robbery was mine. I am a veritable tyro beside Henry. Half a dozen millions from the pockets of the poor at one fell swoop! Where's your Robin Hood and his ilk? But it isn't called robbery; it is called high finance."

He applied a match to his dead cigar and thoughtfully eyed his son.

"And there is a good joke on me, weaving in and out of all this. I regularly invested half my allowance in buying shares in my son's company, to insure my old age. It jarred me when I read the truth last night. I hate to be outwitted. Henry, sit down; you make me nervous."

"Well, what are you going to do?" asked the son. As he faced his father there was something lionlike in his expression.

"Sit down, my son, and I will tell you," answered the old man quietly. He knew that his son was a fighter, and that to win he must strike quick and hard.

Cavanaugh flung himself into his chair. At that moment he did not know which he hated the most, his father or Carrington.

"First, you will write out that check for fifty thousand."

"Blackmail!"

"Nothing of the sort. For twenty years you have kept your heel on my neck. I could do nothing; opportunities came and I dared not grasp them; my genuine ability was allowed to rust. It is simply compensation. Blackmail? I think not. I could easily force a million from you. But I am and have been for years an honest man. And heaven knows how well I have paid for my early transgression," bitterly. "This hour is mine, and I propose to use it."

"What guaranty have I of your good faith?" fiercely.

"My word," calmly. "I have never yet broken it."

Carrington gazed longingly toward the door. It was horribly embarrassing. He began to realize that Kate's father would hate him bitterly indeed, and that his own happiness looked very remote.

Cavanaugh turned to his desk, filled out the blank, and passed it to his father, who, with scarcely a glance at it, passed it back with a negative shake of the head.

"The official certifying stamp lies on your desk; use it."



"YOUR CONSENT TO THIS MARRIAGE. QUICK! MY PATIENCE IS AS TENSE AS YOURS"

There was no getting around this keen-eyed old man. He knew every point in the game.

"You will live to regret this," said Cavanaugh, his eyes sparkling with venom.

"I have many things to regret; principally that fate made me a father." The old man passed the check over to Carrington. "You're a lawyer; does that look legal to you?"

Carrington signified that it did.

"Now, then, Henry, you will write down on official paper your resignation as president and director of the General Trust Company of America. You will give orders for the restitution of the millions that were fraudulently added to your capital. I am not the least interested in what manner the restitutions are made, so long as they are made. I am now representing the investors. As for

your partners, it will be easy for you to impress them with the necessity of the action."

"And if I refuse?"

"Nothing less than the attorney-general. I intend to make this business as complete as possible."

Cavanaugh turned again to his desk. He knew his father even as his father knew him. He wrote hurriedly, the pen sputtering angrily.

"What else?" with a cold fury.

Again the old man gave Carrington the paper.

"It is perfectly intelligible," he said. He began to feel a bit sorry for Cavanaugh junior.

"Now, those papers," said Cavanaugh sharply.

"I believe they belong to me," interposed Carrington.

Grandpa smiled. "It all depends."



plus Wolcott Adams
07

CARRINGTON GENTLY TURNED THE ENVELOPE UPSIDE DOWN. NOTHING BUT BURNT PAPER FLUTTERED UPON THE TABLE

"I could easily force you," suggestively.

Grandpa smiled again. "Of that I haven't the least doubt. Of course, what I have is only a copy."

"It is the only copy in existence," replied Carrington anxiously. And then a flush of shame mantled his cheeks. Where was his legal cunning?

"Ah!" The ejaculation came from Cavanaugh junior.

"There is but one thing more," said grandpa, urbanely. "I am determined that Kate shall be happy. She shall marry Mr. Carrington before the snow flies. It is an excellent policy to keep valuable secrets in the family."

"Give your papers to the attorney-general. I'll see you all hanged before I'll give my consent!" Cavanaugh roared out these words.

"Softly, softly!" murmured grandpa.

"I mean it!" *con agitata*.

"Ah, well; what will be, will be. Son, I came down here yesterday with altogether a different piece of business in mind. The documents I discovered last night changed these plans. You own rich oil lands in Texas; or, rather, you did own them before you sold out to the company. The land you sold was not, and never had been, legally yours; you owned not a single tuft of grass. Government land-grab, I believe they call it. It is not now a question of refunding money; it is the question of avoiding prison. The supreme court at Washington can not be purchased. It cost me five hundred (which I could ill afford) to get a copy of the original transfer. The real owner mistook me for you, son; that is how I learned. Your consent to this marriage; or, my word for it, I'll put you where you would have put me, had you dared. Quick! My patience is as tense as yours."

The collapse of Cavanaugh was total. He saw the futility of further struggle. Ah! and he had believed all these transgressions securely hidden and forgotten, that the fortress of his millions would protect him from all attack. Too late he realized that he had gone too far with his father. There was no mercy in the old man's eyes, and Cavanaugh knew in his heart that he deserved none.

"Very sensible," said the retired burglar. He folded the check and put it in his wallet, while his son covered his face with his hands. "Murder will out, even among the most pious. I know that what has passed between us will be forgotten by Mr. Carrington. For myself, I shall return to England. I have always had a horror of dying in this country. Like father, like son; the parable reads truly. It was in the blood, Mr. Carrington; it was in the blood. But Henry here went about it in a more genteel manner." He struck the bell. "William, send Miss Kate here."

William bowed. He recognized the change; grandpa's voice was full of confident authority.

Kate entered the study shortly after. She had been weeping; her eyes were red. Seeing her father's bowed head, she sprang to his side like a lioness.

"What have they been doing to you, father?"

"Nothing but what is just," softly answered her parent. The little dukes and princes faded away as a dream fades.

"Grandpa—" she began.

"Child, it is all settled. The hatchet is buried in frozen ground. Your father consents to your marriage with Mr. Carrington. It has been a heated argument, but he has come around to my way of thinking. 'All's well with the world,' as Browning says. Bless you, my children, bless you!" with tender irony.

"And now, my papers," said Carrington, smiling up at the girl, reassuringly.

"And you still wish to marry me?" asked the girl, her face burning.

"I'd marry you if your grandpa was Beelzebub himself!"

"Here's your papers, young man," said grandpa. He passed the envelope across the table.

"What's this?" Carrington cried.

"It means, my boy," said grandpa, "that blood is thicker than water, and that I really intended no harm to Henry. And then, besides, I like to win when all the odds are against me."

Carrington gently turned the envelope upside down. Nothing but burnt paper fluttered upon the table.

TRANSFIGURATION

By FRANK GLOVER HEATON

His tattered robe wind-whipt, down rutted lanes—
(Oh, breath of buds again, across the hills!)—
He cowers, his rags washed pale by quick, warm rains,
And from each rent spring sun-hued daffodils.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH NEW YORK?

By CHARLES HYDE PRATT



AS the Cuban mail steamship *Merida* plowed its way south from New York at the comfortable rate of sixteen knots, the sky was blue, the blue gulf stream flowed below, the ship rode steadily, and, consequently, the one hundred or more passengers were possessed of good appetites, good nature, and an inclination for conversation.

In the course of a four days' voyage, four people, returning from visits to New York, gave me their impressions of that city. These people were of different nationalities and widely different stations in life. None knew the others. Yet on this topic the views of three of them presented an impressive similarity.

"For years I have been planning to go back to New York." The speaker was an American engineer who builds railways in Central and South America. "I went back this summer, and I guess I am about the most disappointed man you ever saw. My fault, perhaps. You know how it is. As soon as you get away from your own country you begin to magnify its good points and forget its bad ones, and after a while you are thinking about something that isn't the real thing at all, but simply a vision of paradise that you have created in your imagination.

"Well, I had the legs knocked out from under the vision before I had been back very long. Down in the countries where I have been, when you want to go anywhere you take a cab, and you can pay for it and still have enough cash left in your pocket to buy a stick of gum. In New York you can't, unless you're a millionaire. I found that out the first day, and after that I took a street car.

"But, my heavens! Did you ever see anything like the behavior of the

crowds? I tried to take a car across the bridge once, about five in the afternoon. Once was enough. I never went there any more. A Central American revolution is mild by comparison.

"And the insolence of the conductors! It isn't confined to New York either. I took a trip up into New Hampshire, where I was born. Why, sir, in any country where I have been, if the conductors and ticket-sellers talked and acted as they do there they would be fired the next day, or else the public would stop patronizing the road. They wouldn't stand it. They would walk first. That's the trouble with Americans. We'll stand anything. We haven't time to protest.

"Of course there are plenty of *good* things in New York. No need to speak about *them*. We hear about them morning, noon and night. We can give any other nation cards and spades on boasting, and then some. Boast? Why, it's 'Biggest in the world,' 'Highest in the world,' 'Best in the world,' from the moment you strike New York until the pilot gets off the boat when you leave.

"And 'How much did it cost?' That seems to be the only way of estimating the value of *anything*. I'm willing to bet that when a New Yorker gets to Heaven and hears an angel sing, he'll want to know how much they pay her a night, and what her robe cost.

"And hot! Why, New York downtown in summer is the hottest place I ever saw, and I've lived in Panama and a few other places that are not cold. But the high buildings downtown in New York keep out the air, and under the pavement in front of every building is a boiler-room to furnish a little artificial heat. I'm going back to Central America to cool off."

Number two was a concert singer—a Belgian lady, vivacious, cultured, acquainted with the most of the capitals of Europe. She had done some thinking on a number of subjects, and expressed her thoughts fluently in English, with a little foreign accent that improved the flavor.

"New York? It is a wonderful city, a very big city, but I do not think a very nice city. You think of nothing but money. In the daytime you think of making it; in the night-time, of spending it. And your pleasures, or what you call your pleasures, are just as intense as your business. Is that pleasure? I do not think so. I have not seen much happiness in New York. You try so hard to get it. You do not let it come of itself.

"You are always striving. Nearly everybody in New York has the 'automobile face'—or shall we say the New York face? Always striving—never content. And then, some day, you die—and of what use is the striving? Why not be happy now, like the Italians, or the French, or the Germans? Not here, but in their own countries. Go to Europe, if you would see happy faces. They have not such high buildings as in New York, but they have happiness, which is worth more.

"It does not seem to do the people good to have these high buildings. The people in New York—no, I do not like them. In Mexico, where I have been, and where I am going now, the people are gentlemen. A man may be poor and clad in rags, but he carries his rags with grace. He has a native dignity, a courtesy that you do not seem to know at all in New York—not at all. You would think it a terrible thing to be deprived of electric lights or any other material thing. Is it not more terrible to be deprived of gentleness and courtesy? In no city in the world is a stranger subjected to such brusqueness and rudeness as in New York. Is that a symptom of civilization? I do not think so. You

have many lofty buildings, but the character of the people, that is not lofty.

"Oh, yes; I know that in New York are many charming people. I have met many of them. But I speak of the mass—the people in the street, in the shops, on the cars. These are the people whom the stranger meets in New York, or Berlin, or Vienna, or any city, and it is on this basis that the city must be, what you call, 'sized up.'"

The next to express an opinion on this interesting subject was an Englishman, middle-aged, quiet, well-bred, traveling for observation and pleasure. Like most men who have traveled much, he was cautious about offering advice.

"Every time I return to New York, and I do so frequently," he said, "I am newly impressed with the changes since my previous visit. Some of these changes are for the better, others seem to be for the worse. New York no longer impresses me as a typical American city. For example, that chivalrous deference toward women, irrespective of their age or attractiveness, which has for years been an American characteristic, is no longer noticeable in New York.

"You have in your city some most interesting problems—most interesting. It is the most compact city in the world, and so, to begin with, you have the problem of how to compress four thousand human beings into one block, surrounded by other similar blocks, and still maintain the characteristics with which Nature has endowed them.

"The east side of New York, to-day, is not distinguished for its squalor. Conditions there, as a rule, are not strikingly bad. They *are* artificial—absolutely so. They are conditions for which Nature has apparently made no provision in humanity. What then will humanity develop into when subjected to such conditions? That is the question.

"The other problems in New York—water, drainage, transportation, and so on—are gigantic, of course, but the

American has demonstrated his ability to cope with things of this sort, and nobody questions his ability to do so again. But the people, the people; to assimilate the thousands and thousands who continue to pour into that already congested city, bringing with them all manner of chaotic ideas and doctrines—there is a problem that may well tax the energies of the most energetic nation on the earth. And upon its solution depends the future of your government.”

“Do you think America will solve it?”

I asked.

The reply came after a little hesitation.

“Yes, I am inclined to think she will. I have a good deal of confidence in America. You have your defects, and it is worth remarking that in most cases your defects are the natural outcome of your virtues. For instance, you are a great constructive people, and your disposition to brag, which every stranger is forced to notice, is simply one method of keeping up your enthusiasm.

“So, also, your sensitiveness to criticism. You need criticism often enough, no doubt; but a growing people in the thick of the struggle can not stop to split hairs. Above all, they can not afford to sacrifice any of their self-confidence in the contemplation of their own shortcomings. It is the unconscious realization of this fact, I think, which has caused you to resent criticism, and to keep your courage up by means of perpetual self-congratulation. And I consider this a logical and a proper attitude for a people in your position, although it is rather painful at times for your friends.

“This same quality of energy and enthusiasm—desirable certainly—is, it seems to me, the source of another defect in American character. I refer to your inability to take pains. The American rushes in, and wins, when he does win, by sheer overwhelming force. The German, with perhaps less native ability,

studies the proposition in advance, carefully plans each detail, and then as carefully carries them out. And he sometimes wins where the American loses. I wish the American could learn to do that. But perhaps it is too much to expect to find enthusiasm and attention to detail combined in one people.”

My fourth interview was with a young Cuban who spent last year at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. He was tall, well-dressed, fair-skinned, perhaps nineteen years old—in appearance a typical American college boy. But when he spoke to me in Spanish the words poured forth in a torrent, his cheeks flushed, his eyes blazed, and gesture followed gesture with a rapidity which no American could hope to rival.

“What do I think of New York? Señor, hear me; and when you know what I have passed through you will not have the necessity to ask me my opinion of New York.

“I returned from Cuba for my second year at college, and took with me my younger brother and four other boys from our vicinity. All wished to attend school in the United States. I carried my school certificate, various letters to friends and a letter of credit sufficient to maintain me and my brother for a year.

“We arrived in New York. Me the officials allowed to pass. I had already arranged to have our luggage sent to the hotel, when the official called me again and said: ‘Your brother will have to go to Ellis Island to be examined, and you must accompany him. It will take about an hour.’ Good. An hour is not much. We went to Ellis Island.

“We entered an office there, a doctor came, looked at my brother’s eyes—so—an instant, then took a piece of chalk and marked an ‘H’ on the back of my brother’s coat. Then he motioned to four guards, and left the room. Not one word. Nothing. The ‘H’ meant hospital, but not even that did I know then. I only knew that two guards

seized my brother and carried him through one door, and two others took hold of me and started to push me toward another door. I said 'What is this? What are you trying to do?' The only answer I received was a push. A push! Señor, you, who are not Cuban, do not know what that means to a Cuban. I contained myself with an effort and went along. But it seems I did not go fast enough, for they gave me another shove. I cried 'Do not shove me! I am not a criminal!' Then the man behind me gave me a kick with his knee. At that I lost my head. I know not just what followed, but in a moment we were rolling on the floor. I had the satisfaction to give the man a good black eye. Then they put handcuffs on me, and I was taken to another room and left there.

"Presently came an inspector, who gave an order to remove the handcuffs. Notwithstanding the experience I had just passed, I dared to ask again why I was detained and what they were going to do with me. The inspector said that my brother was pronounced to have an infirmity of the sight which was contagious, and must be detained in the hospital until further orders, and that, as he was a minor, I must stay also—that I would be notified as soon as there was any further development. Then he also went out of the room.

"Did I go to the hospital with my brother? Ah, no! There, although the conditions are bad, they are, if you like, a little decent. But I was placed in the Immigrants' Lodging House. Figure it to yourself—the Immigrants' Lodging House!

"Were you ever on Ellis Island, Señor? No? I have no words to describe it. Think of everything that is detestable—everything; imagine all the suffering that you have ever endured or ever will endure, and the total will not equal the fifth part of the misery which I suffered during the ten days that I was a prisoner on that terrible island.

"First came a tremendous quantity of immigrants—five hundred, one thousand—I do not know how many. I was marched with them down a narrow bridge and through a passageway with many turns—to left, to right, interminable—and at every turn a guard. Ah, no, I assure you, one who enters that building will not escape easily. At last we reached a large room with shelves on the walls and through the center. You know the racks on which we cure the tobacco in Cuba, Señor? Yes? Good. Like that were they.

"We were about two hundred in that room, and the shelves, one above another from floor to ceiling, were our beds. The immigrants were in the greater part Russian Jews, with long unwashed hair and beards. They wore high boots, and, in that heat, long overcoats which almost reached the ground. My God! the atmosphere in that room, the heat, the odor. And at night! The first two nights I did not sleep, and never very much. The board above is so close to the one on which you are lying that you must lie on the back. Then if you wish to lie on the face, it is necessary to get out in order to turn over.

"I believe the majority of those people never had bathed since the day they were born. Even had they wanted to, they could not have done so there. Señor, I was ten days packed in among that herd of people without a bath, without the ability to change one article of clothing. At last my shirt arrived at such a point of filth that, in sheer disgust, I tore it off and threw it away, and was without a shirt from that time on.

"And you think that I have not protested, have not made efforts? I wrote letter after letter, with a pencil, on the scraps of paper that I could get, and sent them to everybody whom I thought might aid me, from President Roosevelt to the inspector of the island. Misunderstanding? How *can* my imprisonment have been due to such a thing? The in-

spector himself came and said to me: 'We understand all that. We comprehend that you are not an immigrant, that you are in this country to attend school, and that there is nothing wrong with you. But your brother is under inspection, and as he is only eleven years old, you must stay until his case is disposed of.'

"'But, Señor,' I said, 'do not keep me in this terrible place. I have money. I will pay anything you like, only give me decent accommodations, where one can wash and eat and sleep and be like a civilized man.'

"'No. We have no other accommodations. I understand that it is not what you should have, but it is the best we can do.'

"'Then, in the name of God, send us away. Send us back to Cuba, send us anywhere, but do not keep us longer in this place.'

"'No,' he replied, 'I have no authority to do that. You will have to wait.'

"'And he, like the others, went out.'

"I wrote the Cuban consul. He replied that he could do nothing. Cuba is not a powerful country. I wished to telegraph my father, and offered a ten-dollar bill as payment. The telegraph clerk said 'We can not receive this. You must give the exact change.'

"'But, man,' I said, 'I am a prisoner here. Where am I to get change? From the walls—the ceiling? Send out and change the bill.'

"'No,' he said, 'we have no authority to do that, nor any one to send.'

"'Then keep the ten dollars, only send the telegram.'

"'No, we can not do that either. We must have the exact amount.'

"And I did not telegraph my father.

"The days passed. I fell into a state of despair. My senses were benumbed. If one spoke to me, I only half heard, as though he were a long way off. I heard that two of my companions had been admitted, and two sent back to Cuba. In

the room with me, among the two hundred immigrants, there was none who spoke either Spanish or English.

"Then one day I was called before the inspector and told that my brother was to be returned to Cuba, and that I must go with him. The government of the United States, he said, would pay my return passage third-class. I replied:

"'Convey to the government of the United States my profound thanks, and tell them that I do not travel third-class, and that I have money with which to pay my own first-class passage.'

"'Very well,' he said.

"So we were sent aboard the *Merida*, and with us came four guards. We were given a cabin, and the four guards remained with us in the cabin until the last whistle as the boat sailed. My luggage is still in the hotel in New York. I sent for it, but it did not come. But, thank God! I was able to get a bath and a change of clothing, and leave behind me that pestilential odor of Ellis Island.

"But not the memory! Ah, I assure you that however many years I may live, wherever I may go, the name Ellis Island, even the name New York, will bring me visions too distinct of that horrible experience.

"And to what end, Señor? Tell me, to what end? You see my brother. If he has anything wrong with the eyes, it is not apparent to him or to me. But if it be so? Let him be returned to Cuba in a way decent and worthy a country which pretends to civilization.

"Why detain me? My brother can travel alone. Me they did not permit in the hospital. Did it benefit him, or any one, that I be obliged to miss the opening of my school, shut up for ten days, and made to suffer as though I were some vile criminal? And if you are going to detain people in this way, in the name of God, with your millions and billions of expenditure, provide a place in which to detain them.

"This seems a tale of Weyler, or Russia, or the Spanish inquisition. *Pues*, no, Señor; it is what occurred in the first city of the United States of North America in the month of September, 1906. In Havana we do not make many pretensions, but if such a thing occurred there,

I should be ashamed to own Cuba as my country.

"My opinion of New York? It is a most entrancing city, distinguished especially for its hospitality. I shall always have the most pleasant recollections of it!"

AN AMERICAN ABROAD

By S. H. KEMPER

With fierce and fervent mysteries
The East would lure and snare his soul;
Her lawless whisper stirs him not,
One vision keeps him safe and whole.
It comes to touch with wistfulness
At times his keen, unflinching face;
In jeweled nights, at white-hot noon,
It visits him a moment's space.

Instead of palms and crowded quays,
Shipping and forts and sea of jade,
He sees his home town's quiet street,
Cool with its rustling summer shade:
The modest homes, the church, the stores,
The small newspaper's office bare;
The teams beside the dripping trough,
The court-house in the dusty square.

SUNSET HILL

By SARA H. BIRCHALL

Oh, Youth has gone across the hill
To find the evening star,
Along the windy pasture lands
Where the late asters are.

He said an hour's light good-by,
And promised merrily
That he'd come back o'er Sunset Hill
To dwell again with me.

He stood a moment on the crest
To flute a lilting strain—
Ah, Youth has gone to Fairyland,
When will he come again?

THE TRANSFORMATION OF WILDERS

By CHARLES GARVICE

Author of "The Saving of Blossop," etc.

WE often speak of Laurence Wilders at the Scribblers', and always with bated breath; for famous as the great novelist was to the public, he seemed still a greater to us fellow literary men who could gauge his work more truly and regard it more sympathetically than the general reader could do. Even Blossop lowers his voice when he refers to the dead master. Only one man amongst us, and he is not usually silent, has been in the habit of listening without remark; and yet Gorham and Wilders were intimate friends.

But the other evening, after we had been speaking of Wilders' last book, of the many qualities which had endeared him to us, of his fierce outbursts of passion, his impulsive generosity and his almost womanly tenderness of heart, Gorham, gazing at as much of the fire as Blossop permitted to be seen, said slowly and gravely, rather as if he were communing with himself than addressing us:

"Poor Wilders has been dead nearly twelve months; I wonder whether the time has come for me to unseal my lips?"

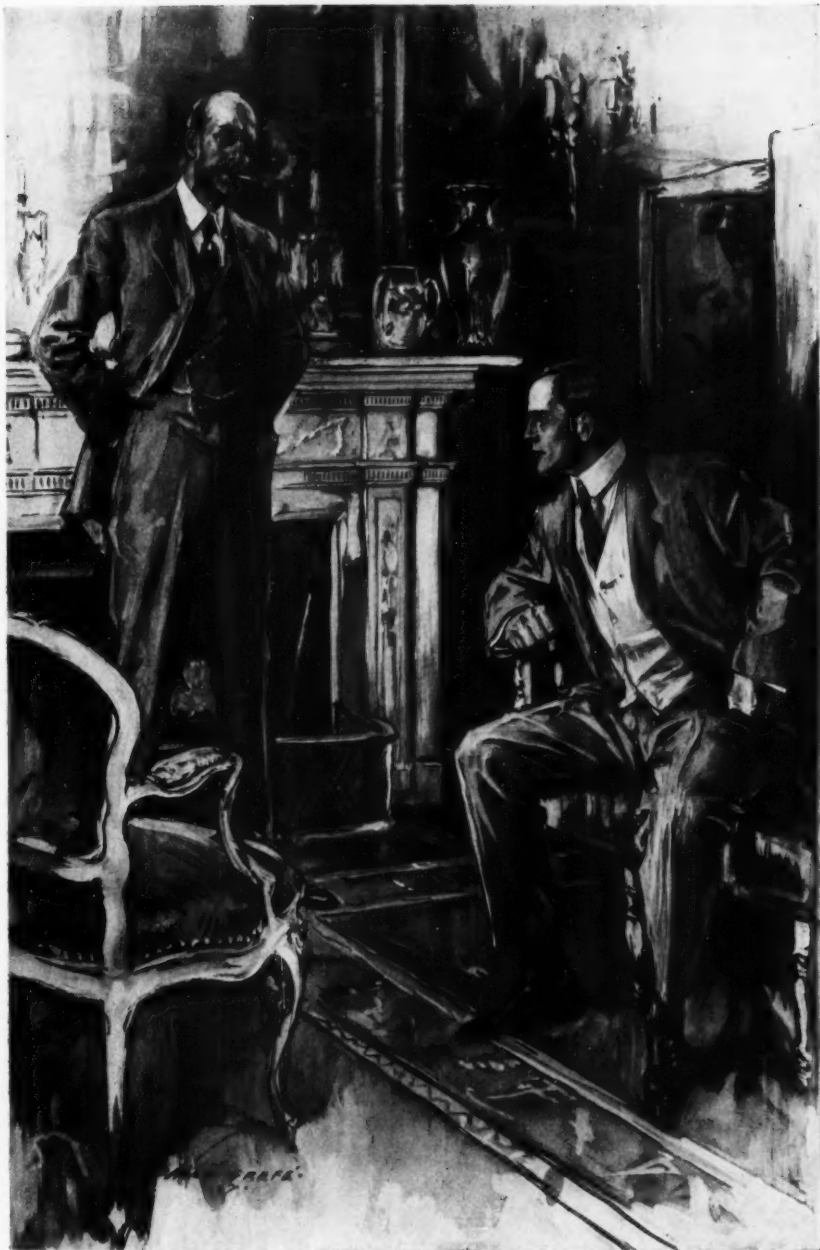
We said, with ill-concealed emphasis and eagerness, that it certainly had; and Gorham went on, still more gravely:

"As you all know, I was Wilders' most intimate friend. You were speaking just now, Millan, of the extraordinary change which took place in him some years ago, of the cessation of those outbursts of passion which used to transform the gentlest of men into—"

"A frenzied lunatic," said Millan. "Why, yes; don't you remember how he used to rush in here waving a magazine containing one of his stories and, striking the thing furiously with his clenched fist, inveigh against the artist? I recol-

lect on one occasion he actually tore the illustrations from a book of his, and, flinging them on the floor, danced upon them, yelling, 'Look at this! I have described this man as a gentleman; observe the boulder this "artist" has made of him! This is my heroine—heroine!—Tall, slim, graceful, beautiful. I have taken pages to describe the girl. Look at this—this hideous housemaid with her nose out of drawing, and her figure like a sack tied round the middle. This, if you please, is the illustration of a scene at a lunch party; of course the "artist" has put the men in evening dress. And this is a boat. A boat! The wretch has made the man rowing it stern first. The animal in this picture is intended for a horse. I know it is, because the line underneath says: "He bent from his horse."'"

Gorham nodded. "Yes, poor Wilders suffered a great deal from the artist in his early and struggling days. Of course they did not give him the best men. But when the drawing was good, how delighted, how grateful he was! And now we come to speak of the change in him. Later on, at a certain period of his life, you will remember, that however bad the plate may have been, he never raged, never uttered even a word of complaint. The change was an enigma to all of us. It shall be an enigma no longer; I can explain it. The night before he died I was sitting beside his bed. He knew that death was near, but he was quite placid, and even cheerful, and his face wore a look of absolute content. It was a moonlight night; he lay on his side looking through the window—he had asked me to put up the blind—on the pretty little garden at the back of that quaint old-fashioned house of his at Leatherhead.



Drawing by Will Greff

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"POOR WILDERS HAS BEEN DEAD NEARLY TWELVE MONTHS"

"'You are all right?—there is nothing I can do for you old man?' I asked.

"'No,' he said, 'nothing; I am going out quietly and comfortably with, thank Heaven, a mind and a heart at rest. For some time past I have known that my innings were drawing to a close.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'we have all noticed at the Scribblers' how—how much calmer and more peaceful you have been of late.'

"'He turned his eyes to me and smiled. 'Ah, yes,' he said, in that soft, pleasant voice of his, 'I know what you mean. But the knowledge of my coming death was not the reason of the change. I have often thought I would tell you. I will tell you now. You are referring to the fuss I used to make over the illustrations? Yes, yes; of course.'

"'You grew resigned?' I suggested.

"'No, it was not resignation; it was action. It began this way: One night after I had been storming at the Club at one "illustration" for a story of mine in the *Park Lane Magazine*, I came home here, still fuming, and found the artist waiting for me. He had come to ask me something about the illustration for the next number, of which he had brought a sketch. It was a horrible thing, worse even than the one that had driven me almost mad; but the wretched man was quite complacent; and I suppose his complacency upset me; for, as he gazed at the sketch admiringly, with his head on one side, and a conceited smile across his stupid face, I caught up the poker and struck him on the back of the head. He fell without a word or a groan, and, after tearing up the sketch and carefully burning it, I knelt down and examined him. He was quite dead, oh, quite. It was a great nuisance, of course, and I was very much annoyed; for, I assure you, my dear fellow, that I did not intend to kill him. But the thing was done, and, as I hate anything like a fuss—I fear that some men you and I know would have used this affair as an adver-

tisement!—I said nothing about it; but later on, when my housekeeper and the servants had gone to bed, I dug a grave in the garden and buried him.'

"Wilders was silent for a moment or two, then he continued reflectively, with that pensive smile which made his face almost womanly in its softness:

"'I am quite convinced, my dear boy, that we literary men don't take enough exercise. For instance, up to that time I used to be a bad sleeper; it was not exactly insomnia, you know, but I was just a bad sleeper. That night, after digging the grave, I slept like a top. Of course, it was the healthy exercise, the good smell of the newly-turned earth, the work in the fresh air, the pleasant excitement accompanying the wholesome physical exercise. Oh, of course, I am not forgetting the pleasant influence of an approving conscience. We are all so selfish; we so loathe to do good, if the doing of it will entail a little trouble. But this affair was a lesson to me, a kind of inspiration. I think scarcely a week passed without my disposing of an artist. No, I did not again use the poker. You know how I detest physical violence. A blow is crude, brutal; and, my dear Gorham, we must consider the feelings of even the lowest types of humanity. Think of the shock of a sudden blow! No; I used to invite them up to chat over their drawings, and give them a glass of wine. There is very little taste in cyanide, you know; and it works with charming celerity. I am glad to think that they never, or scarcely ever, endured a pang. And I always buried them myself. You have no idea how soon I learned to dig even a full-sized grave quickly and neatly. I have often thought that, if literature failed me, I should apply for a sexton's place. It is a peaceful, wholesome occupation. It is the contemplative man's vocation.'

"He was silent for a moment or two, then he said:

"'Do you think you could drag the

bed a little nearer the window? Thanks; thanks! Yes; I am sorry to leave my garden. It hasn't many flowers, for obvious reasons; but I have grown to love it. I have "got" most of my books there, strolling round or sitting in that rustic seat under the plane tree in the corner. I worked out "Annabel Snow" there.'

"'The sweetest, the most pathetic, and the most tender of idylls,' I said.

"'You are good to say so, dear fellow,' he murmured, shyly, his eyes growing moist—you know how he used to melt at a word of praise from one of us?—'I don't think it could have been written anywhere else. . . . I am glad I have mentioned this little matter. I—ah, well! I don't want to talk of example, and the rest of it; but, my dear lad, if at any time you should be tempted to

turn aside from the performance of an obvious duty, just remember the comfort and consolation, the deep and lasting peace, which the discharge of this duty of mine has brought to me. . . . How exquisitely the moonlight falls on the grass-plot. It is a little uneven; I could never succeed in laying the sods quite level, quite as they were before. Will you give me a drink? Thanks, dear Gorham! I think I can go to sleep now; our talk has soothed me.'

"It was his last sleep, as you know," concluded Gorham, almost inaudibly.

Blossop turned his face to the fire and blew his nose loudly.

"He was a good man," he said, in a smothered voice; and we nodded assent. None of us could speak, and there were tears in all our eyes.

THE MENTORS

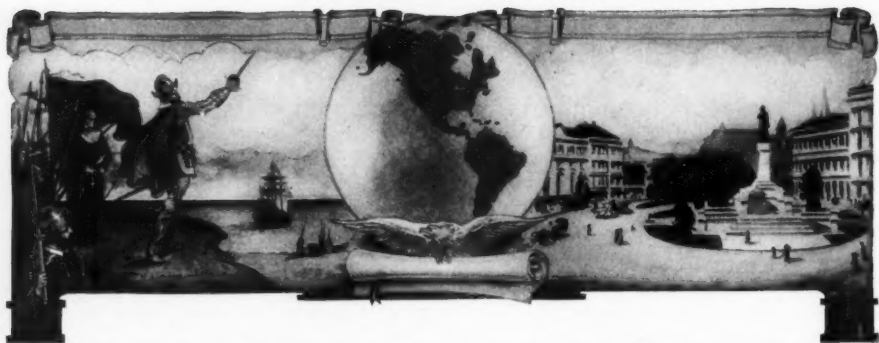
By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

My table holds a book, well-scored—
A simple gift my mother gave;
Above my couch-head hangs a sword,
A sword that helped to free the slave.

My shelves are bare of costly books,
My walls of works that Art would prize,
But down upon me ever looks
One pictured face with constant eyes.

These give me heart to speak to men
What truth I know; they cheer Defeat,
They counsel Doubt: they rule my pen—
Three mentors, wise and strong and sweet.

No bitter word I dare to trace,
No craven thought, no phrase untrue,
While Book and Sword and your dear face
Keep watch and ward on all I do.



THE SOUTH AMERICAN SITUATION

By ALBERT HALE

"WE WISH NO VICTORIES BUT THOSE OF PEACE, NO TERRITORY EXCEPT OUR OWN, AND NO SOVEREIGNTY EXCEPT SOVEREIGNTY OVER OURSELVES, WHICH WE DEEM INDEPENDENCE."

SECRETARY ROOT AT RIO DE JANEIRO, JULY 31, 1906.

VIII

THE GERMANS IN SOUTH AMERICA

FROM Venezuelan Maracaibo on the Caribbean to Argentine Bahia Blanca on the Atlantic are fifteen seaports and inland cities of East Andean South America. In all of them Germans are aggressively and systematically energetic. In many of them they are increasing their annual trade by ten and twenty per cent., threatening the dominance which England has so long held in that part of the globe; in some of them German influence is equal or superior to the influence of Great Britain; in scarcely two is America—that is, Yankee-land—much more than a negligible factor in their growth. Everywhere, therefore, I heard, both from non-Teutonic foreigners and natives, gossip or discussion on "The German Peril."

This so-called German peril resolves itself into two manifestations: one their

commercial ambition, the other their desire for territorial possession. The first actuates the German people and perhaps the German nation, just as it is the mainspring to English, to Japanese and to American business. Of itself it is a commendable ambition to see their wares become popular in foreign markets. We hear of the American invasion of Europe, but we laugh good-naturedly when German or English papers handle the subject, because we know that if we sell them shoes or typewriters or machinery of any kind, it is due to the fact that at the time we offer the purchaser a better article for the same money he had previously paid, or as good an article for less. We are amusing or frightening ourselves just now with a Japanese peril, by which Japan, with government initiative, threatens to dislodge us from mar-

kets in the far East. Japanese, we are told, are great imitators; they can produce a machine equal to anything we make and sell it cheaper than we can; they are preparing to grow wheat, and thereby to crowd our flour out of the mouths of the yellow consumers. The Japanese government, so we hear, is on the one hand subsidizing steamship lines and building railroads to foster her commerce, while she will on the other hand raise a tariff wall through which our products can not penetrate. The end of this movement may leave us robbed (*sic*) of the Philippines.

All of these perils are but phases of commercial strife which we can follow through history since Damascus blades first made their way to Greece. Venice fell by the commercial aggression of her rivals; Spain tried for generations to keep English commerce from her South American colonies; but tariff walls, harbor dues, prohibited ports of exit or closed ports of entry were no insurmountable barrier to that nation which could offer better goods for less money.

So it is with the commercial manifestation of the German peril in Latin America; they are acquiring prestige

from Mexico to Tierra del Fuego because they know how to meet the wants and to tickle the vanities of the people who have money to spend. In other words, they study the markets carefully and profoundly, and their government does all it can to encourage the efforts of German merchants. Let us ignore the accusation that Germans, when they attempt to sell their wares, sometimes resort to substitution or to false representation; I have heard from loyal Americans that we ourselves are by no means guiltless of the same tricks; honest and truth-speaking consuls and residents in South American ports of entry have told me that sometimes, counter to their convictions, they defend our trade against just such accusations, and then warn their constituents at home to be more careful in the future, and to give closer study to the markets and to the habits of the people to whom the goods are to be sold. Let us ignore also the question of cost of production. It is only an ultimate factor in the question, whether the English or German is paid less than the American, or whether there are sweat shops and child laborers, whether there are favored nation treaties or differential tariffs; the



THE CUSTOMS HOUSE AT RIO GRANDE, THE HEART OF LITTLE GERMANY

In the State of Rio Grande do Sul there are two hundred and fifty thousand Germans. Very recently a ten-million-dollar contract for improvements in the harbor of Rio Grande was awarded to one of our own firms, Brazilians preferring to see North American rather than German capital invested in their country.

home government may solve these problems as best it can. The final test is that the man who offers better goods for the same price or equal goods for a less price will get the market.

Patriotism has little to do with it, whether tools, engineering skill or education is to be sold. I wanted to buy a padlock in Buenos Aires; on the counter of a large hardware store were padlocks of American, English and German make. For my purpose I easily selected two, one American, the other German; the American article was offered at fifty cents, the German at thirty-five, and I bought the German padlock; I needed the fifteen cents. The same motives will decide the matter ninety-nine times out of a hundred; such is human nature. In San Jose de Costa Rica, where barbed wire is a daily necessity, I have seen American wire, brought by tramp steamer from New Orleans to Limon, carried by rail one hundred and two miles to the merchant, remain unsold because barbed wire, equally good for the purpose, made in Germany, brought by sailing vessel from Hamburg around Cape Horn to Punta Arenas on the Pacific and up from the coast by ox cart, was sold by a competing merchant at a lower price. This is business, and will always remain so. Such competition may arouse a slight throb in one's heart, but in the long run the cheaper article takes the money. Moreover, the German studies the market in a way scarcely comprehended by the American merchant; he offers credits on long time, feeling sure that his money will finally reach him; he packs goods just as the dealer likes to have them packed and as the government rules demand, and he takes into consideration the long, rough shipment; he makes his wares agree with the fashion in vogue in the country of consumption, suppressing even with a pang his personal conviction, that the German style is the best on earth; and at every turn the German government encourages him.

Germans have recently started a branch bank in Guatemala; they own and operate the longest railway in Venezuela; and the largest importing house in Caracas, with branches in the chief cities, is German; in Argentina it is German mechanical skill that has installed the trolley system controlled by English capital, and their goods, their investments and their traveling men are two hundredfold more in evidence now than twenty years ago. They have a large bank in Buenos Aires, with branches in Peru; in Uruguay their business activity is great, but they have not invested much cash in the country; in Brazil there is a large German bank, with important branches in São Paulo and elsewhere; many of the commercial houses do a banking business, and they are alert to use every device that will advance the German idea. Their boast is that German engineers built a railroad abandoned as too difficult by the English; the German flag is seen in every harbor, and the German marine, while sailing sometimes beneath the banner of Brazil, remains characteristically German in management and ambition. They snap up every chance to acquire trade, to extend trade, to manufacture trade where it did not before exist, and they always appear to have every supply for any want.

There is one element in this movement for the markets of South America which is overlooked in some discussions, yet one which is of vital significance to the Germans in their struggle to increase their commerce. We constantly hear the cry from our consuls that our goods can be sold abroad if we make the effort, and statistics show that our trade is increasing and that certain products of ours are acquiring popularity. This is true. We read also that our consular service must be braced up, and that these government officers must take notice of the methods followed by German consuls, who make themselves true commercial agents, talk-

ing quite as much of their country's wares as they do of their country's glories. But the American traveler in Latin America is apt, in his patriotism and zeal to see his own goods sold abroad, to forget how big a consumer his own country has become. In many cases the American producer does not care for foreign markets, because it is all he can do in times of prosperity to meet the home demand, while in lean years he has no surplus which he can send abroad, unless he makes the mistake, which the German never does, of using South America as a dumping-ground for second-hand stock.

I read a few weeks ago the appeal of

other articles that are absorbed by our internal commerce as fast as we can produce them. The great trusts make use of foreign markets by selling abroad cheaper than they sell at home, and I have seen articles displayed in Rio at a lower price than had been quoted not ten miles from the factory. Such methods compete with Germans, undoubtedly, but the average American—the man on the street—feels his patriotism at a low ebb when he must praise the trusts for selling in South America at a competing price that which they sell at twice this price at home. This unwillingly contributed tax drains patriotism quicker than it can be supplied.



CLUBHOUSE OF THE SCHÜTZENVEREIN, BISMARCK GARDENS, PORTO ALEGRE

A prosperous city of 100,000 inhabitants, the "Milwaukee of Little Germany"

a commercial traveler in South America in behalf of the market for Portland cement. Brazil, he said, was using many million tons of cement, purchased chiefly in England, Belgium and Germany. "Why," he wrote, "does not the American snatch from the German some of this market and show the Brazilian what good stuff we can make?" But the American cement manufacturer does not care for the southern market, because he can not keep up with his home orders; many factories are months behind the local demand, and it would be ridiculous to ship the stuff five to eight thousand miles when it can be sold easily and at a good profit at home. This is true of paints, of drugs, of locomotives, and of a hundred

The German seeks these foreign markets because his increasing productivity demands an outlet. As a rule, we do not yet need these foreign markets, and no amount of commercial endeavor will stimulate our trade into channels into which it will not instinctively flow.

I am no political economist, but travel over thousands of miles in Latin America has not convinced me that there is not a substratum of error in the oratorical aphorism that trade will follow the flag. To be sure, the Stars and Stripes are seldom seen in the vast commercial activity of the harbors of Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo and Buenos Aires, yet a steamship line established under our flag between these ports and New York

would not be a paying investment; nor have I seen any proof that it would carry down American goods which can not already find plenty of accommodation in foreign bottoms. But those who argue for a ship subsidy for mere trade considerations base their patriotism on a lower plane, and entirely miss one argument which would appeal to the higher imagination and sentiment of both North and South America alike. To be sure, such a line would carry Standard Oil down and bring coffee back, but probably not one can of oil or one sack of coffee more than the number carried today. Undoubtedly the mails would be more quickly and promptly handled, but the expedition of the mails is essentially not a commercial transaction; it is and should be, especially in the present instance, a matter of education.

South America needs to be educated about this big republic of ours, about our accomplishments, our purposes and our hopes. If a subsidy can be so adjusted that the favored line is really an American line and not the adjunct to a Wall Street railroad clique; if the subsidy can be placed on a sliding scale so that profit or loss can be duly apportioned between government and management, the taxpayer need not suffer while the stock broker is reaping a benefit; but the national government is not clever in such transactions. If, however, we make such another radical departure from our principle of *laissez-faire*, why not go the whole way and establish a line between North and South America owned, controlled and operated by the national government? We are building the Panama Canal, we have our government agricultural department, let us advocate a government service to Buenos Aires as a matter of education.

England and Germany pay subsidies to their South American steamer lines, and education is an implicit if not an explicit purpose of these payments. The

harbors from Maracaibo to Bahia Blanca are familiar every day in the year with the flag of the German nation. Within the last two years there has run between the ports of Brazil and Buenos Aires a steamship line called the *Cruzeiro do Sul*, under the Brazilian flag, but the boats are built in Germany, the system is German and the officers are picked men from the German merchant marine masquerading under a transparent disguise as Brazilian citizens. Much of the capital is Brazilian, the Brazilian government pays a subsidy, but the German government undoubtedly stands ready in some way to make up any deficit rather than to lose such an educational influence.

Does any one suppose that all this is done merely and solely to foster German commerce? There is a feeling sometimes plainly expressed throughout South America that German commerce is overdone and that England has only temporarily suffered in her bank account, but that renewed vigor and more up-to-date goods and methods will restore to her her old prestige. German commerce, according to the law of supply and demand, will take care of itself, but there is an ambitious belief in German hearts that the somewhat abused axiom that trade follows the flag will receive new life if their flag floats on American soil.

This is the second manifestation of the German peril in South America, the desire to see the imperial Black, White and Red not only waving over ships that furrow the high seas, but planted firmly, securely and deep in earth which from that moment will be territorially and governmentally German. Of course, the German foreign office will deny this, but you must remember that Bismarck taught a foreign policy which ignored the distrust and interrogations of outsiders, and refused to consider anything paramount to the German Empire. This policy would take what it pleased,



TAQUARY, A SETTLEMENT IN THE INTERIOR OF LITTLE GERMAN

The center of a rich grazing country, reached by river steamer

irrespective of earlier agreements, if thereby a unified German Federation should derive permanent benefit. I am not concerned with diplomatic promises or pretexts, of notes or protocols I know nothing, but I do know that the feeling all over the Atlantic side of South America is that Germany wants to possess land in the western hemisphere; that if she can not negotiate for it, she will steal it; if she can not buy it, she hopes to secure it in some other way whenever her purpose best suits her. I intend no hostility to Germany, since I only echo what is a manifest, unmistakable fear, that Germany fosters her commerce because she hopes to own land in South America under her flag.

Germany is not ready to acknowledge this. We know, however, what she accomplished in China through the death of a few martyred missionaries; we know what she would have liked to accomplish in Morocco; we know what joy there would have been in Berlin if she had secured the right to station her soldiers in Venezuela, and how she can not cease from troubling herself over a coal-mining station in the Caribbean. Germany wants land; she has acquired land in Africa, in Asia, and as her flag flies unchallenged in three continents to the east, would it not be still more glorious to have the sun shining always upon it? If her subjects go with reluctance to Africa, but escape with eagerness to the

United States, a splendid compromise would be to have them colonize under the old flag in the new world.

The animus of this fear is not mine; I am only a reporter of the fact that every step Germany takes in South America must be examined if we are to see whether this supreme motive does not actuate her. Those who were in close touch with Caracas will remember the enthusiasm over the Cleveland-Olney ultimatum in the Guiana boundary affair. This was a spontaneous expression of relief that Europe, which included Germany as well as England, was not to be allowed to aggrandize itself at the expense of America. The same spirit was manifested in the recent "*Panther* episode." In this case a sailor on the German cruiser *Panther* escaped from his ship in a Brazilian port and hid himself in a village a slight distance in the interior; a squad of marines followed him on shore, asserted their authority without warrant or permission from the Brazilian government, seized him in the house of a Brazilian citizen, arrested him against the protest of the people and carried him a prisoner back to the *Panther*, where he disappeared. Brazil protested to Germany at this flagrant violation of international law, and it was tacitly understood in Brazil that appeal was made to the United States for information what to do if Germany refused to apologize or to surrender the

prisoner. Germany, however, discovered that her action had raised a storm of protest and had been considered not only as a breach of international law and courtesy, but also as a direct attempt on her part to test the weakness or the strength of public opinion in Brazil and South America in general. Germany apologized for her unwarranted conduct; she stated that the captain of the *Panther* would be reprimanded, but she was very sorry to say that meanwhile the man had disappeared. Officially the matter ended there, but the country was aflame with anger. It made no difference that Germany disclaimed any intention of violating national agreements; asseveration to that effect, though accepted as the truth by secretaries of state, did not calm Brazilian feeling, which persisted in hostility. The officers of the cruiser were cold-shouldered and in one place nearly mobbed; throughout South America the episode aroused sympathy for Brazil and adverse criticism for Germany, and it is the general conviction that Germany played a trick, resorted to a ruse to see how far she could go toward setting her foot on American soil.

It is plain why Venezuela and Brazil feel aggrieved. The western slope of the Andes has, relatively speaking, not much land that could be alienated. Argentina and Uruguay have been preempted by English capital, so that Germany is not wishing to burn her fingers in that direction, but in Venezuela and Brazil there is land, some of the finest land in all the world, land that will support millions of human beings. In Venezuela Germans have invested practically as much as England. There is a German colony already there, a German railway, yet the Caribbean coast is close to the Panama Canal, through which will pass the traffic to the Pacific. Venezuela would be good territory, but, after all, she is not very accessible, and she lies too near the United States. Bra-

zil, however, has more land—millions of acres ready for the emigrant; Brazil alone is not yet a formidable adversary, and Brazil has already four hundred thousand Germans, Teuto-Brazilians, who might not resent the "*Schwarz-Weiss-Roth*" above their heads.

I have reasonably good data for the statement that there are at least four hundred thousand Germans of pure blood resident in the states of Paraná, Santa Catarina and Rio Grande do Sul, of South Brazil. The last two states have been dubbed Little Germany. Baron Speck von Sternberg, the imperial royal German ambassador to Washington, estimates (*North American Review*, May, 1906) only two hundred thousand. Technically he may be correct; the German emigration office may be able to prove that only so many have left Germany to settle in Brazil; but then the German Foreign office would seem to overlook the fact that the German is prolific. This being true, it is natural to assume that two hundred thousand emigrants have become four hundred thousand settlers by this time. Be that as it may, I would take the word of those who have for years been on the spot in South Brazil rather than the statistics of the German bureau. To me it seems unfortunate that the ambassador is permitted by his government to step so outside of the usual function of his office. Baron von Sternberg shows plainly enough that he has not been to Little Germany, that he personally knows nothing about that country, and that his utterance is inspired from Berlin.

I am obliged to make a personal matter of this, because in the *North American Review* he uses language which discredits any traveler like myself and violates tradition over all of South America. He says "intelligent and well-informed persons are aware of the absurdity of these—calumnies," referring to the belief held by some people in the United States and by many in South

America that Germany meditates territorial possession. This belief is general enough to be a topic of conversation at many dinner tables from Caracas to Buenos Aires. Any intelligent Yankee or Englishman or South American will tell of Argentina's vivid fears that England years ago was going to absorb her, and that it was part of the plan that England should shut her eyes while Germany absorbed South Brazil. No one there believes the repeated German assertion that such fear has no foundation. Many disinterested or even interested students will acknowledge that the German flag would long ago have floated over Rio Grande had not the United States (and England) stood in the way. German savants, professors, doctrinaires or officers of state may write volumes to annihilate the Monroe Doctrine, yet it is an accepted force in South America to-day; they may explain Germany's policy up to the point of peaceable control, but only because of the Monroe Doctrine do they hesitate to advise Germany to seize Rio Grande. Remove the United States from the map of world powers, and the belief through-

out South America is that Germany would within six months attempt to fly her flag over territory snatched from Brazil.

This is the German peril, nothing more or less. Baron von Sternberg goes on to prove that there no longer exists a German invasion of South America; and that the settlers (colonists) "have attained a high degree of prosperity, founding scores of thriving colonies—their achievements recognized as standards of perfection." In this he asserts too much, exposing either his own ignorance or the machinery of the Foreign office. The Teuto-Brazilians in Rio Grande and Santa Catarina are, on the contrary, stupid, indolent and unprogressive, a burden on Brazil; and one of her problems is what to do with them—how to raise them out of their sloth. Brazil has difficulty as it is to educate those of her own blood, but this difficulty is complicated in South Brazil by the needs of these thousands of an alien race herding apart from the Luso-Brazilians. Between these Germans in South Brazil who have *not* done "infinite service in elevating the standard of civilization,"



A STREET IN NUOVO HAMBURGO

Where the first German colony in South America was founded (1825)

who are by no means in a "thriving condition," and the voluntary immigrants into the United States there is no comparison except by contrast. Let any one acquainted with German settlements in Wisconsin or Pennsylvania journey through Rio Grande and Santa Catarina and he will wonder if it be possible that these people have the same blood in their bodies. It is true that colonists are no longer flocking to Brazil, and it is probably true that the German government is discouraging migration thither, hoping to divert home-seekers into the colonial bog of South Africa; but this does not prove that the ambitions of the German Empire are disinterested. To say that it is "difficult to find an explanation for the attitude of a certain portion of the foreign press, which in utter disregard of incontestable statistical and historical facts" spreads these calumnies, is not only to deny rumors that have been current in South America for years, but to ignore the existence of certain books, pamphlets and maps which have been in circulation there and openly quoted both during the empire and since the republic has been in operation.

Germany, of course, has a right to her foreign policy. She can not be denied the right to raise her flag wherever she may find honest excuse for so doing, but she has no right to wish to take land from any freeholders who prefer to dwell under a flag that they have adopted of their own free will. In this regard those who discuss the German peril lose track altogether of the fundamental principle. The argument is generally directed against the German government, which, from the South American point of view, would seem to have as firm a determination as ever to possess a western territory, but the student will do better to give greater consideration to the spirit developed this side the Atlantic. Those who have previously neglected this topic have inexplicably neglected the one vital factor in the situa-

tion: the fact that the German settler in South America has become *American*, and will never again return to a form of government which makes him a subject and not a citizen.

The original ideal of Latin America was to found republics based upon human liberty, where every man was an equal with equal opportunity before the law, and where the government represented the people. Some of these republics were so weak and uneducated that they forgot the constitution and were ruled by a military dictator. One of them, Brazil, though now a true federated republic, has thrown off the form of a constitutional monarchy. All of them stand for democracy and local self-government and repudiate the principle of which Germany is the exemplar—a military bureaucracy and the divine right of kings. Those who assert or deny the German peril fail to recognize the real condition of the German colonists in South Brazil. It is baldly true that there exists a German imperial propaganda which tries to maintain undimmed the devotion to the *Vaterland*; but it is no less true that in the western world there is no force upon which Germany can rely. However stupid, indolent and unprogressive the Teuto-Brazilians may be, however thorough may have been Germany's efforts to foster in South Brazil a racial loyalty which would ultimately pray for annexation at the hands of the Fatherland, this effort has failed because Brazil is thoroughly *American*, with all that the name suggests, and only an unexpected reaction can alienate the colonists from their allegiance to their adopted country. I have heard a German Brazilian, bred at a German university, declare that he wanted none of the old world policies in his country. I know of an occasion when the toast "America for the Americans" roused the Germans into wild enthusiasm. I know of another when the Germans showed their disapproval be-

cause the Kaiser was toasted before the President. On the other hand, an attempt on the part of some scheming politicians to squeeze money out of the German colonists by illegal means was at once met by the assertion that if the republic did not give the settlers their rights, as sanctified by the Brazilian monarchy, they would appeal to Germany to protect them under the flag.

A Yankee traveler in South America is soon told that Germany is continuously making attempts to arouse sympathy for herself and antipathy to the United States; nobody knows whether these attempts are official or are instigated by commercial animosity, but the feeling aroused can not be ignored, and prophecies are common that some day there will be a clash between imperialism and democracy, between Germany and the United States. It is improbable that England will ever again wish to seize Argentina and Uruguay, unless it be temporarily, to collect debts; it is almost impossible that she would without protest permit Germany to assault Brazil, and it is without question that in case of a clash between the United States and Germany, England would be our friend. Everywhere I went there was a cordiality manifested by Englishmen toward Americans, and a silent expression of understanding that England was willing to go with us as far now as she did in 1823 to preserve the new world inviolate

from the old. Englishmen are still firm believers in a constitutional monarchy, but they have learned that it is not applicable to American soil, and that in any event the divine right of kings is a creed unfit for a western people.

All this seems gossip, mere feeling, but the feeling of the mass sometimes makes history. Excitable persons may be found who declare that the time is coming when the tension between the United States and Germany, over either Venezuela or Brazil, will end in war; calmer men are willing to believe that the rapid interchange of ideas in commerce and education will lead to a saner solution of the problem; but no one trusts the pronouncements of the German Imperial Foreign Office. Public opinion is always in advance of diplomacy; the attitude of the peoples of America will guide our action, irrespective of what ambassadors may say, but we as a nation must think of some things in addition to trade in South American waters. Germans give excellent wares at a moderate price, but they always carry with them good samples of imperialistic woof. We may do as well as they in spreading before South American consumers the product of our looms, but we should be very careful that we always have prepared a strong democratic warp, even if suspended from gunboats, to sustain the impact of the old world shuttle.



GERMAN BATTLESHIP OFF THE ISLA FISCAL, RIO DE JANEIRO

In the June *READER*, Mr. Hale will discuss in general "The South American Situation"



Drawing by Worth Brehm

Copyright, 1907, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

"I SHOULD THINK YOU'D BE THE ONE TO KNOW THAT," SHE SAID ABSENTLY

THE HEARTH

By ALMA MARTIN ESTABROOK

Author of "The Hilltop," etc.

USING the word in its old and kindly sense Bonsall was a dapper man, being brisk and brave and neat and small; he did not, however, "run this way and that, superserviceably," but kept quietly at his own affairs until called into those of his clients, which he facilitated with a real ability and a complete absence of show. It was, indeed, this lack of ostentation and of politic advertising that had helped to keep him a nonentity when he should have been the eminent counselor—this and the innate and peculiar diffidence of the man.

Directness and world-knowledge and the broadest of comprehension were in his eyes, and the twinkle of a rare humor, while to their natural brightness of expression there had been added, of late years, the unnatural keenness of partial deafness; he was, besides, singularly eager, responsive to so unusual a degree that he had, with friends, the manner of coming to meet you with outstretched soul; but if your response lagged by the merest fraction of a second, or grudged itself ever so slightly, he skurried to the forest of his reserve, as a hare to cover, and though you used all manner of decoys or waited the day out for him to again show himself, the hour when he might have been yours was passed.

He had the physical fearlessness of the little man with the spiritual courage of the large soul, but the ineradicable diffidence in him made him close at the indifferent touch like a sensitive mimosa leaf.

Behind his well-buttoned, well-brushed exterior you could, if your eyes were accustomed to varying and sometimes trying lights, discern a certain wishfulness that looked out at odd variance with his appearance. He was

straight and short and martial, with a trim Van Dyke beginning to turn gray, lips that closed firmly but that yet suggested smiles and tenderness, and a manner always pleasant if sometimes weighty.

Perhaps if the chance had been and he could have breathed deeper of life he might have been a bigger man; but when he was only seventeen his father died, leaving him a burden of debts and an austere stepmother, and with characteristic cheerfulness he had accepted both.

The tiresome, dogmatic old woman might have been his own mother, so ungrudgingly did he give of himself for her. But when he was almost forty his release came at last, and, after a year or two of bewildered freedom, he married.

Mrs. Bonsall suggested a complacent Pomona. It was rather a surprise to you that she did not sit on sheaves of ripened corn, the fruits of the harvest about her. If she had worn draperies instead of skirts and had carried cornucopias it would not have seemed unfitting. The exquisite costumes she wore spoke eloquently enough of abundance, however—the horns of plenty would have been entirely superfluous.

She was a comfortable and therefore almost a contented woman—this, too, without the help of creed or philosophy or ism; if any of them had been proffered her she would have motioned them away with smiling negation as things she had no more need of or taste for than the truffled love-birds or the water-lily roots of an Oriental banquet. She would have told you that she took life simply as it came to her, when in reality she took it as Bonsall allowed it to come to her.

Bonsall was the strainer through

which the beverage of life poured itself into the cup, which was Mrs. Bonsall. That anything should ever happen the strainer and the pleasing clarity of the cup be thus destroyed had not occurred to any one concerned.

Years of previous arduous and unrelieved service, together with the continued careless usage, however, wore it away little by little until the inevitable break came.

Derring, who had known Bonsall all his life, dragged him into his office one day and told him unmincedly what Bonsall ought to have known for himself, or, failing to know, what Mrs. Bonsall certainly should have seen, and Bonsall, grayer than ever about the eyes, went home, walking giddily, to sit in unbroken silence through the dinner his wife was giving.

When it was over at last and they were alone, she taking roses from the great bowl in the middle of the library table and arranging them in smaller ones for other parts of the house, he said, a crackle in the voice increasing deafness was wringing of expression:

"Derring says I'm a sick man, Mary."

Mrs. Bonsall lifted a heavy-headed rose and held it out by point of stem and supported petals, feasting her eyes on it.

"I should think you'd be the one to know about that," she said absently.

"It's my throat."

She lifted the rose against the mellow background of tapestry, nodding. She was a young woman—not more than twenty-six—and it had been suggested at the time of their marriage that Bonsall was a convenient avenue of escape to her from the disaster threatening her father's finances, but she had, nevertheless, made him what appeared to the world an ideal wife.

"You have a cough, I know, though I didn't want to alarm you by mentioning it. But Dr. Derring has no right to frighten you so. I daresay there is only some trifling thing wrong that a half-

dozen treatments will set right. Don't think of it.—Did you ever see such a rose? Isn't it perfect?"

Bonsall, sagging beside the hearth until he seemed about to fold together, went on with a dry tongue and beseeching eyes:

"No, Derring is right. I feel it. He says I've got to clear out—to go away, and—stay. It's monstrous, isn't it?"

"It is absurd! Does he always have to transplant people, I should like to know? Can't he cure them where they are? As if you could go away! Go to Capprell. He isn't an alarmist, and I've more faith in him anyway. And don't worry. There's no need, I'm sure.—Help me put the roses out for the night. The maids have gone to bed."

When they came back from having carried out the flowers he took her hands in his hot ones. There were contrition and apology and entreaty in his eyes, but there was decision also.

"I'll have to go, Mary. There's no other way. What Derring says is so, I'm sure. Somehow I seem to know it now. He hasn't made a mistake. I have one chance left—but that isn't here. We must go."

Mrs. Bonsall did not go, however, as how could she? Can you carry your small children and your household things about the country in uncertain quest? It was not to be thought of. When he had found the place he was searching for and was sure there were to be no future changes, she would, if it were at all a suitable place, bring the children to him, of course, but until then she would stay on with them here, giving them her added care, since they were to be unhappily deprived of their father's.

And their father, ailing in body and sick in soul, went away alone to find health for himself and a living for them.

The upheaval must have meant a good deal for any man, but it meant more for poor Bonsall, perhaps, than

for most, since he had sunk roots of such prodigious length and tenacity. To tear him away from the surroundings of a lifetime and expect him to flourish was like pulling a tendril from the heart of some close-knitted cluster and expecting it to lift itself at once without drooping.

The Bonsalls had always lived in Columbus, many of them in the old house which had descended to Bonsall. Some of them had left marks on the times that had not yet faded, and they were all worthy men and women, while Bonsall's own place in the community was a fixed and honorable one.

Like a child that he had seen grow up he knew the town; he knew all the people in it who were worth knowing, and their comings and goings and their marryings and intermarryings were always of the greatest interest to him. As some men delight in the woods, walking leisurely among the familiar trees, observing the growth of this poplar, or that oak, or the falling of some big beech father, his circle of children about him, so Bonsall delighted in the quiet study of his neighbor's family trees, watching with pleasure the way this Pennington branch shot up, or how a Keith sprout had grown, or where the Dennys had been grafted on to the stalwart Edgingtons, conscious all the while that his own tree was straight and trim as a fir.

His pride was never obtrusive, however; indeed, you rarely thought of it at all, any more than you thought of the sterling qualities behind his modest exterior; for his life was like an unpretentious house, showing no signs at its windows of what is within, yet, entering, it takes but a glance about to show you what a proud place it is, and how stored with treasures.

The west, however, that big, busy, hustling body, has no time to linger at a man's door, nor to cross his threshold; it only hails him from without, and hurries on.

In this fashion it hurried on with Bonsall.

He felt it with all his sensitive soul. His own world had come naturally to him. To have to compel this new one, to hold it up on the highway, as it were, gripping its reluctant arms and shaking it until it yielded you the recognition you demanded, was unthinkable.

This was not, however, the great trial; for forty years he had lived without companionship, then for a brief six he had known the joys of a home and family, and now, because of this thing in his throat—this prickly, stealthy thing that crept up to his ears and closed their doors all but a narrow slit against the world and its sounds, and which, unless it could be stopped, would slink upon his lungs and choke the life out of them—the chasm of separation must yawn between his loved ones and himself.

What if his children should forget him? He fought against the thought, holding it off as the supreme terror.

Every evening in his little hotel bedroom he wrote long letters home, now to his wife, and now to his little two-year-old Elizabeth, and now to the boy Richard, his chum. His one idea was for remembrance. He took the calendar anniversaries, adding to them the fête days of his little family, with others that had no reason for existence save those of his own yearning heart, so that almost every late afternoon you could see him looking in at the Sixteenth Street shop windows, or turning over the offerings within with careful deliberation of choice, for in the matter of gifts to them he could not be too particular.

Often on his lonely quests he met fathers with small sons pulling them, or little women hanging like resisting dolls to their hands, or the lift of a young voice would reach him, stabbing at him until heart and eyes both went a little blind.

But even the desolation of his days had its sunshine; there were the weekly

letters from his boy, each a ray in itself; his wife's regular missives, sometimes long and intimate and tender, sometimes showing the unaccustomed hurried side of her, with now a blot that the baby had made, or a tiny smudge that was the kiss she sent her dad, or the penciled outline of her little hand as it rested for a moment on the privileged page; there were the clever things the children were always saying and doing, reported to him with more or less faithfulness by his wife, and that he laid down and rose up with, until they were sometimes so old neither they nor she would any longer have recognized them, but that he never ceased to treasure.

Over his solitary meals he used to smile at them—these gay remembrances—as if they were the most delightful of companions, as indeed they were; but suddenly the thought came to him that that at which he had been smiling had happened long ago and that they were saying something amusing, no doubt, at the very moment, and he—he was not there to hear. Then the smile would fade and he would sit gazing pathetically afar off, as if trying to see into their world, which should have been his world also.

At the end of the year, without daring to dream that it could be possible, he seemed to emerge suddenly from a long shaded walk through which he had merely groped his way, into radiant, unexpected sunshine; for his wife wrote that she thought they might now try the experiment of bringing the children into the high elevation, it being the best time of the year to make the change.

For days he busied himself getting ready for them, more eager in his preparations than any mere bridegroom could have been for his bride, for besides her smile and handclasp and gleam of tender eye there would be the acclaiming voices of the children, and their precious little projectile bodies pitching at him a dozen times a day, and

their commands and enthusiasms and entreaties.

His soul was like a man who has lost his speech and found it suddenly. He climbed to the highest shelf in his memory storehouse and took down the things which had fallen into disuse; the stories the boy liked, the shadow pictures the baby used to crow over, a number of bear and lion and chipmunk stunts, and a Chinese song about a mandarin—he actually caught himself humming the absurd things in street cars and lobbies. He took a pretty furnished house with its face to the mountains—it was not just the place he would have selected if he had been unrestricted in choice, but it was sunny and high and snug, and it was to be port to him after gray and stormy seas.

They came in April, and it should have been fine and balmy, as the whole winter before it had been, and as he had told them they might expect to find it, but it blustered and snowed and the wind blared down from the mountains until the house shivered and shook as at a January touch.

It was a bad beginning for their splendid new happiness, but the furnace worked well, and nobody took cold, and they seemed to mind it less than they might, although his wife was constantly suggesting that it was *not* an Ohio spring.

When his anxieties on the subject of the weather were allayed, and the spring had come most joyously, he had time to realize that the chasm of separation is oftentimes a very difficult one to bridge; the baby, a chubby little lady with ravishing eyes and his own reserve, neither knew nor wished to know him; the boy talked of the friends he had left and seemed to remember no farther back than the good times they had had together; while his wife, he saw almost from the first, had insensibly slipped quite away from him; in only the single instance of the children were

their interests one—even their friends were no longer in common, she having gone back, naturally, perhaps, to her own, who were younger and less sedate than his; so that, instead of bringing him the intimate word of them that he desired, she really knew almost as little of them as he, while for those things which had gone toward making his daily

increasing disappointment as well as to soften his own.

To have them here with him, the thing in his throat at bay, had seemed to him the attainment of his Ultimate Isles. He had dreamed of it, worked for it, lived for it. But now he saw that they were still far away, those islands of his heart's great longing, over other seas of



EVERY EVENING IN HIS LITTLE HOTEL BEDROOM
HE WROTE LONG LETTERS HOME

round she could not be expected to show any great interest; boarding-houses and hotel lobbies and men's clubs and a high, dingy little law office are not subjects of engrossing interest to women.

She was very sweet and gracious in the first days following their arrival, however, but Bonsall understood perfectly that she was trying to hide her

loneliness and estrangement and waiting.

But he never for a moment despaired of reaching them; when his practice was firmly established, when there was no longer need to talk of economy and denial, when he had made friends for them, when the children were older and could the more easily form new ties,

when life was kindlier and things were settled, then they would enter into their serene and unchanging happiness.

So when his wife began to talk of the handicap they were to him just at a time when he needed to be free of financial embarrassments, and the exacting demands of domesticity, suggesting that she take the children and go back to her father's until he should be quite firmly on his feet again, urging the advantage of the plan to him, and to the children in becoming residents of their grandfather's household—the threatened disaster not having overtaken it—and speaking with affecting solicitude of her parents in their old age and loneliness, he let her have her way, as he had known from the beginning he would do—to compel happiness is more unthinkable than to force recognition.

After they had gone, however, he fought his fight less courageously, because of that which now gripped his heart. In his disappointment and weariness the struggle seemed an unfair one at best, the odds all against him—what country sent out its men so unequally equipped: one with a rifle, another with an arrowhead?

But he girded himself with what strength there was in him, holding to Hope's raveled garment with tenacious fingers.

No one, to do Mrs. Bonsall justice, would have been more surprised than she to understand the complete desolateness of his life. The simple rule in her father's house had been to eat what was served you, if it suited you; if it didn't, to send it back—if Mr. Bonsall was not satisfied with the condition of affairs, she argued as the years went by, he would say so. He said nothing whatever, however, and as her mother was always declaring that she could not do without her, and her father urging her to stay away and "give Bonsall a chance," she stayed, the lofty south-facing rooms of her girlhood at her dis-

posal, a clever deft-fingered maid for her own service and one for the children, a pair of docked grays to draw her about, and no bills nor petty household details to bother about.

It was a quiet, comfortable existence without event or much interest, and at any expression of wonderment or sympathy, she would throw out her pretty white hands, and, sighing softly, declare that it was very, very hard to be separated from one's husband, but what could you do? You couldn't overlook your children's good nor neglect your duty to your parents.

When Bonsall had been gone five years she came home one morning from a shopping expedition on which she had set out with her mother, but from which she returned alone because of a headache. She left the carriage for her mother, and, coming home by the tram, entered the house by the nearest way, which was a side entrance, going into the sun parlor to wait for the postman whom she had seen in the block.

It was a June morning, and the room was half darkened to keep out the light that sprinkled across the porch through the Hawaiian blinds at the big windows.

Sinking into a straight chair by the table she put her head down in her hands, pressing the aching temples. Unused to even this slight physical distress, it made her irritable, and her annoyance increased as she became aware of voices on the porch. Opening her eyes and accustoming them to the light, she saw through the slits of the blinds the backs of two women who sat there near the window, waiting, no doubt, for her mother or herself.

She was really too miserable to see them, she told herself, recognizing in the profile of one an elderly friend of her husband's for whom she had never greatly cared. The other woman was speaking, and her voice was strange to her—a crisp, brisk voice with crinkles of humor in it. It rather soothed her than



SINKING INTO A CHAIR BY THE TABLE SHE PUT HER HEAD DOWN IN HER HANDS

otherwise, and she continued to sit there, half-conscious only of what they were saying. She could see that the stranger was a small, robin-plump woman, perching bird-wise on the edge of her chair and fluttering a good deal as she talked. Once when she turned she caught a glimpse, between masses of graying hair, of a little face that made her think of a shaft of pointed light between shadows. Then she shut her eyes again, for the mottle of green and gold out there made her eyeballs throb.

"Oh, no, it isn't home," the little woman was saying. "We have only pitched our tents there until Harry has orders to move on again. But they may not come for years, you know. Imagine

our surprise to find *him* there! We've been wanderers so long we hadn't heard."

"Oh, yes; he must have been there quite four years now."

"Five. A lifetime of homelessness crowded into them! Can you understand it? *Do* you know how to explain it?"

"I think so," her companion, Bonsall's friend, answered quietly, with a glance about. "You know the kind of friendship he inspires—the quiet, certain, placid friendship, without enthusiasm or particular fervor. Well, I think it must be so with the love he awakens; there would scarcely be any passion in it, nor compelling strength and force or ardor;

it would be only serene and fixed and quiet, as he himself is all these things, and so—"

"But he is so much more! He is fine and brave and splendid."

"But he is also little and trim, and it isn't the little trim men who awaken the big emotions, you know, until we have known them long enough or well enough to discover in them a bigness that is not of the body. Do you see? I'm sure I don't know why it should be so, but I think it always is. And she doesn't know him. She has lived all this time on the outside of him. She hasn't taken the trouble to go in. She always does the thing which requires the least effort. I never see her that I don't think of a placid tourist I once saw sitting half dozing on the steps of a splendid museum, all those wonderful things just inside, and she content to sit there blinking up at the commonplace exterior.

The gray suede hands of the younger woman sprang apart in a gesture of vast impatience and scorn.

"Don't misunderstand," the kind but shrewd old voice went on; "she isn't dull; she is only drowsy. Life hasn't wakened her emotionally yet. Some day, perhaps—"

"But the crisis has already come!"

"Ah, but it was the wrong kind. If it had been one of collapse, of utter prostration, of tragedy and suffering, she would have been aroused. But—but merely a cough and increasing deafness—"

"Oh, it was cruel!"

"She didn't mean it to be. There is no deliberate cruelty in her, I am sure."

"But it isn't the deliberate cruelty that cuts you to the soul. Deliberate cruelty never goes deeper than the skin. It's the other kind—"

"Yes, I know. But she really felt, and continues to feel, no doubt, that by staying on here she relieves him of the burden of a household and leaves him free—"

"Free," the other woman cut in hotly. "A sick, homeless man, free!"

"My dear, what can a woman who has never been either sick or homeless know about it? What can any woman know of a man's homelessness? She makes a home for herself out of a trunk and a frill and a half-dozen pictures, while he, given a Bradley house and all that goes with it, can't do it, not for the desolate soul of him."

Across the foot of the sloping grounds Bonsall's little daughter blew like a big fluffy flower, her brother in gay pursuit. Inside the sun parlor Bonsall's wife leaned across the table toward the voices without, the pain of a mere headache forgotten in the blow her complacent sense of duty and devotion had been dealt.

"One of my chief pleasures, when I go back, will be in doing things for him," the robin-woman chirped loyally. "I'm going to ease the way for him if I can, though, as Harry says, it's little enough an outsider can do."

"To have anything done will be unusual. He had always done for others, first for that awful old woman, his step-mother, and then for them."

"I know. It makes my heart ache to think of it. Well, at least I may have him at my table, and set him a chair beside my hearth, and contrive to make our friends his friends. Why, it's only a helping hand he needs, and he shall have it if we can give it to him. And—and almost more than everything else we can do for him, we can *talk to him*. The pathos of those groping ears would wring your heart-strings—the poor, eager ears that catch so little, and that hunger for so much, for all, *all*—the ears that so few people have time for and that some people habitually avoid." The crinkles were gone from the voice now—it flung out stiff and stinging. "Oh, if he didn't need her, heart and soul and stomach—you don't know what those western boarding-houses are!—the

call of those half-shut ears ought to reach her."

"Hush! There is the carriage."

Mary Bonsall arose in the darkened room, groping for the door, the lowered voice flowing after her.

"But to rob him of the youth of his children—a thing she can never restore, a loss she can never compensate him for—that is—"

The quick, soft closing of the door shut out the rest.

Drawing her blinds tight Mrs. Bonsall lay on her couch looking up at the empire wreaths in the ceiling till they became giddy little whirligigs of blue and gold, then she rang her bell impatiently and took a headache tablet.

"It's unfair! It is most unjust!" she cried vehemently when the maid had gone. "It's easy enough to talk movingly of what you don't know anything about. If George were unhappy and dissatisfied he would say so. All he has to do to have affairs changed is merely to suggest that he wants them changed."

She loosened her collar and turned her head fretfully upon the pillow. It was not, however, the pain of the temples and the aching eyeballs that flushed her cheek, but the assailing thought that he had never said the word that brought him happiness, nor complained at the things he had not desired.

A passion of protest at his passivity swept her. What could you expect of life—that it should come salaaming at your door like a canvasser with bulging packs?

She lifted herself on her elbow to adjust the blind and her glance fell upon the children at play, and a sudden realization of how she had cheated her husband swept her. They were not babies now; they were children—her heart had grudged each day that passed the babyhood it had taken away with it, yet he had had to content himself with the thought of sharing their future, their maturity, their independence. A pang

of jealous pain filled her at the thought of what it would have meant to her to have been thus deprived of them in their baby helplessness; yet, she had always known and admitted, maternity was not the dominant note in her.

Was there *any* dominant note? she asked herself suddenly, the breeze floating the gauzy white curtain above her eyes like a cloud through which the empire wreaths seemed dancing moons. Did she give forth any theme whatever? Was there even a faintly defined melody about her life, or was it not rather like an organ itself, the lid lifted, the sunshine over it, but no one there to play upon it, bringing out what music there might be in it?

It was not, she admitted, that the melody had been silenced by disappointment or sorrow or pain, for she had known none of these things. If, lately, the days had been rather long and dull it was, she had told herself uncomplainingly, because of the very quiet life she had led, her husband away and her children demanding her time and care; but as for disappointment—no, she had not felt it. Life had given her what she wanted, or what she thought she wanted, but she asked herself, as she lay there, had she wanted too little, lifting a child's toy cup to be filled by it?

She sat up, pushing back her heavy, moist hair. Had she really drowsed not merely on the steps of the museum, as they had suggested, but on the steps of the temple of life itself? And if, through all these years, she had dreamed there, would she ever waken? Or was she waking now, as a child that sleeps undisturbedly through the din of heavy rumbling things that go by, to waken at the light sound of a passing voice?

These women who seemed to know her husband better than she, had they gone in where she had not? They called him fine and brave and splendid, while she thought him only kind and gentle and good—oh, very, very good, and acqui-

escent. Had he shown them what he had never shown her, swept aside curtains that still hung in veiling folds for her, flashed on lights of illumination for them where for her there had been only frugal darkness?

The suggestion shamed her; his doors waited only to open at her touch—if they remained closed it was because she had not taken the trouble to lift the knocker or to press upon the yielding panel.

The pulses pounded in her temples and her cheeks burned. She felt shamed, she who had been accustomed to think with such complacency of herself and all that she did. The situation was unbearable. She could not allow herself to remain in this miserably selfish light. She would go to him—she would. The resolution, offspring of her vanity and her quickened wifely affection, wavered before it was fully formed, as she recalled the dreary experiment of trying to live in the west. She had never forgotten the actual profundity of her relief to escape them all, the adjustments and the denials and the accomplishments. And now all her disinclination toward effort, her passionate protest against the commonplace, her distaste for change arose in revolt at the idea of going back to them—of recommencing after all these years. Oh, was there—was there *no* other way?

The echo of a dry insistent cough seemed to answer her.

But, oddly, the echo caught at the tucked-in strings of her heart as the cough itself had never done. She had a flashlight sense of her lack of sympathy and comprehension, and, staring upward, she was no longer tantalized by the floating wreaths and the darts of pain, being narcotized, as it were, all but one stinging nerve, by the draught of humiliation she drained.

At the moment her mother, following a light tap upon the door, rustled in, drawing off her gloves and smoothing a stately white pompadour.

"Why, you *are* here! I'm so sorry you didn't see Mrs. Maxwell. She is Mrs. Doan's guest from the west. George wanted her to be sure to see you and the children while she is in town, but she leaves to-morrow. A charming little woman. I'm sure you will be glad she and her husband have gone there to live for a while, as they have wealth and friends and influence, and she seems so fond of George I don't think she will feel she can do too much for him. They were great friends here years ago, the Maxwells and George—Mrs. Maxwell and he particularly, I believe, and I dare say he will be delighted to renew the friendship there, for he must get pretty lonely sometimes. Poor fellow, he is so quiet and so unassuming one wonders he makes as many friends as he does.—Mrs. Maxwell thought the children charming. Is your head bad?—I must get my gown changed before luncheon."

Left alone, Mary Bonsall sat up and smoothed the frills of her gown with trembling fingers. Her lips trembled, too, and her cheeks were flushed. What right had this woman to meddle in her affairs—hers and George's? What right had she to undertake the happiness of another woman's husband? she demanded hotly. And with brutality of honesty her heart answered without hesitancy: the right of any Samaritan.

But was she going to leave him there beside the highway, an object of compassion to all who came by? she asked herself in a seizure of shame and contrition. Was she going to stay on here sipping tea and driving in the park and playing at life while this woman made a place for him at her fire and board, and slipped an inspiring hand beneath his elbow?

She seemed to front her own shamed and quivering self with the question.

Then suddenly the shame in her gave way before something that rose and dashed and swept as a wave to its crest; something strange and bewildering, and

that she realized with astonishment to be jealousy, the swift and passionate desire to retain undivided all that belonged to her, to serve if service there was to be, to minister if ministry were needed, to share where she had only taken, to give where she had hoarded—this was her right, her portion, and no one should take it from her!

Women, she knew, become so many things to men: clarion calls and flags of truce and wayside inns and shaded forest walks that lead away from the stress and fury of the highroad; but why should this woman become any of these things to him? Why, least of all, be hearth? A tear splashed on her hand—it was as if her soul had shed it—*only a man's wife should be hearth to him.*

She crossed swiftly to her desk and began to write. Impulse was foreign to her, as unaccustomed and as bewildering as the emotions which swept her, but she yielded to it as she yielded to them, feeling herself small and helpless before

them, nor wishing, in the glad tingling of her pulses, to resist them.

She wrote rapidly, as she must have talked had her husband been there, without deliberation or thought or analysis. She did not stop to reread what she had written—as who ever stops to reread what the heart writes? The halting of its sentences is inconsequent. It is only the language of the other parts of us that must go trippingly, on trained feet. Then she sealed it, sealing in herself, and her admissions and her contrition and all the longing that was in her.

And as she sealed it she laid her lips upon it with a rush of tenderness and passion and yielding that his lips had never evoked.

"Are you better?" her mother asked from the doorway.

And Mary Bonsall answered with a little laugh of sheer joyousness: "Yes. I—I have been asleep, but I am awake now. I am wide awake."

OPTIMISM

By N. L.

I have no faith; but this one fact I find,—
That love is growing better day by day;
What we call sin, is what it leaves behind,
What we call good, attracts it on its way.

I have no hope; with God's love in my heart,
What is a selfish loss to care about?
If in the world I've played my little part,
Let Him, who lit the candle, put it out.

I have no fear; and so 'tis day by day,
In sunshine, or in storm—in weal, or woe—
As best I can, I go along Life's way
To that Vast Future, where all men must go.

I have no creed but Love! Is there a hell,
Where some poor tortured thing cries out in pain?
Then let me take his hand and wish him well,
And wait until he finds his heaven again.



IT SEEMED THAT NEITHER WISHED TO BREAK THE SILENCE THAT FOLLOWED

THE CROSBY CASE AND THE CROSBY WOMAN

By L. C. HOPKINS

"WHO is she, Bob?" asked McGuire.

"Never saw her before; wouldn't tell what she wanted; insisted on seeing you; looks like a little damage-suit, or a misdemeanor," replied the clerk.

The Major looked at the card again. "Crosby," he said to himself; and then, greatly to Bob's surprise, he added, "I'll see her."

As the woman took the proffered chair and turned its back to the light, McGuire's eyes ran over her from head to foot. He took in every detail of her

dress, figure, face. He noted the skillfully mended rent near the bottom of her decent skirt; he saw the twitch at the corner of the mouth. Her eyes were dry. She had not slept the night before. McGuire saw that, too.

Bob was wrong. She did not look like a little damage-suit or a misdemeanor. McGuire saw why Bob had thought so. There was a resemblance beyond which the eye of the clerk could not go, but the Major's did—far beyond.

"I am Mrs. Crosby," said the woman.

The Major bowed.

"I suppose you've heard of it—my husband—?"

McGuire pleaded excusable ignorance. He had been very busy—hadn't read the morning paper carefully—had lost track of things for a day or two.

She produced a newspaper slip. Steve Rawlins shot through the lungs; now at the hospital; not likely to recover. No witnesses to the crime, but Jonathan Crosby in jail, held "on suspicion."

The Major cleared his throat. "Have you any recent news of Rawlins' condition?"

The woman bit her lip. "I knew that was the most important point. He's desperately wounded."

"Give me all the facts you have," said McGuire.

"A great many years ago my father failed in business. He always said that Rawlins was the cause of it. We lost everything. Then we moved away. People called it a dishonorable failure. Rawlins was responsible for that, too. Mr. Crosby knew about it and he was always very bitter against Rawlins. After we were married, he often said he hoped he'd some day have a chance to 'get even' with him; but I know he never intended to kill him. He would not have killed him! There is some dreadful mistake! The quarrel and the shooting afterward are simply a terrible coincidence!"

"The quarrel?"

"Yes," said the woman, with an effort. "They met yesterday afternoon, and there was a very serious quarrel. Afterward, Mr. Crosby came home."

"Then he went out again?"

She hesitated. "He did not come in the second time until nearly midnight. About two o'clock they arrested him."

"And searched the house?" the Major asked quickly.

"They found a pistol in the bureau drawer, where it is always kept."

McGuire leaned forward. "It had been fired?"

"All the chambers were loaded."

"Was it clean?"

"Yes."

"Of course," he muttered, "Did they find anything else?"

"They ransacked the house, but found nothing."

"You are perfectly sure," insisted the Major, "they did not take anything away with them, except the pistol?"

"Perfectly."

McGuire looked out of the window. Every instinct told him the man was guilty, and that the State could prove it.

"How much time elapsed between the quarrel and the shooting?" he asked, at last.

The woman could not answer for a moment, then she said, so low he could scarcely hear her, "About two hours."

The Major drummed on the desk with his fingers. The thought of it! Had it been two minutes, he might have dragged the man from the gallows to the penitentiary. But two hours! He could see the fellow on the trap!

He hated to have to do it—for although the Major did not practice law for charity, he had a tender heart in his bosom and he was deeply sorry for this poor Crosby woman—but it could not be helped.

"I can't take the case, madam," he said. "No one except a lawyer has any conception of the weight of responsibility and the amount of actual time and labor involved in the conduct of a matter of this kind. The responsibility alone cuts years off the end of a man's life. I couldn't represent your husband without charging you, in justice to my other business, a fee larger than you would be able to pay."

"I can pay you two hundred dollars," she interrupted. "Our little home is mortgaged, but I can sell it and have two hundred left, and I'll give it all to you."

McGuire smiled. He would have hesitated at two thousand. And her home

sold, and her husband in the penitentiary, at the very best!

The Major steeled his heart against her. He had already allowed her to take up an unconscionable amount of his time. But she must go now, he told himself. Yet he did not make her go.

"I want you because you are the best criminal lawyer in the state," she said.

The Major was silent. He could not tell her that was precisely why she couldn't get him.

"I want you, because you are said to be a man who stands at nothing to save his clients—political influence, the prejudice or influence of a judge, the perjury of a witness, or the purchase of a jury."

The Major glanced up quickly. But he found nothing in her face but the simplest earnestness. She was stating only the reasons for her need of him in this the desperate crisis of her life.

"My husband has always loved me—he has always been good to me."

Her eyes met his steadily as she ceased speaking. There had been no trace of tears during the interview. Hers were great eyes—gray eyes—and as he looked into them, there suddenly came over the Major's heart a strange tightness. The thought of Crosby in the condemned cell at the Tower faded from his mind, as did also that of Rawlins on his death-bed at the hospital.

The stone seemed to roll away from the door of some sepulcher of memory. There stood forth that which had long been put away and buried, he had thought, forever.

He saw rise before him an old-fashioned flower-garden, cut into little beds bordered with rows on rows of box. Those box hedges! When had he thought of them before!

On the inside of the one which marked the confines of the garden stood a little maid. On the outside was a lad of sixteen. The time was sunrise, and the grass, the flowers, and the box-hedges sparkled with a myriad of dewdrops.

The Major saw them sparkling, as he drummed with his fingers on his desk and looked into the woman's eyes.

He saw the boy lean over the hedge of box and kiss the little maid. Then he saw him walk on down the dusty road, stopping at the turn, just before he passed out of sight, to wave his hand.

"For God's sake, Dave!" said the Crosby woman.

"I thought you were dead, Gabrielle," said McGuire, simply. "They told me so. When your father—"

"When my father was accused of embezzlement," she said bravely, "we moved away—as far as we could get."

"Yes," replied McGuire, "and there, where you had moved—as far away as you could get—I was told that you had died."

"Who told you?"

McGuire hesitated. "Brownlee," he answered finally. "An old friend of mine."

"Brownlee?" repeated the woman. "I have never known any one named Brownlee."

It seemed that neither wished to break the silence that followed. But there was work which had to be done, and done at once.

"You have a servant?" he asked, at last.

"One, a woman, Cynthia Jones."

"The detectives have talked to her?"

"Yes."

"She has been living with you long? She may have heard—conversations?—allusions to Rawlins?"

"Yes."

The Major thought a moment. "Where do her people live? Where is she from?"

"Greenville."

"Well, if for any reason she should wish to leave you, don't object. Let her go. Another thing," he pursued; "you must search your house from top to bottom—every nook and cranny in it—you must not overlook an inch—"

"Yes, I know," she answered.

As she rose to go, the Major's subliminal mind whispered to him.

"And by the way, don't let anybody know—not even your husband—that I am interested in this case; and tell him to say nothing about it to any one—tell him not to talk at all, not even to deny his guilt."

"Not even to deny his guilt?" the woman repeated. "How can he keep from saying he is not guilty?"

"Nevertheless," returned the Major, "he must."

"It would be such a comfort to him to know you are to defend him!"

The Major's brow clouded. "There are things I must do in preliminary work which I can do better if I am not known, even to him, as being of counsel in the case."

"As you say," she answered, as she passed out.

Two minutes after Mrs. Crosby left his office, the Major had his life-long friend, Dr. Benjamin Giddons, the most noted surgeon in the state, on his private telephone wire.

"Ben," he said, "you know who this is?"

"Yes," answered the doctor.

"Well, I want you to go up to St. Mark's hospital as quick as you can. Steve Rawlins is in the private ward with a bullet hole through one of his lungs. I want him saved, if it's possible for medical or surgical science to do it. Don't let him die, on your life! Get him the best room and the best nurse in the house and look after him yourself. I'm not to be known in it. Understand?"

"Entirely, my boy," replied the doctor.

That afternoon Cynthia Jones received a telegram summoning her to Greenville. She left on the night train. The next day she was informed that a gentleman, formerly a resident of Greenville, now living in Kentucky, wanted to get

a good cook from his old town and was willing to pay good wages and transportation in addition. She accepted without the slightest hesitation.

The Major knitted his brows when he heard that. He did not like it. It was unnatural that she should not have hesitated. Still, the negro is a migratory animal, he told himself. It was simply the temptation of delicious unknown pastures. Nevertheless, the thing disturbed him, and although Cynthia was at once lost to her old home, buried in a far-off region of Kentucky, and apparently cut off from the rest of the world, the Major's eye was on her day and night.

Giddons operated on Rawlins, who lived through it. The doctor had told McGuire if the man survived the knife there was a chance for him. There never was a patient at St. Mark's who had better care than that miserable fellow, and he clung to life with a tenacity most admirable. He had a day nurse and a night nurse; he had the best room in the house and the finest cookery the place afforded; he had champagne; he had everything. At times he was half-conscious, but, so far as could be learned through the doctor, there was little danger yet of a "dying declaration." Things moved on slowly, with little change for better or worse. On the Sunday following the shooting, the Major met Giddons at the club. They walked out on the veranda.

"I'm just from the hospital," remarked the doctor, lighting his cigar. "Rawlins is weaker." McGuire made no answer. "If he doesn't rally within twelve hours, he's a dead man. As a matter of fact, he's little better than a dead man now."

"Is he conscious?"

"No."

Two men approached.

"Of course, I can't tell," said the doctor in the same tone, "but I have reliable information that Thomson's strength is

overestimated and that Austin is going to run him a far closer race than anybody thinks."

The men passed.

"If he dies, what's the likelihood of his regaining consciousness sufficiently to make a declaration?" McGuire asked.

"It's highly possible, indeed, if not probable."

The Major rose to his feet. "Ben," he said, "if the man's got to die, for God's sake, let him die easy! Don't let the poor fellow suffer! Give him opiates and sedatives enough to keep him quiet until the end!"

The doctor looked at McGuire sharply, and the latter met his look long enough to say, "I would not ask you to do for me anything I should not be willing to do for you, and I should trust you to have a sufficient reason for anything you might ask of me."

They walked to the steps. "It may be as well if I don't see you for a few days," the Major remarked, and as he passed into the house Giddons joined a knot of men who were talking politics.

"What do I think of the situation?" the Major heard him say; "why I'm for Austin, and he's going to be elected, all of you fellows, including my old friend McGuire, to the contrary notwithstanding."

The next day at noon the Major showed Mrs. Crosby into the library adjoining his private office. All the afternoon she sat there, and all that time McGuire sat at work, busy about a dozen things, upon which he kept his mind with difficulty. Every ring of the telephone sent a thrill through him. About five o'clock, Giddons' voice came over the wire.

"How is your brother to-day?" he asked.

"He's feeling much less well," McGuire answered. "Do you want him to continue those capsules?"

"Yes, I was going to see him this afternoon, but I've been so busy working

with a man down here at the hospital who has just died, I won't have time."

"Too bad," said the Major; "did he suffer much?"

"Not at all. Hasn't been in any pain since Saturday."

McGuire walked into the room where the Crosby woman was sitting.

"Rawlins has died without making a statement," he said.

For the first time her self-command gave way.

"Oh, thank God!" she sobbed.

The weeks dragged by, and during all that time, McGuire had not seen his client. The latter had made no statement about his case, not even denying his guilt, and neither he nor the public knew that the Major had been employed.

At last the summer drew to a close, and the term of the criminal court was close at hand. Then, on an afternoon, McGuire stopped at the jail for a first talk with Crosby. He had not needed his assistance thus far; he had not wanted to be hampered by his suggestions, his directions, or his theories of how his defense should be conducted. Above all, the Major did not wish to know from his own lips, before the case was ready for trial, whether or not he was guilty.

"Murderers' Row" was at the top of the prison. McGuire walked up the four flights of stairs, and in a few minutes the turnkey was unlocking the great door that led to the corridor from which opened the five steel cages.

"Just lock me in and you can wait at this end," said McGuire. "When I want to go into his cell, I'll call you."

The turnkey assented, locked the door behind the Major, and took his stand at the end of the corridor. He was bound by the rules not to leave the Major alone.

McGuire had a fancy to see what his client was like before the man knew he was there, so he walked quietly down the corridor past the fourth cell, which he had been told was Crosby's.

He was lying on his bunk, reading a newspaper. He did not see McGuire. The Major passed on, then turned, and walked back to the turnkey. The latter looked surprised, but let him out without a word. The way of the lawyer was none of his business.

They walked down the four flights of stairs. As he passed out into the street, McGuire removed his hat. The air in the jail had been close—almost stifling.

"You!" he said, between his teeth. "You!"

It chanced on the Sunday night which preceded the Monday on which the criminal docket was to be called, that McGuire dined with Judge Farlow.

The Judge was in excellent spirits. He was standing for re-election and considered the race as good as won. McGuire's political influence had been largely responsible for his success in the first instance, but he felt his own strength now—the strength of the friends he had won by his earnest effort to make a competent, faithful, honest judge, and he believed he was independent of the Major. He bore McGuire no dislike, but he was a man of more than ordinary character and devoutly hoped he should be returned to the bench without wearing any man's collar.

After the cigars were lighted, the conversation naturally drifted to politics.

"How is the Seventeenth District?" presently asked McGuire.

"The Seventeenth is mine, beyond a doubt," returned the Judge briskly, "and it makes my election a certainty."

The Major flipped the ashes from his cigar. "I was born and reared in the Seventeenth," he said meditatively. "That's the greatest part of all the world to me. My lifelong friends are there. I never go back to the old town that a thousand recollections of my 'boyhood's happy days down on the farm' do not come to me."

"It's a great old settlement," acqui-

esced the Judge, "and they are one for me. I believe I can carry it in the face of any opposition." There was just the shadow of a note of defiance in his voice.

The Major was standing by the mantel-shelf. He tilted his cigar at an angle and looked up at the ceiling. "Let me see," he said slowly. "I believe your manager for that section is—Faber."

The Judge was a well-trained lawyer. Perhaps that was why he showed no evidence of surprise at that unwelcome statement. But he said to himself with an oath, "How did you ever learn that?"

"Faber is one of my most trusted friends," he answered freely. "He is one in whom I place implicit confidence."

The Major drew a letter from his pocket. "I know Faber very well myself. He is all right. I had a note from him to-night. He says he has written you by the same mail. I came by the office—perhaps yours will be delivered in the morning. He says that Woodbury has been gaining strength enormously within the last two weeks, and that he honestly believes he'll carry the Seventeenth unless I get busy, and that right away. He writes to make a personal appeal to me to take the thing in hand—knowing the relations which have always existed between you and me."

The Judge's lips set into a thin straight line as he took the note from McGuire's outstretched hand and read for himself the unwelcome news.

"Faber is an old client of mine," remarked McGuire. "I once got him a verdict against a railroad." Then for the first time he looked the Judge in the eye. "You can't win without the vote of the Seventeenth, and you know it," he said evenly.

The Judge made no reply. He knew it, well enough.

"I want to see you elected," pursued McGuire. "You and I have always been friends. You've made a superb judge. I helped you all I could before. I'll do it

again gladly. I care nothing for Woodbury. It's only a question of time with me. Time for organization and manipulation. I can carry the Seventeenth against him, but in my opinion it will take the hardest kind of work. I've got one or two cases on hand in which I'm deeply interested. If I have good luck, I'll have plenty of time to run down and spend a week putting the Seventeenth in shape; but if I get a verdict or two against me and am bothered to death preparing motions for new trials in addition to all my other work, I don't see how I am to mix much in politics. Heighho!" he half-stretched himself. "I must be going. I need a good night's rest. There's a busy week ahead for both of us!"

The Judge shook his hand cordially as he bade him good night.

The Major went from Judge Farlow's house to his own rooms. From an inner drawer in his study table he drew out a list of the jury which had been summoned for the criminal court. There were sixty names on it. They appeared alphabetically, and under each was written a short but comprehensive statement. It embraced the age and occupation of each individual; the principal criminal cases in which he had sat as juror within the last several years, and his verdict in each case. It showed his political aspirations, his relationship to prominent citizens, and last and most important of all, his honesty.

With his brows twisted into knots, the Major sat over this list until the dawn crept through his windows. Then he rose, locked the paper into the drawer, and went to his bedroom for a few hours' rest. Of the sixty names, he had marked five with a "C." They were men who had been his clients and whom he had represented successfully. Three, he had marked "P." These he thought he could, by political means, make favor him, rather than the District Attorney.

Twelve of the names were those of

men who had sat as jurors in capital cases and had found the defendants guilty. Three had stood for not guilty. Eight names he had marked "B." They were "professional jurors," buyable in any case, for varying amounts. Of these eight, he had marked one "X." This man, Joshua Robbins, was the only one of the purchasable lot who could be relied on to stay purchased and who was of sufficient importance to have much influence on the other jurors.

Early the next morning, this Robbins was visited at his home by a total stranger, who, without any circumlocution whatever, coolly offered him a thousand dollars cash for a verbal pledge to use the utmost limit of his influence in the jury-room for a verdict of not guilty in the Crosby case. The man complied without hesitation, and pocketed the roll of bills which was thereupon handed him.

On that Monday morning, when Judge Farlow entered his chambers just before going into the court-room where he was to put Jonathan Crosby on trial for his life, he found upon his desk Faber's letter.

McGuire was at the lawyers' table some minutes before the hour struck. The court-room was packed to the doors. As Mrs. Crosby made her way through the crowd, the Major glanced up and saw with her a young girl. He looked at her, then back to the mother, then again helplessly at the child. He felt for a moment like one in a dream, for the little girl before him was the little Gabrielle—the Gabrielle of the flower-garden.

"You did not tell me the child was a girl."

She did not answer. He had looked at her, that way, once!

"It is a terrible ordeal for her," he said, after a moment. "But it is of the utmost importance to have her here. The jury, you know."

"I know," she replied.

As the case was called for trial, a telegram was handed McGuire. As he opened it his heart sank within him. It was marked Beauville, Kentucky, and read, "C. J. has disappeared."

At that moment Crosby was brought inside the bar, and the two men, for the first time, were face to face.

Crosby started back. "McGuire—" he gasped.

"Brownlee!" the Major interrupted savagely, under his breath; "this work is not for you! But none of that now—or ever! To hell with it! Keep your wits about you and prepare for any surprise. Be ready for any cue I give you! Read that!" He handed him the telegram.

The trial at last neared the end. The Major fought every step like a tiger, and the Judge ruled in his favor every close point and many which were not close.

But in spite of everything, there was forged about the defendant Crosby, slowly, mercilessly, a chain of irresistible circumstantial evidence. Murder had been done; murder! The walls of the room seemed to cry out with it; and with every step in the progress of the case the finger pointed toward the prisoner at the bar the more inexorably. The very air of the room quivered with the unspoken words, *Thou art the man!*

The State proved the enmity between the parties and the quarrel which had occurred before the shooting. The bullet which had been taken from Rawlins' side was exhibited to the jury. It was of the same caliber as Crosby's pistol. The latter was also produced. It had six chambers, all loaded, and was clean.

All the members of the jury looked at McGuire then, as if they thought upon this point at least the defense had scored; but the Major did not return the look. He received the evidence indifferently.

"Call Cynthia Jones," said the District Attorney.

Just the faintest shadow of a smile played about the Major's mouth. It was

not overdone, by the smallest fraction. Joshua Robbins, watching him, saw no other change in his face, yet with the sounding of that name, McGuire's very fingers, with which he drummed on the table, yielded a sudden cold perspiration.

He had known it all along, he told himself. He had known it even before he had received the telegram. They had her, and the game was lost!

The District Attorney handed a small package to the witness. McGuire's eyes were like X-rays. Before the wrapping was broken, he knew what it contained. Robbins noted again the play of that shadow of a smile, but no one except the Major himself knew a moment later that his teeth had met through the inside of his lower lip.

Ah, Gabrielle! There was scarcely any use now! He had known it all the time! There it was, as he had seen it in his dreams! That little square of linen with the initials in the corner, and that white spot in the center, from which radiated to the sides and corners, black—greasy-black stains! There was Jonathan Crosby's death-warrant, with the man's name on it, written by his own hand!

It is a dangerous thing to change a plan of campaign in the middle of a battle, but sometimes it has to be done. The Major had foreseen the possibility. When the witness was turned over to him for cross-examination, he remarked mildly, to the astonishment of all hearers, "We have no questions for her," and the woman came down and the prosecution rested its case.

After a whispered conference, McGuire put Crosby on the stand. He calmly proceeded to admit the killing, and then recounted that old bitter trouble, the injury to the father of his wife, and the consequent destitution of the entire family. With that, he put in an adroit story of the quarrel that fatal afternoon, in which, he said, Rawlins had been the aggressor, and repeated a

threat which he alleged the dead man had then made upon his life.

A good strong statement he made. The Major brought out every detail in boldest outline; then rested his case upon the theory of self-defense.

The District Attorney made his argument; a clear calm, dispassionate speech; the kind that cuts through a case like a two-edged sword. At his conclusion, McGuire rose and faced the twelve men with whom lay his client's life or death.

As he did so, he felt once more as he had felt a hundred times, that there is nothing on this earth quite like that! The way those twelve look at you when death is the forfeit! Those twelve passionless faces! You can see the outline of the gallows on every one!

The Major's brain was on fire, but apparently it was with the utmost calmness that he opened his argument. He knew the jurors were against him—all save one. He knew public sentiment was against him. He knew that the law and the evidence in the case had stamped the brand of Cain upon his client's brow. But he knew one thing more—he knew his own power, and for him the fight had but just begun!

Throughout the city that night it was said that McGuire's speech in the Crosby case would go down in the history of the state as the greatest argument ever made before any court or jury within its borders. Famous he was, already, as the greatest criminal lawyer within many hundred miles, but that speech was the triumph of his life.

He thought about it that night. As he sat alone in his study, in that relaxation of nerves which always follows the climax of great mental activity, the scene came before him again and again. He felt the tension of the heart-breaking interest of that enormous throng. He felt rise within him the mighty flood of eloquence and argument by which he had held the jury in the hollow of his hand.

He felt that breathless suspense, as the verdict was read aloud, and the man whom he had snatched from the very shadow of the gallows folded his weeping wife and his little child to his heart, and there echoed through the place the great shout of that multitude, which, by his genius, had been transformed from a crowd thirsting for the blood of the murderer into one eager to see him freed from the charge against him!

All this the Major saw, again and again, as he looked into the glowing coals, and yet he was not content.

Then there rose before him another picture. The sitting-room of a little cottage, a man, a wife, and a little girl. A circle so long shattered, complete once more—completed by him, McGuire; he who now sat within his lonely rooms, silent, companionless.

The clock struck midnight.

The Major gathered himself together and picked up a file of legal papers which lay upon the table. There was business to be attended to—work which had been left undone, forced aside by the pressure of the Crosby case. He glanced mechanically at the title of the cause, opened the package and read a page. Then he turned and read again. The words passed before his eyes without his knowing what they meant.

The clock struck the half-hour.

McGuire replaced the paper within the file, rose to his feet and walked to the fireplace. He would leave them until the morrow.

He wound the clock.

Then he leaned his arm upon the mantel-shelf and looked again into the now fast-blackening coals. He saw an old-fashioned flower-garden, the beds separated by hedges of box. By the gate he saw standing a little girl—a girl with great gray eyes.

The Major buried his face in his arm. "Gabrielle—" he whispered—"Gabrielle!"

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

ONE OF THE VERY FEW AND PROBABLY THE LAST INTERVIEW
MR. ALDRICH EVER GAVE

By GILBERT DONALDSON

HOW was I to find Thomas Bailey Aldrich? And had he ever been known to submit to an interview? These two questions confronted me not long ago, and I had difficulty in finding an answer to either. I first discovered that Mr. Aldrich hated to be interviewed, and then I heard that he was to be found at one of his three places of residence—either in the Ponkapog of his stories, where he passes several months of each year (up to that time I had supposed Ponkapog to be as fictitious as Ruritania), or at his summer place on the Maine coast, or at his house in Mount Vernon Street, Boston. But I learned that he had just left Ponkapog for the city, and the next day I climbed Beacon Hill in search of a poet.

First, about Beacon Hill. To any one who has lived in Boston those two words need no explanation: they at once convey a thrill of awe. To live on Beacon Hill is to live in the very heart of Boston's oldest and best. To be sure, here and there shops have crept in, and, yes, even boarding houses; but so firmly established is the prestige of the Hill, and so many of the most patrician of Boston's people still keep their houses there, that it maintains all of its ancient glory. No wonder the Bostonians love to live there, for, apart from the social distinction that such a residence can confer, it is one of the loveliest spots in the world. The houses have an air of old-fashioned solidity; a few of those on Beacon Street, facing the Common, still retain the little blue panes of glass, by passing through which the sun was supposed to acquire even more than its natural salubrity. From the top of the hill one can see the

beautiful Charles River, winding lazily into the distance, and across the river the tower of Memorial Hall, in itself ugly, to be sure, but continually reminding Boston of the proximity of Harvard College, the mother of her youth and a strong influence in her life.

It was very near the top of the hill, on a broad street lined with trees, that I found the house where Mr. Aldrich makes his winter home. It stood in a long row of stately brick houses, set considerably back from the sidewalk, with a little parterre in front. Happily, Mr. Aldrich had been prepared for my coming, so I felt a little less nervous than I might have otherwise been—also much more hopeful. The servant who opened the door for me led me straight up a most fascinating flight of winding stairs, and I had the sense of being surrounded by all kinds of beautiful things, oriental rugs, pictures, bits of statuary. Then I entered one of those wonderful crowded drawing-rooms that Mr. Howells loves to describe, filled with old-fashioned furniture and littered with little tables, which, in turn, were covered with ornaments and with books. Suggestions of a return to the house after a long absence were given by the draping of cloths where decorators had been at work.

A few moments later the servant returned and asked me to go up to Mr. Aldrich's study. He led me to what, without wishing to employ an Anglicism, I prefer to call not an elevator, but a lift. It was a little iron cage, and it was literally lifted, just lifted, by two human beings, by a man above and by a woman below, slowly, to the top of the house, into the presence of the poet.

It was an odd way of being introduced to the subject of an interview, but I liked the novelty. As I stepped out of the cage and took the hand extended to me, I had presence of mind enough to notice that Mr. Aldrich seemed absurdly young. When our first greetings were over, and I had an excuse for being so personal, I ventured to say that I had expected to meet a much older-looking man. Then Mr. Aldrich laughed out loud. "Oh, I was born young," he said, "and I stayed young for a long time. I suppose I got into the habit of being young."

I did not dare to remind him of the copyright dates in his books; but he was perfectly frank. "It's nearly fifty years since I published 'Baby Bell,'" he remarked, "so perhaps it is natural for some people to suppose that Methuselah and I went to school together. And yet," he added, "now and then I get a reminder that I am no longer in my first youth. A lady remarked, when my play was first produced in Boston, that the critics ought to respect me on account of my gray hairs. Now, as a matter of fact," the poet exclaimed, "I haven't a gray hair in my head."

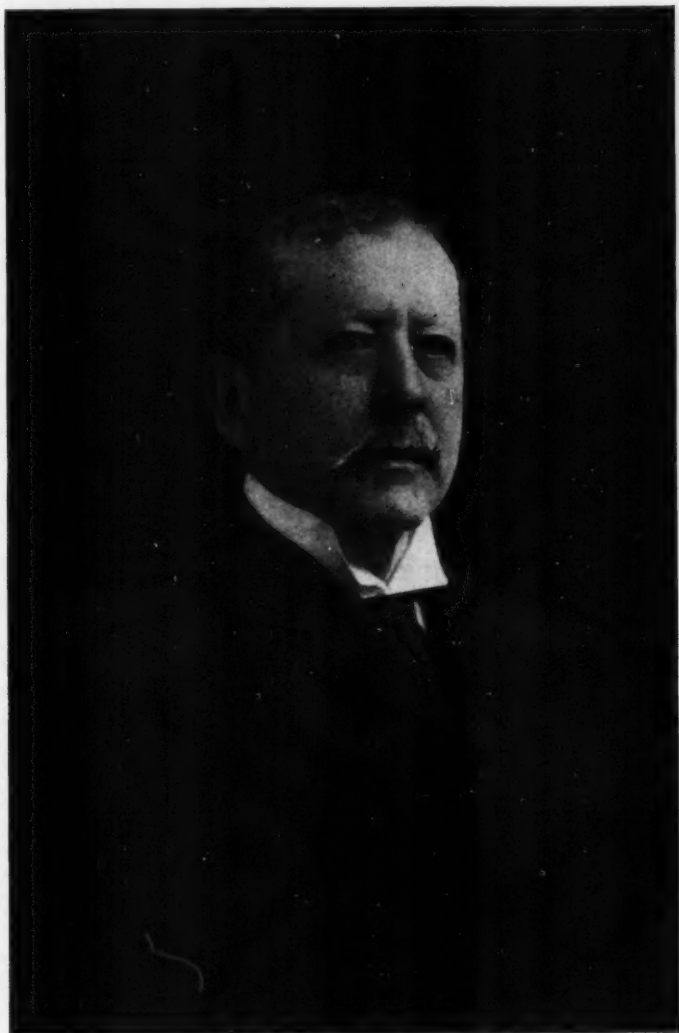
I ventured to look closely at the head. It is indeed a fine head to look at. Well shaped, with a thick crop of dark-brown hair betraying just a hint of auburn in it, and with more than a hint that, in boyhood, it must have been curly enough to delight the heart of the fondest mother. I was tempted to say that Mr. Aldrich was doubly fortunate, not merely in having kept the color of his hair, but in having kept all of his hair; but of course I refrained. Besides, I quickly decided that it was not the possession of his hair that made the poet seem so young; it was the spirit that animated him. He looked young because he kept fresh his interest in life and in his work. His face was singularly free from lines, and brightened with a most kindly light; his figure was supple, and his manner

had a kind of boyish jauntiness. Then, too, he was perfectly groomed; his brown suit of rough cloth harmonized beautifully with that hint of red in his hair and with the ruddiness of his cheeks and the color of his carefully waxed mustache. It was a great relief to me to find that, as in the early days when he was the literary delight of the camera, he still waxed his mustache. And yet, to be truthful, that mustache is the only betrayal Mr. Aldrich gave of having once belonged to an earlier period.

"When I was a young man, just beginning editorial work in New York," Mr. Aldrich resumed, when I had made myself comfortable in a chair that gave me a good point of view from which to study my subject, "I had occasion to call on William Cullen Bryant, then editor of the *Evening Post*. Now, I had formed my impression of Bryant from a portrait of him then widely circulated, in which he appeared with a long beard that somehow suggested advanced age. So I was astonished to find him a man in middle life. He had simply made a mistake in letting that portrait go out while he was still early in his career. As a boy, reading 'Thanatopsis,' that portrait impressed my imagination, and I felt as if Bryant belonged to the time of Homer."

It was of his real youth, his first youth, that Mr. Aldrich began to talk as soon as we got settled down to the business of interviewing. I happened to mention the delight I had experienced on reading "The Story of a Bad Boy." I told him that at the time I suspected many of the incidents had been supplied by his own life, though I acknowledged that the accusation was hardly fair. Suppose all story-tellers were held personally responsible for the incidents in their books!

"Well, that book really was autobiographical," Mr. Aldrich admitted, "though, of course, I changed names and localities. I did not write it until I was twenty-seven, and I have never



THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Born November 11, 1836, Died March 19, 1907

tried a sequel, in spite of the fact that that was enormously successful and further treatment of the same characters would have been much liked. But se-



MR. ALDRICH'S BOSTON HOUSE
Second from the left

quels are almost never successful. Let me see: I can recall just two exceptions to that sweeping statement. George Sand's sequel to 'Consuelo' was good, and Dumas' 'Twenty Years After' is really of the same quality as 'The Three Musketeers.' I have sometimes thought I chose an unfortunate title for my little book, though. Two Sunday-school libraries refused to buy it, and once I happened to be present in a book-shop when a gentleman declined its purchase. This man had a very nice, clean-looking lad with him, and the clerk, who knew me, thought it would be pleasant to recommend my book in my presence. But the gentleman would have none of it. 'My boy has mischief enough in him as it is,' he said. 'I will not present him with any book confessedly about a bad boy.'"

At this point Mr. Aldrich rose solicitously and started toward one of the win-

dows. "I'm afraid the smell of smoke in this room is disagreeable to you," he said. When I had explained that it was not, and he sat down again, I was reminded of the story of his early journalistic days in New York, and I seized the chance to ask him if the tale were true. Shortly after joining the staff of the *Home Journal*, so the story ran, General Morris, then the editor, who did not smoke, was greatly annoyed by his assistant's habit of smoking; so one day, his patience having been tried to the limit, he told Aldrich that he would have to give up his cigars. Aldrich replied that he would prefer to give up his job—which he did on the spot.

Confronted with this tale, Mr. Aldrich smiled whimsically. "Oh, it wasn't just like that, you know," he said. "I always smoked after four o'clock, and one day, when I found on my desk a big sign, 'No Smoking Allowed,' I smoked harder than ever—but always after four o'clock. I didn't like the way in which my chief undertook my reformation, so I refused to reform. But I didn't leave that office until a year later.

"There is one incident of my career on the *Home Journal*," Mr. Aldrich went on, "of great interest. It was my first meeting with that very brilliant man, N. P. Willis. Mr. Willis lived in the country, and it was his habit to send copy to the office. Sometimes, however, he neglected to provide copy, and on those occasions I had to write the leader. The *Home Journal*, as you doubtless know, besides being literary, was a social paper, one of the first of the society papers, I think. It was our policy to chronicle the staid comings and goings of our heavy advertisers, and never by any chance to print anything that would give offense to any one. We always had two

columns of this kind of thing each week. It was, naturally, as a literary paper that I had most regard for it. One day, when I was occupying two chairs while reading exchanges, an impressive-looking man came in and said, 'I'm Mr. Willis.' It took me scarcely a second to get my feet down from that chair and to greet with proper politeness the greatest contributor to the magazines of his day. Poor Willis! He is forgotten now!"

It was during his comparatively brief period in New York that Mr. Aldrich began a friendship with Edmund Clarence Stedman which has lasted through life. He was also more or less identified with the group of writers who used to be seen occasionally at Pfaff's restaurant. Walt Whitman was a great figure there, the idol of a group which foresaw the fame that later came to him. For Whitman Mr. Aldrich never had a great admiration—perhaps because the two men were so widely differentiated in temperament. And yet, on the walls of the poet's study, I noticed, opposite a portrait of Edwin Booth, a photograph of Whitman. Old frequenters of Pfaff's of a literary turn of mind still recall the excitement created in the restaurant one day when the eager young Aldrich burst in and, seeing Walt in his corner, exclaimed: "Well, Walt, did you know I had a poem in this week's *Home Journal*?" Walt looked up lazily and replied: "Oh, yes, Tom; they shoved the paper under my door this morning, and I heard your little tinkle."

At this period E. C. Stedman was actively engaged in newspaper work, with no thought in his mind of any career for his future but the career of a man of letters, and with his present work in Wall Street far in the future. W. D. Howells had just come back from his long stay in Europe as consul in Venice,

and was trying to "break in" again as a free lance. Fate brought both Howells and Aldrich to Boston, where they were both destined to become associated with the *Atlantic Monthly*, and where they were also to cement their friendship. To this day Mr. Aldrich speaks of Mr. Howells as "a dear fellow." When we touched on Mr. Howells in our talk, Mr. Aldrich remarked: "Well, I love him, even if I do not altogether agree with his views on literature. And yet, I am a believer in realism, too. But there are kinds of realism that I have no sympathy for." Although Mr. Aldrich has lately come forward as a writer of tragedy, it is for the sunny aspects of life that he has the strongest sympathy.

"It seems a long time since I lived in New York," said Mr. Aldrich, "and naturally, when I go back there, the city impresses me as very different from what it used to be. I lived in Clinton Place near Eighth Street, which was then considered very uptown indeed. Now I suppose nothing short of One-hundred-and-eighty-sixth Street would



THE STUDY

be so far away from the middle of things. George William Curtis was a great figure in New York at that time, and among the newspaper editors there

were such strong men as Raymond, of the *Times*, Greeley, of the *Tribune*, and Charles A. Dana, of the *Sun*, whom I knew well. But Boston was the real literary center, and I came here very gladly in 1855, when Ticknor and Fields invited me to take charge of *Every Saturday*, an excellent literary weekly which died young. Nearly all of the great men of that time are dead, too," Mr. Aldrich added, with a deep sigh, "but then Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, and all the rest of that brilliant circle were writing here in Boston. Somewhat later, when I took editorial charge of the *Atlantic Monthly*, I had very pleasant intimate relations with all those men, and somehow, though I was rather young at the time, and they not so famous as they soon became, I had the wit to save their original manuscripts. I used to have them copied for printers' use, you know. So to-day I have perhaps as valuable a collection of original manuscripts of intrinsic worth as could be found in any library in the country."

As a promising young writer, with good social connections, Mr. Aldrich naturally had peculiar advantages in Boston. He knew every one worth knowing. He was an ardent lover of the theater, and it was not surprising that he should have been interested in the young actor who was then working his way into public favor. The actor was Edwin Booth. "When I first knew Booth," he said, "he had just made a great hit at the Howard Athenæum in *Richard III*. That I always regarded as one of his very interesting parts. His *Hamlet* was not then the great creation that we remember to-day with so much reverence and delight. It was distinctly a growth with him, I think. My own first-hand knowledge of the theater came to me through Mr. Booth. Almost every evening that we were in a city together I was at the playhouse, either in his dressing-room or in front. It never got to be the least wearisome, for, like all men of ge-

nus, Booth had moods, and played parts differently at different times. But his voice was always so beautiful. I liked him almost as well in *Richelieu* as in *Hamlet*. He made so much of the dignity of the great cardinal. As clever a piece of acting, however, as he ever did was that of *Iago*. The deviltry, the cunning of the man, were so subtly brought out by Mr. Booth. He had the intelligence to perceive that unless *Iago* were the bluff, hearty, ingratiating soldier most actors neglect to make him, he could never have deceived *Othello* as he did. It was the plausibility of Booth's conception of the part that made his *Iago* so convincing."

Mr. Aldrich is one of the few American writers who have enjoyed the relief from care that is provided by a Mæcenas. For many years he was one of the most intimate friends of the later Henry L. Pierce, a Boston millionaire and a politician of some prominence. Mr. Pierce had made a fortune by the manufacture of chocolate and, being a man of culture, he enjoyed the association of writers and artists. If Mr. Aldrich had exceptional advantages from Mr. Pierce, he doubtless gave as much as he received in the way of artistic interests. When Mr. Pierce died he left to the Aldriches a large part of his fortune. So the poet has been able to do his work without being harassed by petty cares, and the result has been a distinct gain to American literature. For Mr. Aldrich does not possess the kind of talent that can be driven to production by the spur of necessity. He writes only when he has something to say, and he has the genuine artist's love for revising until he approaches as nearly as possible his ideal of perfection. "No matter how great the thought may be, conceived by a writer," he said, while we were discussing the importance of form in art, "if it is expressed in a slovenly way it will not last. By perfection is included a beautiful finish in expression."

"Though I have long loved the theater, and though as a young man I began to write verses in dramatic form," Mr. Aldrich said, "I suppose I did not become a real dramatist till I wrote 'Mercedes.' I happened upon a hint for the plot of this little drama in reading the 'Memoirs of Madame Junot' (Junot was one of Napoleon's marshals, you may remember), where it is stated in the merest note that a certain Spanish girl poisoned a whole detachment of soldiers. The love-story around the central incident is my own, of course. 'Mercedes' attempted to be, and is, I think, a stage play."

Just how, so late in life, Mr. Aldrich happened to receive an actual "order" to write a play makes a rather pleasant little story. The spring before "Judith's" appearance Mrs. Frederick E. Briggs, an amateur actress of prominence in Boston, presented on the stage Mr. Aldrich's poem, "Pauline Povlovna." Through the production Mrs. Briggs made the acquaintance of the poet. At this time Miss Nance O'Neil achieved her great success in Boston, and Mrs. Briggs introduced Miss O'Neil to the author, with the idea that Mr. Aldrich might be persuaded to write a play for the actress. Miss O'Neil was then appearing in an effective but melodramatic and rather time-worn version by Giacometti of the well-known story of Judith and Holofernes, taken from the "Apocrypha," and she urged Mr. Aldrich to make a new drama for her. He finally consented, and after several months of arduous labor, which he now refers to as a time of grim trial, the work was finished.

"In the first place," Mr. Aldrich explained, "my task I had somewhat prepared for, as I wrote a poem called 'Judith' away back in my youth. Then I saw that I had not done as much with

the subject as I might, and I rewrote it as 'Judith and Holofernes,' and now—" Mr. Aldrich rushed to the desk and pulled out from the array of pipe-baskets, inkstands and paper-weights a nicely made book—"here is the play. Some of the lines of the revised poem I have herein incorporated. I was rather in doubt," he continued, "whether to publish the work before or after it had been presented in New York. Some of my friends suggested that it would be better to have it appear simultaneously, and on the whole this seemed wisest. In France, you know, people buy plays and



COUNTRY HOUSE AT PONKAPOG

read them, filling in the stage directions and business for themselves. But the French are a dramatic people, and we, I fear, are not. Still, a play which aims seriously at dramatic effects should be acted; should it not? Bernard Shaw says, you know, that there are three or four hundred ways of saying 'no,' but only one way of writing it. What magnificent new ground Shaw has opened up by his fashion of giving full stage directions! It has helped me very much. That notion of Shaw's that not only must an actor know a character's present life and mental bias, but also the things that have made him the man he is, is splendid, I

think. It seems to me that Shaw knows more about the stage than any other living man. How delightful he is in his introductions, too! Do you remember those humorous paragraphs in which he expands upon his experience with the censorship? Yet isn't it sad that so able a man should have so little sense of perspective, should not know that there are some things not only unworthy of art, but also unworthy of ink? 'Mrs. Warren's Profession!' How could Shaw write a thing like that? Still, I must confess that I enjoy reading everything of his, the unpleasant as well as the pleasant plays."

Mr. Aldrich, on being reminded that George Bernard Shaw, besides being a playwright, had been a dramatic critic, regularly attached to a London paper, laughed a little and observed: "Good critics are so much rarer than good playwrights. One of the most curious things in the world is the fashion in which newspaper editors regard criticism. The office-boy, or some youth not far removed from him in age and wisdom, is told to write a notice of a magazine containing a poem by Richard Watson Gilder, say, and an essay by Emerson, and a scientific article from the pen of Marconi. Similarly, almost any man on the staff seems good enough to review a new play. And critics always know so much; they would have had me change this, and take out that, in 'Judith,' and would have made me write at least half a dozen new plays. One man was sufficiently silly to point out that my under-plot should have borne no relation whatever to the main plot—a most absurd idea. But I have been a critic myself, you know, and I remember that I was much wiser in those days than I am now. I am still wise enough not to reply to criticism. If a man were to say in print that I had murdered my wife, I shouldn't reply, because controversy is endless. None the less, I feel it to be a great pity that more of our criticism is not appreciation.

In New York they have able critics, of course; but in this regard Boston has fallen upon evil days since Henry Austin Clapp died. And probably the critics are for the most good enough for the things they have to review. Our day is the day of vaudeville, short skirts and fashion-plays."

Mr. Aldrich was very enthusiastic over his work with Miss O'Neil and with McKee Rankin, the personal manager of the actress, who is also active in staging her plays. "Mr. Rankin knows a great deal about his work," he said, "and I enjoyed my discussions with him. And as for Miss O'Neil, she was exceedingly sympathetic and amenable to suggestion. I came to have a great admiration for her. What surprised me most in the experience of staging the play was this: some lines that I myself valued were made little or nothing of by members of the company, and other lines, for which I had slight regard, were given value by the actors' interpretation. But, oh!" Mr. Aldrich enthusiastically exclaimed, "it is such a joy, though, to encounter an artist like Miss O'Neil, who has the real gift of passionate tragedy. In rehearsing my play she was laboring under great difficulties, because she had no theater. She actually had a costume rehearsal at four in the morning on the day of its first performance. Yet the play ran with great smoothness, and not only the first night, but every time it was given the house was crowded to the doors. It was very funny when they called me before the curtain and tried to make me give them a speech. I would not bow to the audience, only for Miss O'Neil. And all the time I was saying to her under my breath, 'I have been engaged for thirty years in disseminating the information that I do not make speeches. My contract calls for a play, and I do not propose to throw in any oratory.'"

The Boston critics all praised the piece for its literary excellence; but it was not

as a litterateur, but as a dramatist, that Mr. Aldrich wished to be commended. He was especially disappointed by the stricture made on the construction. Regarding the criticism that it would have been well to omit the business of the drug in the strongest act with *Holofernes*, he said very emphatically that this device was necessary. "It would have taken too long to get *Holofernes* drunk. Moreover, that seemed to me an inartistic means of incapacitating him. 'Romeo and Juliet' is the only other play I remember where a sleeping draught is used. The more I think of it, the more sure I am that the way I adopted was the only one to manage that scene. Some of the critics say that I should have made *Judith* more demonstrative with *Holofernes*; but if I had, she would unquestionably have been ruined at once." Then Mr. Aldrich began to praise Miss O'Neil again: "It seemed to me that her entrance from the tower was very effective. And she is so beautiful in the widow's gown! Ah," he continued, with a deep sigh, "the theater is undoubtedly the pulpit of to-day. And what bad sermons are being preached! As far as criticism is concerned, no man's dictum carries any great weight to-day. Doctor Johnson, sitting in a coffee-house, once casually praised a book, and presto, the book had an exceedingly large sale. That doesn't happen any more. And as for the literary center of America that people talk about, how can we claim one for this country when Philadelphia possesses Weir Mitchell—who, by the by, writes some very charming verse as well as admirable novels—when western Massachusetts shelters Cable, and Robert Grant is writing in Boston? I haven't yet read Judge Grant's last book, but I found his 'Unleavened

Bread' very interesting. Cable's work I greatly admire. Some people say that it is less successful than it would have been if he had not had 'convictions.' I suppose they are rather dangerous commodities for a novelist. But Zola had them, and because of them really came into his own."

From the subject of criticism we fell to talking about newspaper writing in general and its relation to literature. "It is a good avenue for men who wish to do literary work, I think," Mr. Aldrich remarked. "I am bound to say that, for it was my own avenue. Certainly a literary man can not hope at the start to make enough money to live decently. Many young lawyers of whom one never hears at all get a fair living out of their profession, while scores of literary men who have attained some eminence would starve if they had to depend entirely upon their royalty receipts. And in spite of the yellow journalism, there seems enough decent newspaper work to do. There are more able journalists now than in the old days, though it is equally true that few, if any, stand out as Greeley did."

As I walked into the hall, Mr. Aldrich took from his writing-desk a letter. "I want to show you my little home post-office," he said, and, leaning over the baluster, he placed the letter in a basket and lowered it by a pulley to the ground floor. "You see," he remarked, with a laugh, "I have all the conveniences."

Then he bowed me into that curious little lift, and down I went, slowly, slowly, until at last I reached the street entrance.

Let me confess right here: I enjoyed everything about the interior except that lift! And to think the poet rides in it every day!



REGULATION, NOT EXTERMINATION

(Continued from page 588)

than fifteen years. Two classes of people are injured by this: first, the purchasing public, who must pay a price for the product that will justify a dividend upon this enormous overcapitalization, and, second, the hundreds of thousands of purchasers of stock who have invested their hard-earned money in a great deal of "water."

But how are we going to stop this overcapitalization? Mr. Bryan can not stop it; for the Calhoun theory of "state's rights" stands in the way—and Mr. Bryan is a Calhoun "state's rights" man. For these corporations are formed under the authority of "sovereign states" that permit just this thing. Indeed, states are bidding against one another for the privilege of permitting financial highwaymen to hold up the entire American people. Witness New Jersey, Delaware, Nevada and other equally disgusting examples. Of course, nothing can effectually stop this but the Nation.

NATIONAL INCORPORATION

All corporations that do business, not with New Jersey or Delaware alone, but with the whole American people, should be controlled by laws passed, not by the legislature of New Jersey or Delaware, but by the Congress of the whole American people. But we will have to come to this gradually, because we must—there are so many states deriving such a great revenue from corporate taxation that their senators and congressmen will not let such a law pass; indeed, the corporations that prey would be able to excite the people themselves against this "centralization of power." But such a law can be passed as to all railroads doing interstate business—and practically all railroads do interstate business. Suppose

we start by making railroads that do a nation-wide business incorporate under nation-wide laws. They would thus have to obey the will of the whole people, instead of evading the law in this state, corrupting the legislature in that state, etc., and thus becoming a law unto themselves. If the national franchise idea is feasible as to other corporations (and my only fear is that it is not), it might be dovetailed into the national corporation plan until all corporations and the whole American people see the irresistible reasonableness of and necessity for the latter.

Also, it is merely justice to the railroads themselves. If railways are honestly and efficiently run, they are the greatest single element of our economic well-being and national solidarity. But if the nation begins their national regulation, as the nation has done under the leadership of Theodore Roosevelt; and if demagogues in the various states try to emulate, not his methods, but his popularity, and ignorantly and evilly assail the railroads in periods of popular prejudice by grotesque and uneconomic laws, we shall have our great national transportation system so nagged and harried that its legitimate purpose will be prevented and its good effects nullified.

For example, there has been an outcry against railroad consolidation. The truth is—(eliminating their well-known evils and preventing the thievery that has attended some of them)—railroad consolidations are as beneficial as they are inevitable. Reformers sometimes run into inconsistencies. For example, we demand that railroads shall abolish rebates, treat everybody alike, etc.; and yet, when they attempt consolidation necessary to accomplish this very purpose, we assail their consolidation. We

are not against railroads and corporations just because they are called "railroads" and "corporations"; we are against their evils only. We seek not to "exterminate" anything but wrong.

PUBLICITY: SIMPLE AND EFFECTIVE

Here is a simpler remedy than either national incorporation or national franchise: A national law requiring every interstate corporation doing a business of five million dollars or over which puts stock on the markets conspicuously to publish the exact truth as to every possible item that might influence purchasers. For example, if men buy a "property" for one million dollars, make it "earn" fifty per cent. dividend, then "capitalize" it for ten million dollars, they should not be permitted to "unload" this stock upon the statement that it was earning five per cent. They should be compelled to state that they bought the property for one million dollars; the amount of actual improvements, both by description and in dollars and cents, which they have made upon it, and every other conceivable fact. This would prevent "overcapitalization," for nobody would buy such "watered" stock; and, of course, if they could not sell the stock they would not water it. THIS IS THE ENGLISH LAW TO-DAY. It is simplicity itself, and common honesty; and it can be passed without either a national incorporation or a national franchise law. All that is necessary is to require such statements to be published, and make it a criminal offense punishable by fine and penitentiary if promoters disobey or make false statements. Nobody ought to object to such a law, since it does nothing more than compel men to tell the truth. I shall introduce such a bill next session.

Another absolutely necessary remedy is the overhauling of the Sherman law.

The next evil is that of corporate interference in politics. I think this the

greatest evil of all. Heretofore, corporations have attempted to run politics, and, until recently, actually have run politics. They have done this with money—"contributions to campaign funds." They have elected their agents to seats in the nation's legislature, both House and Senate. More than this, they have by these "contributions" laid both parties under distinct obligations to them. Had this continued, it would, in the far future, have destroyed free government.

But it does not continue—we have ended it. At this very session of Congress we have passed a law making it a criminal offense for any national corporation to contribute anything in any campaign, and for any state corporation to contribute anything in a national campaign. This law will be executed—for is not Theodore Roosevelt president? Let all men and corporations who think that they will "get a hold" on any president by "contributing" be undeceived. No man will ever again be elected president upon whom such enemies of American institutions can "depend."

Then there are incidental trust evils growing out of human greed and the survival of the old idea that all business was private business and that the manager of a great corporation was as free to defraud as the private business man of a generation ago. For example, the Beef Trust was selling unwholesome meat products to the American people. It was an example of what greed does to the minds and souls of men. To sell ptomaine-laden messes and non-nutritious "foods" and "products" to people who could not know their character, was horrible.

But we have ended the Beef Trust's iniquity with the National Meat Inspection Law. We have ended the adulteration of all foods and medicines by the National Pure Food Law. So these evils are grim specters of the past, and not cruel monsters of the present. I am sorry that Mr. Bryan never suggested either of

these great practical reforms, for he actually has suggested so many good things and his general purpose and spirit is so admirable that if he would only separate himself from that "body of death" to which he is chained, Calhoun "state's rights," he might get good things done. For not one of these reforms could have been accomplished had Calhoun "state's rights" been observed.*

THE NEWSPAPER TRUST

The last evil of these "trusts" is the most subtle and dangerous of all; and I see no remedy for it in any possible legislation. This evil is the purchase and ownership by "the interests" of newspapers and other organs of public information and opinion. At strategic points great newspapers are being bought up by men who are either a part of or are affiliated with mighty financial interests. A Southern senator told me the other day that every important newspaper in his state was now in such ownership. Such newspapers deliberately lie to the people. They publish real news only as it accords with the political or financial purposes of their proprietors. Men of all parties are assailed or praised exclusively from this point of view. Both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan have been their targets; and other public men have been and are attacked, in exact proportion to their services to the people and their defiance of the orders issued by the powers that control these organs.

For this evil there is no remedy but in the people themselves. Thomas B. Reed once said: "I thank God that there is no public opinion which is potential except

mouth-to-mouth public opinion." Somehow or other the people come to know about these things. Perhaps it is the fearlessness and righteousness of the "country press," which has not yet been corrupted except in one or two states. Perhaps it is the psychic conscience of the millions that, somehow or other, penetrates shams. If Mr. Bryan or any other man has any practical remedy in the way of legislation for this evil, I will follow him. But up to the present time I have seen no cure except in the good sense and upright heart of the people themselves, who will come to know such publications when they see them, and, acting in opposition to any man or measure they commend, get on the right side.

There are, then, the following evils of "trusts":

- (1) Rebates—we have ended them.
- (2) "Contributions"—we have ended them.
- (3) Bad meats and impure foods—we have ended them.
- (4) Secrecy—we have ended it; the Department of Commerce and Labor is now informing the people as to the "ins and outs" of nation-wide business. Witness the Beef Trust, Standard Oil and Railway investigations, and the Child Labor and other investigations now under way. When did the American people ever know so much about American business?
- (5) Overcapitalization—we will end that, and are working on it now.
- (6) Unjust prices—the ending of overcapitalization will help cure this, and, with publicity, perhaps entirely cure it. Can anybody think of a better remedy?
- (7) Purchased "newspapers" and the corruption of public opinion. Only the people can end this by learning to "know such papers when they see them." And I bank on the good sense and pure heart of the American people.

*Nobody proposes to "wipe out state lines" or "destroy local self-government." That statement is silly. We mean that the states shall perform their natural functions of local self-government, but not interfere with general national government—which is precisely what Calhoun "state's rights" permits them to do. The true and the constitutional division of state and national powers is presented near the end of my first paper in this debate. (See March READER.)

MEN
WOMEN AND
AFFAIRS

OUR OWN TIMES

BOOKS
THE ARTS AND
THE DRAMA

THERE once was a man who got tired of town. He had been born in a dark bedroom that looked upon a sunless court, and he grew up playing among the trams and trucks. His parents, in broken English, called themselves Americans, but there were not many families of his acquaintance who had reached the condition of mind where they could do that. He had no notion what home-ties were. Now he and his parents lived in one place and now in another, and, as time went on, the lodgings grew filthier and darker and more depressing. At twelve he was put in a factory, at fifteen he was caring for his widowed mother and a broken old uncle who had come to America in search of something he had not been able to find in Germany. At twenty the boy was falling into bad habits, and for a time he made his mother weep. Then suddenly he dropped all that and settled down to the treadmill. He worked hard in it for twenty years more. He married joylessly, endured a brief period of irritable marital life, and laid his consumptive young wife in a grave which he never visited. Then his mother died, and his uncle completed his long, drawn-out existence, and one day, the man, being freed of all these associations, got an idea—one of the first he had ever had. It came to him that all his life he had never set foot on a piece of ground that belonged to him; all the stairs he had climbed had been "other men's stairs"; all his days had been directed by others. The pathos and the shame of this came to him with a force which any one, looking at his prematurely aged face, would have supposed him incapable of. It was as if he had discovered that he was a slave—he who was born a freeman. The idea shook him—became a flaming passion. For the first time his inheritance of patience and fidelity and self-abnegation were as nothing. He who had hardly looked up from the narrow paths in which he walked, suddenly saw

vistas. The roads of the world made themselves felt, dimly, and he had an unconquerable desire to walk down some of them.

The next morning he told his boss that he was not going to work any more. "I am joost one of the leetle vheels in your machine," he said. "But I am not going to work any more. You get anoder vheel, please." So the boss did, and the man with the idea started west. He had only a little money, but he could work, and he really had an idea. To really have an idea is almost as good as a railroad ticket. And so, by and by, he was down in Arizona. The train he happened to get on went there. He made his way easily enough. There was always something to do, and a man who didn't mind missing a meal or two could get on very well.

And astonishing things were happening to him. He found himself looking forward to each day as it came. He slept well and got up with the feeling that he had the full stature of a man. Then he fell in with a man who had pre-empted a bit of gold-bearing rock a hundred and fifty miles from anywhere. They went there, and the man died and gave his prospects to our adventurer. The claim was five thousand feet straight up above the yellow valley, and could be reached only by the steep burro road. But when once it was attained, and a man sat out in front of his shack on the ledge and looked abroad, he felt as if he had not only come up into a high place, but as if the earth and its abundance were his. The town man sat there and forgot everything bad he ever had known. He forgot his sorrows and disappointments and frustrations, too. Once a month he got on a burro and loaded a second one with ore and went to town. When he came back he had all the provisions he could carry. The morning and the evening were his only events. But he asked for nothing more. Water trickled within his hear-

ing. Fuel was his for the chopping. The heavens were his theater; the valley his park. Now and then wayfarers came to his shack—the shack that ended in a cave in the solid rock. He gave them abundant hospitality. He wanted no one—not even a woman. Women had, in his life, been too much associated with death and fear and fret. It was enough for him that the ground he stood on, the roof that covered him, were his. For a time he got no further than that barbarian satisfaction, but so far as it went it was quite magnificent. Then, one day, another idea came to him. He told a man about it—a man who had got lost, and who stayed overnight in the shack and went away with his water bottle filled and his grub-sack stored. The idea was that, now that he had that little store of gold, perhaps he could share it with somebody. "Perhaps," he said, "some young fella, he need help joost like I did a leetle while ago yet. I believe I vill vatch out. When some one he come here stranded like you, I'll say: 'Stay vid me—yes?'"

No one really came to stay; but the spirit of the man got abroad, somehow. It spread itself out over the valley, and warmed it. It made the burro path less steep. Men who came once, tried to come again. When they talked with the man, they felt as if they were with a wise child, and then went away better than they had come. They heard nothing but words of sense and sweetness from the lips of this man whom the town had broken and polluted, but whom the wilderness had cleaned. He became a friend to men. He was known so. He was respected and trusted. Men, in difficult situations, came to ask his advice. Then, one day, while he was still well and happy, while the sky and the valley, the falling water and moonrise and sunrise still enchanted him, he was bitten by a scorpion in the night, and died. And now people passing the mountain—and many pass there now—tell the story of his life. And sometimes a passerby remarks that it is not only the East Indian mystic who learns the lesson that silence can teach. It is not only the hermit of the Himalaya that can bring "purity out of a stain" or learn kindness and trust and love by sitting between earth and sky. An unlettered waif, the spawn of a bitter town, can do as much—if he have the right soul within his work-worn body.

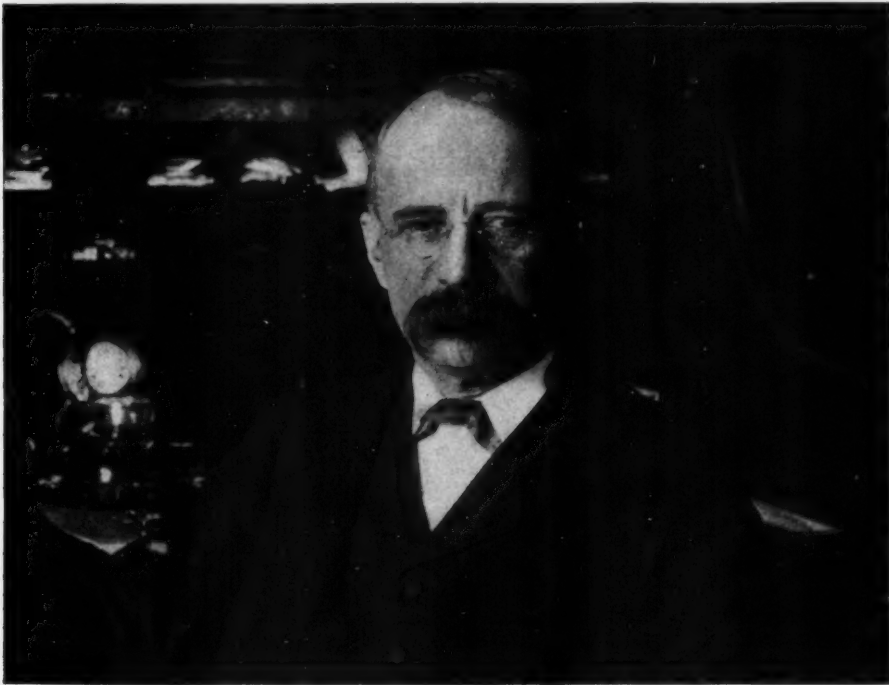
FAIRYLAND is always over yonder. The pot of gold is at the foot of the rainbow. The romances happen along the shores of Maritime Bohemia. It is the farthest hollow between the hills that holds the bluest haze; and just beyond the mysterious circle of the horizon are the baths of all the stars. Tragedy, too, becomes merely violence and crime, if brought to our breakfast table by the carrier-boy instead of being purveyed by Shakespeare, Browning or Shelley from the misty hollows of tradition. Count Cenci, we study; Beatrice Cenci thrills us; Count Guido Franceschini stands heroic in his villainy; poor Pompilia's tortures win our tears; we rise purified and strengthened from the picture of the soul of Caponsacchi; but we condemn the account of the doings of Stanford White; we deprecate the spreading broadcast in our homes of the dark picture of the martyrdom of Grace Brown or Evelyn Nesbit; we see nothing heroic in the wild deed of Harry Thaw; and the dastardly career of Chester Gillette appeals to our disgust only. Perhaps it takes the weathering of time to make these ruins of lives romantic. Perhaps we must have trained over them the ivy of the ages, its tendrils subjugated by the directing finger of poetry and art. On the other hand, perhaps a real poet or a great dramatist would see in these tragedies of to-day themes worthy of immortality. It was a court record that gave us "The Ring and the Book." The discussion of the case of the Cenci could not but have been objectionable to the tastes of many in Florence in 1599. But men came in after years who saw inner meanings, and expressed them in poem and on canvas. The demand for the newspaper accounts of these latter-day tragedies can not be all prurience and morbidity. Great human problems look out from them, and that they do not enter into the art-life of the day may prove that that life does not live up to its opportunities. They are marble blocks with terrible and beautiful figures for some future chisel to set free.

AN interesting incident is told of Grieg and King Edward. Grieg was playing before the king, but the king, although lending a somewhat attentive ear, continued to converse with the Norwegian minister. Grieg stopped suddenly and looked at the

king, who smiled. Grieg continued, but the king resumed his conversation. Grieg stopped once more, but this time the king looked back sternly as much as to say: "How do you dare to instruct a king?" He ceased conversing, however. But Grieg is not above repeating the incident, and urging that art is to be considered before any man—even a monarch. The sentiment is defensible, but it is not, after all, in the best taste for the man who is the medium of art, to put it in just that way. There are conversations which are superior to symphonies, and the musician can not be utterly sure that the interruption from which he suffers does not deserve to be given the right of way.

W. H. Mallock, the London political economist, who has been visiting this country and addressing various universities and clubs, is of opinion that overeducation is

an evil. He does not believe in equal opportunities, but advocates opportunities "in proportion to needs and the probable position in life which the students may be supposed to occupy." Mr. Mallock believes that the prevailing method of popular education is responsible for much of the discontent that is finding expression throughout the world in socialism and kindred political religions. "Men who believe they have certain talents or abilities," he said, "see a man whom they consider inferior becoming rich or famous, and they sigh for his 'opportunities.' If it is in business they sigh for 'capital.' I have heard it said frequently that universal education stimulates discontent. Probably it is true. If it is true, in such cases education accomplishes nothing but to increase a man's power of reasoning wrongly. It seems to me that we need a system of education not absolutely equal to all, but equal in consideration



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EDWARD H. HARRIMAN, RAILROAD EMPEROR, IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE, 120 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Mr. Harriman's sociable offer, when before the Interstate Commerce Commission, to advise the president on railroad matters has gone glimmering. But the magnitude of such matters seriously suggests that there should be added to the president's cabinet a new bureau, to be named the Department of Transportation. The problem would be to find a secretary at once impartial and well informed.

of each pupil's needs and advantages and equal in consideration of the probable position in life which it might be supposed he might, by any possibility, obtain."

Mr. Mallock has not advocated an experiment likely to prove popular in America. Discontent founded America, and does more than anything else to perpetuate the finest American ideals. It is only when the American settles down sordidly to complaisance and self-satisfaction that he ceases to be an American—for to be an American is to hold a certain attitude of mind. It is not discontent but content that we have cause to fear. Mr. Roosevelt sets an example of intelligent, aggressive discontent. He finds it his duty to scrutinize, he likes to rearrange, he can not remain static. That discontent is capable of evil there is no doubt, but it is no more liable to it than content. There is both health and unhealth in motion, but on the whole stagnation has never been found desirable. In America we have a genius for rearrangement, and among our activities in that direction is our rearrangement of our own destiny. We could not possibly limit our education to our probable station in life, because our station may be almost anything—the highest or the lowest; one year this and next year that. It is this absence of monotony, this perpetual habit of outlooking, this latent spirit of adventure, that preserves in Americans a curious and exhilarating spirit of youth. Americans expect anything and everything of the future, of themselves and of their country. They may not be quite sane, but their semi-insanity has enabled them to do amazing things. The last thing they would think of doing would be to limit their opportunities by stopping off their education in order to keep themselves appropriately restricted for the position in life that they were supposed to occupy! This country is far too individualistic and aspiring, far too expectant and energetic to settle down to any such system as that. Practical education it may adopt and is adopting. Technical colleges are crowded, manual secondary schools have waiting lists. Good workmanship is steadily growing in favor in spite of all that the unions are doing to make incapacity equal with capacity. And, by the way, it is precisely that rule of limitation that is going, eventually, to bring about the decay of the union as it exists to-day. Nothing that de-

stroys initiative or discourages personal ability can exist for long upon that basis. The American is not so much wanting equality as opportunity. He may be unduly elated at success and prize it too highly, the pangs of failure may be very sharp, but with all its penalties and uncertainties, he prefers the game of life to monotony, prearrangement, and enforced equality and limitation.

M R. W. D. Nesbit, the well-known newspaper poet, tells this story upon himself: "I was born," he says, "in the good old town of Xenia. A good many distinguished persons have been born there at one time and another, by the way. But we all love Xenia. What is more, we cherish the idea that Xenia loves us—that she cherishes the memory of her sons. We always like to see the old neighbors, too. Any one who has come from Xenia likes to see the Xenia folks. I don't know of any way you can please me better than to let me settle down with one of the old neighbors and talk over things—who has died and what he died of, and who married who, and how we wouldn't have thought they would, and what real estate has changed hands, and all that. Well, the other day one of my old neighbors came in. I dropped everything and settled down to talk with him, and I could see he had a good piece of news up his sleeve.

"'Nesbit,' said he, with the pleasantest kind of a look on his face, 'you remember that little old house on Main Street where you were born?'

"When he said that, it brought up a vision of that house as clear as the reality. I saw the queer little windows, the nice, friendly door, the yard, the lilacs—everything.

"'Yes, Bill,' I said with emotion. 'I remember very well.'

"'Well,' he said, 'the folks have gone and put a tablet on that old house.'

"At first I couldn't speak. I had all I could do to keep the tears from coming. The folks hadn't lost sight of me, then! They knew what I had been doing. A tablet was, I admitted to myself, somewhat beyond my deserts, but—there it was. When I could speak I said:

"'And what does the tablet say, Bill, old man?'

"Bill looked away out of the window.

"'Main Street,' said he, softly."



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MR. AND MRS. J. PIERPONT MORGAN CALLING AT THE AMERICAN EMBASSY, LONDON

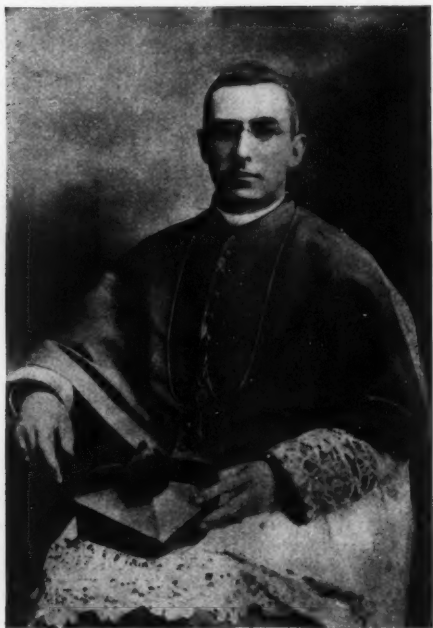
During the recent "bear market" on Wall Street, in which railroad stocks suffered a depression of some two hundred millions of dollars, Mr. Morgan was in England

ONE of the unforgettable services of Jefferson Davis to his country was the importing to America of a drove of camels. These amiable beasts of the desert, he opined, would solve the problem of travel and traffic of the American waste. The creatures were duly installed and accompanied by an officer in the United States Army, who had been given instruction in the management and care of the camels, and who was detailed to instruct the quondam mule drivers in this desert art. But an undreamed-of obstacle arose. The Americans, it appeared, had a spiritual affinity for the mule; they resented the intrusion of the camel, and they refused to see life from its point of view. There was no denying that the camel stood the most extraordinary tests of strength, endurance and docility, but its very complaisance appeared to bore the Americans, who were accustomed to the piquant and individualistic nature of the mule. Camels require much care, and

that of a peculiar sort; they will serve to the death, but they need also to be served. They are capable of affection, but they must also receive it. None of these excellent qualities appealed to the strenuous mule drivers, and it is not too much to say that a cabal was instituted against the camel, in spite of all that the good beasts did to justify themselves, and a number of them died—possibly of neglect. Others were freed, and there are traditions to the effect that even to-day they may be seen now and then eating up the desert distances with their long strides.

Another peculiar zoological enterprise of the government has been the buffalo, a few of which are now treasured—caged remnants of that mighty tribe which once had the plains for uncontested occupancy.

But much more successful than either of these ventures is the reindeer industry. The government entered upon the raising of the reindeer in a spirit more or less philan-



DR. BOURNE, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER
Who will shortly visit America

thropic. Attention was brought to Congress of the condition of the Alaskan Indians, which, since the coming of the white man, has steadily grown worse. It has been made impossible for them to make a living in the old way, and the prospects were that the government would soon be adding to its already enormous company of wards. Then some one advocated the raising of reindeers, and while there were plenty to scoff at the idea, yet the attempt was made. The result is a thriving and remunerative industry. Not only food, but comparative riches await the Indians who will improve the opportunities offered them to raise the reindeer products. These animals double every four years, and there are now twelve thousand in Alaska. Their food is the moss and other verdure of the exhaustless tundra. Milk, cheese, meat, swift transportation and garments are the benefits to be derived. With the trained reindeer teams in common use, the hideous tales of starving miners will cease. Rich mining fields, now unworked because of the difficulties attendant upon reaching and getting in supplies, will no longer lie inoperative.

And the Indian will have a legitimate means of providing himself with the comforts. There will be blankets in plenty upon his walls and on his bed; coats of skin for his brown children; his old people may sit at peace and carve the twisted spoons from the horn of the reindeer; his sons may look forward to independence, and his daughters gather their dowers against the wedding day. Decidedly, the government has done well. It has saved this curious, shy, imaginative people from beggary.

"WHERE, if you could have your choice of all the places in the world, would you prefer to be?" some one asked at a dinner party the other evening. Of course, every one said "Right here!" and bowed to the hostess; but after compliments were over the matter was discussed. The world was before them. They could make any choice. The "awful ramps of Himalay" were as accessible as the shade of the chestnuts on the Champs Elysées. It was a matter of free choice. One man said the happiest summer he ever spent was at Flagstaff, Arizona, but when this statement came to be investigated it was found that his satisfaction arose from the fact that he had been twenty-one, had had an incomparable horse, and had been in love. As he was now forty, the horse dead, and the girl married, the consensus of opinion was that he would no longer prefer Flagstaff. One man wanted a coral isle, but backed down when he remembered how easy it would be to run out of tobacco. At first there was a good deal of enthusiasm about Paris, and one man who had the rheumatism seemed to think he'd like to go to Boston and live at the Parker House and read the *Transcript*. He thought he would like the chastened feeling it would give him. But just when every one was getting adrift and suggesting all sorts of impossible things, some one who had not spoken declared for Oxford. That turned the tide. No one argued against his choice. They were busy men and women, and weary ones, underneath their courageous good cheer; they all had seen too much of the vulgarity of modern life and were worn with the pressure of it, and the picture this quiet and grave man drew of Oxford brought back to them its impersonal peace, its immemorial calm. Then he read, from a much-thumbed slip which he had in his pocket, and which

he journeyed to the cloak-room to find, this poem, written by the earnest young poet, Coningsby Dawson, in celebration of Oxford:

Gray walls, gray towers, slowly-motioned
streams,
With one gray cloud against a drowsy sky,
And tall green trees that fold their arms on
high
Athwart the blue, with head down-bowed in
dreams
Of ancient comrades and forgotten days.
Nothing is here that moves—peril of night,
Nor setting suns come here to fret or fright
Peace-thriven spires with gloom or sudden
blaze.

Thus have I seen you silently uprise
When life was weariful with tasks outworn
Of sorry pleasantness, when hands were torn
About abandoned labors;—then mine eyes
Returned to your inviolate repose
For comforting and changelessness of sight,
Where lovelessness nor love o'er-reach their
height,
And never any breath of frenzy blows.

It struck the mood, somehow, and before coffee was reached it was decided that if the magic carpet were to drop down there in the midst of them, it would be to Oxford and its mellow peace that they would command it.

"To abide forever?" some one asked. But he was young and so not afraid to make a decision. Some one older and more economical declared:

"No place is good enough to hold one forever. We would stay—to be quite prodigal—a year and a day."

THANKS be, the fashion in athletics has changed, and it will no longer be necessary for the person who wishes to be considered in "good form" to go around with puffed chest and depressed stomach. The thousands who have suffered from that constrained attitude, and who have felt as a result an exhausting pressure upon the small of the back, and who have walked as if each moment they were in danger of toppling forward upon their faces, have submitted to this absurd training because they were trustful by nature and had been given the dogmatic assurance by their trainers in athletics that

thus, and no other way, should man deport himself. But liberation is at hand. Word comes from London that the recent death of an old soldier from heart failure was the cause of a post-mortem clinic in which the physicians decided that the collapse was due "to the pernicious habit of puffing out the chest." As a result, the British army has abolished the puffed-out chest, which has, for over a hundred years, been the vogue. Since long before Waterloo, "chest out, stomachs in" has been the order on the British drill grounds. America followed suit; every major domo in the athletic clubs, every teacher of calisthenics and dramatic art has promulgated the same idea. Well-trained ladies and gentlemen, smiling in spite of all, have walked the streets and boulevards at the angle of the leaning tower of Pisa, tortured, but determined to be correct. An old officer, discussing the system of drill so long prevalent, said:

"The puffed-out chest is a delusion which has succumbed to scientific knowledge of the human body. It came into existence purely



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GEORGE W. GOETHALS

The New Chief Engineer of the Panama Canal
Succeeding John F. Stevens

for show reasons or from false analogy. It was seen that men deep in the chest were strong men, and the old drill sergeants probably imagined that by making men throw out their chests they would make them strong as well as make them look strong, which is a complete mistake. Instead of strengthening a man, puffing out his chest tends to weaken him, as it throws a strain upon the heart. We now tell men to be sure and not puff out their chests. If you puff out your chest and do dumb-bell exercise you are to hold the breath. That strains the heart. Any exercise that prevents breathing freely is bad. Knotted muscles are also wrong. You see a man with immense chest muscles and perhaps you think he is really an ideally trained man, but such muscles simply bind the chest and tie the heart down."

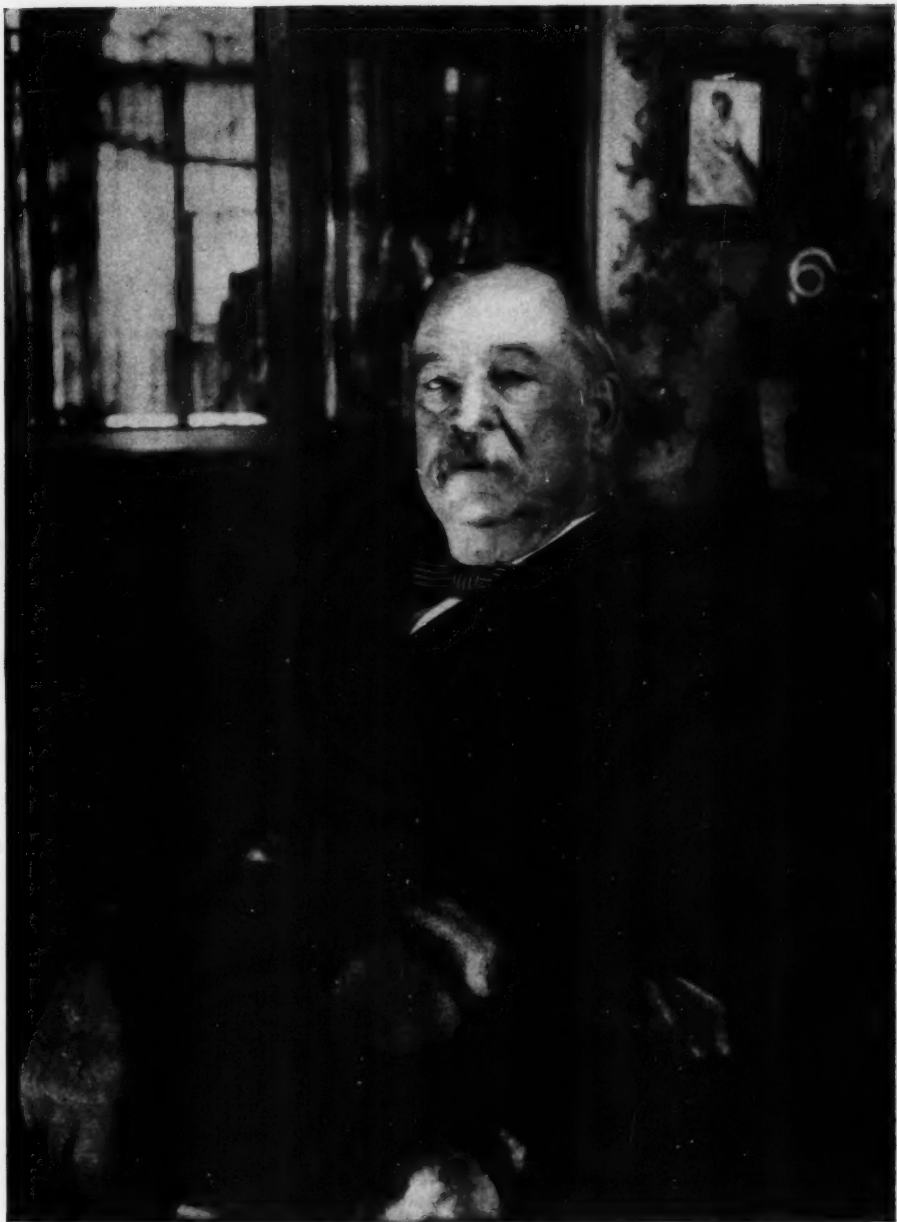
What really irritates one is the dogmatism with which trainers have declared the physiological necessity of this now obsolete training! The mild suggestion, coming from some doubting pupil, that an attitude subjecting the body to so much strain, and one so difficult to preserve, could hardly be natural, was always met with impatient scoffing. But the hour of retaliation for the victims of autocratic gymnastic training has come. The gentle Swedish system, with its flowing gestures, its absence of dumb-bell torture, its happy amenability to human requirements and physical limitations, is to come in. These Swedes are wise in anatomy, and a happier day dawns for the amateur athlete when this reasonable system becomes the fashion on the drill ground and in the gymnasiums.

EX-PRESIDENT Cleveland is in favor of a national holiday on which to honor "the simple virtues and pleasures which gave strength to the character of our American ancestry." A number of educators and men of public spirit indorse his suggestion, and President Finley, of the College of the City of New York, proposes that the day thus set aside shall be Grover Cleveland's birthday, the 18th of March. Mr. Cleveland says, in explanation of his idea, that he looks with apprehension upon the wealth and the mad rush of American life, which he believes are certain to impair the mental and physical vigor which are necessary to the success and happiness of every human being. "The wholesome sentiments," said Mr. Cleveland,

"which spring from country life are being overwhelmed by the ambitions and tendencies that flow out from our great cities. I believe we must set ourselves against the fallacy that city life is easier and most productive of happiness. We are proud of our cities, of course. But we must not allow them to wholly shape our ideals and ambitions. Nothing that the wealth of the city can buy will atone for the loss of that American sturdiness and independence which the farm and small town so frequently have produced. To-day even our farmers are not contented with their farms. There was a time when farms descended from father to son, often remaining in the family for more than a hundred years, but now it rarely happens. In many instances boys have left the farms and become wage-workers in store and factory.

"Strong love of outdoor recreation unfortunately is not possessed by every one, yet nature has made it a law that every one is in need, mentally and physically, of relaxation in the open air. And in these times of dollar-chasing, many of the most vital necessities of normal human life are being neglected. Is it not true that the higher agencies which have been especially effective in the refinement of human nature have derived their life and influence from rural surroundings? It is unquestionably true that nearness to nature has an elevating effect upon the heart and character. Nature is the school of all the hardier virtues. As I have said before, real worth and genuineness of human heart are measured best by the readiness to submit to the influences of nature and to appreciate the goodness of the supreme power who is its creator. This is the central point of my philosophy of life."

There is truth in what Mr. Cleveland says, but it is not the whole truth. The country has, indeed, many noble characters, but to say that country folk exceed city folk in disinterested benevolence, good citizenship, charitable impulse and idealism is to claim more than can well be substantiated. The large outlook that comes from city life is the source of much magnificent living. The vegetable world is not the whole of "nature." Nature includes man, and, whatever pessimists may say to the contrary, the study of man, the close association with him, the zest and magnitude of city life, have often an elevating effect upon the character. If the



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EX-PRESIDENT GROVER CLEVELAND ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

Three score and ten on March 18, 1907

city has known wicked men, the country also has known some amazingly mean ones; if the town has its desperadoes, the solitary places have had as bad or worse. The wage-earner in the store may feel as free as the farmer, and be as free, too. It all depends upon specific conditions, and upon the temperament of the person in question.

A holiday for the celebration of old-time virtues is well enough. They were good virtues; but not a whit better than some new-time virtues. And there are some "complicated" lives worth a dozen "simple" ones. The truth is, there are innumerable forms of goodness in this world—and goodness is a curious plant that comes up between the cracks of pavements as well as in green fields. There are a good many different ways of looking at the town, and innumerable paths that may be walked in—and many of these paths carry those who walk them to great places of peace and beauty. As for usefulness—if one can not be useful in a city, then where can he be of use?

THE decision of the Aero Club to make St. Louis its headquarters because of its central location and the absence of large bodies of water within a radius of several hundred miles calls attention to the progress of aerial navigation and the complete change of the public attitude concerning it.

The mere fact that there are enough aeronauts to form a club, that scientists have seriously turned their attention to the various problems of air-flight by man, that a large body of literature has grown up around aeronautics, are sufficient to show that the science, if it may be so called, has progressed beyond the point of vague conjecture or of cheap ridicule, and that the experiments of to-day are really the pioneers of a great and important addition to human achievement and power. Among the names of these pioneers are Alexander Graham Bell, the late Samuel P. Langley, the brothers Wright, Chanute, Hargraves, Santos-Dumont, Lieutenant Lahm, Major Hersey, Count von Zeppelin, Lilienthal, some of whom have experimented with balloons, others with kites, and others still with various forms of airships. They have apparently, for the present, abandoned the problem of dirigibility for that of speed, and that, perhaps, is the natural order of things. That both will be solved within the

present century there seems no reason to doubt. And, as in certain other sciences, the unfolding of the secret may come suddenly, and the present generation may be able to anchor its airships in the front yard. Already some obstacles hitherto thought insurmountable have been overcome, and those which remain will undoubtedly succumb to the persistency of the enthusiasts.

The Germans and French, especially the latter, were ahead of us in devices for airships, and in the serious acceptance of aeronauts as scientists, but having once awakened to the importance and fascination of air-flight, we have thrown ourselves into it with an intensity and expectation that it is to be hoped will bear brilliant results.

THE burning of Upton Sinclair's Helicon Hall at Englewood, New Jersey, with the loss of one life and of one hundred thousand dollars' worth of property owned by the community, is a terrific blow to that group of idealists. Grace MacGowan Cooke and others suffered severe injuries; all were subjected to a shock from which they will not easily recover; and added to all this, a number of manuscripts were lost. The case of Mr. Michael Williams appears to be particularly appalling. The earthquake in San Francisco deprived him of most of his worldly possessions; he fled to Jamaica for a winter's recuperation, and was overtaken by the Kingston earthquake; then joined the Sinclair colony, taking with him what was left of his possessions. His losses included the manuscript of a novel on which he had been working for eight or nine years. Mr. Sinclair also lost the manuscript of a novel. Such trials might well dismay this group of colonists, but it appears that they are not prepared to resign themselves to the usual mode of living after having experienced the conveniences and pleasures of co-operative life. Their home will therefore be rebuilt, whether upon the same site or not has not yet been decided. They will resume and possibly extend their colony. They are to be congratulated upon their fortitude and their devotion to an ideal. It is to be hoped that the catastrophe will be found to be the result of an accident, and not, as was at first surmised, the outcome of vicious prejudice. These practical experiments in communal life are exceedingly interesting to idealists,



EUGENE E. SCHMITZ IN 1905

Schmitz at that time was head of the Musicians' Union, and great things were expected of him by the Labor element which elected him Mayor of San Francisco. His present term expires in January, 1908.



EUGENE E. SCHMITZ IN 1907

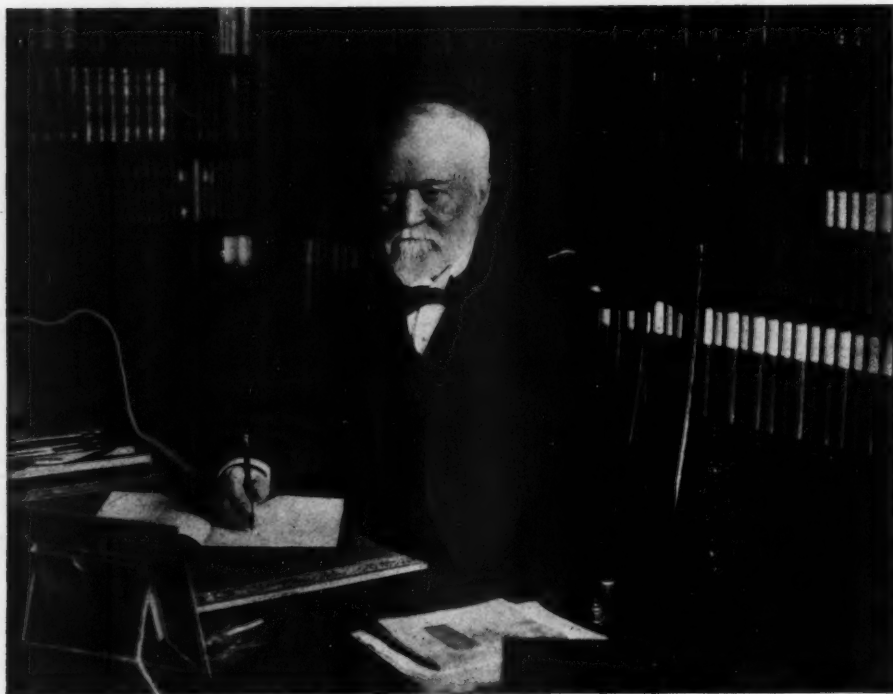
For two years Mayor Schmitz has been in constant contact with Abraham Ruef, "boss" of San Francisco, just indicted on sixty-five counts for wholesale grafting and collusion with the city's underworld.

THE SILENT QUESTION OF THE CAMERA: DOES THE SOUL MOLD THE FEATURES?

who, exhausted with the perpetual friction of life, long to see these pioneers lead the way to some reasonable co-operative method. If they succeed, it is likely that many will follow. Folk are very tired of using up the energies of life in the mere toil of living. If some arrangement can be made whereby organized effort can save something in the way of time, strength and money for all, the world—or at least a very interesting portion of the world—wishes to know of it.

PEOPLE opposed to institutional reforms are prone to say that it is the character of the people, not the form of government, which, in a republic, determines the good or bad of our laws. Those who so think forget that popular government is a principle, and the laws the machine for applying it. A good machine will give better results than a poor one. Our government is based on the voice of the people expressed by votes. In matters

such as constitutional amendments, liquor laws, grants of franchises, and the like, the votes are for or against laws; but as a general rule they are for or against lawmakers only. The most interesting and important tendency to-day is that toward reforms in the direction of permitting the people to vote directly for laws, as well as for lawmakers. The new constitution of Oklahoma puts absolute control of legislation in the hands of the voters, whenever they seek to assume it. South Dakota has had the same system for some years. Direct legislation has been adopted by Oregon and Nevada, and the principle has been carried by popular vote in Delaware, Nevada and Montana. The legislature of Ohio has passed an act to submit a direct-legislation amendment to the people. This rising tide of opinion in favor of direct legislation through the initiative and referendum proves that the people generally are not of the opinion that the mechanics of leg-



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ANDREW CARNEGIE IN HIS STUDY, AT HIS HOME IN FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Mr. Carnegie upholds the president in his statement that the recent financial squeeze was due to Wall Street's self-induced agitation, and not to any action of the federal authorities

islation are unimportant. Representative government has been found weak. It has failed to protect the people against corporate aggression. It wastes the energy of the popular will, and delivers at the meter of legislation only a fraction of the virtue of the people. So it is proposed that a duplicate powerplant be installed—a well-tested engineering expedient. Direct legislation is not to supplant representative government, but to supplement it. When the legislative plant proves inadequate to deliver the full stream of public opinion in the form of laws, the initiative will couple on the whole body of voters. When the stream delivered at the state capitol becomes corrupted by private interests, the referendum cuts off the legislative reservoir, and pumps from the ocean of the people themselves. Oregon has had the most ample experience in this sort of legislation. She has submitted fourteen measures to the people.

The vote on laws averages about seventy-five per cent. of that on lawmakers. This proves that the people study the laws and vote on them. On the anti-pass bill and other analogous laws the vote has been ten to one against the corporation side of the case. Legislatures have hard work to pass such laws. This shows that the mechanics of legislation are important. Referendum for woman suffrage, for state ownership of a toll road, and to veto an act of the legislature was voted down. This shows that the people are truly conservative. An act to give cities and towns full powers over their own charters seems to show that the people think carefully and broadly. It may turn out that real democracy in America will be pronounced by the historian to have come in with the first quarter of the twentieth century, in the application of the will of the people to their laws by direct legislation.

THE dramatic year that has just come to a close has revealed one astonishing and delightful fact—that we still love pure fantasy, innocent romance and artistic caprice. In other words, "Peter Pan" has been the success of the season. During the last decade it has been almost impossible to find anything on the stage to which one could, with really good grace, take the children. The extravaganzas, however enchanting to the eye, lacked in sequence, were full of gross absurdities, and, worst of all, were degraded by a hideous sophistication. Though the child might be pleased with the scenic portion of the drama, only the man of the world, in the narrowest and most offensive use of that term, could be pleased with some of the sentiments. The old nursery tales might furnish the base for these extravaganzas, but it was the atmosphere of the theatrical agent that hung over the tale and ruined it. The ruin was not only moral, but artistic in its character. At length, however, comes "Peter Pan"—a breath from dim and dear chambers of old delights. Here real pirates romp, terrible as one always had hoped they might be; here the fairies frolic, their habits being precisely what one would desire; here the spirit of joy and irresponsible delight in the whimsical *Peter* seem to comfort the heart, and *Wendy's* wistfulness is as the symbol of all girlishness. Hundreds of thousands have been to see that play during the past winter—a play sustained in its vagrant perfection by the exquisite charm of Miss Maud Adams.

When Barrie wrote "Peter Pan" he succeeded not only in appealing to the children, but to the essential and enduring childishness that lives in the heart of every man and woman who has a memory, an imagination, or a faculty for dreams. Here things happen in understandable sequence, yet most inconsequently; here events are as beautiful and as amusing as they ought to be. The fantasy actually seems personal, as if it had been extracted from one's half-waking thoughts in some incautious dawn, and recorded—not by Mr. Barrie himself—but by the quaint little putative author of the play, who appears now and then upon the boards to see that all is going as it should. There are only a few regrets connected with the performance, and they are all of the same character—regrets that Robert Louis Stevenson could never see it, or Eugene Field, or a choice company of

others, not so well known, but equally select from a *Peter Pan* point of view; but then, on the other hand, there are certain living grown-up children who can, and perhaps have—Kate Douglas Wiggin and Roy Rolfe Gilson, and Marion Hill, and James Whitcomb Riley, and others who keep the child's heart hidden, not too deeply, beneath the adult's coat.

Everybody knows that a dinner is incomplete without dessert. Even if you have not an appetite for sweets, you like to have them served, as a matter of propriety, and there is a certain dish of literary dessert which comes so delightfully after a feast of "Peter Pan" that it must be suggested. This is Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured," the same to be found in his volume of "Memories and Portraits," and referring to the little toy theaters, with slides and pasteboard characters, accompanied, of course, by the book of the plays, once published by Skelt, but now found only



MAUDE ADAMS AS "PETER PAN"

in some collectors' drawers, it is to be feared. "I have," wrote Stevenson in a riot of happy memories, "at different times possessed 'Aladdin,' 'The Red Rover,' 'The Blind Boy,' 'The

Old Oak Chest,' 'The Wood Demon,' 'Jack Sheppard,' 'The Miller and His Men,' 'Der Freischütz,' 'The Smuggler,' 'The Forest of Bondy,' 'Robin Hood,' 'The Waterman,' 'Richard I,' 'My Poll and My Partner Joe,' 'The Inchcape Bell' (imperfect), and 'Three-Fingered Jack, the Terror of Jamaica'; and I have assisted others in the illumination of 'The Maid of the Inn' and 'The Battle of Waterloo.' In this roll-call of stirring names you read the evidences of a happy childhood; and though not half of them are still to be procured of any living stationer, in the mind of their once happy owner all survive, kaleidoscopes of changing pictures, echoes of the past." And never after, he affirms, was he able to find, in the theater, as he saw it in loftier buildings, the utter romance to be found in Skelt's pasteboard juveniles. Even scenery, as Stevenson discovered it in nature, seemed hardly to come up to Skelt's. If a hill was perfect, it lacked a castle; if a hut stood happily at the edge of the wood, it lacked the brawling stream, whereas Skelt's had lacked nothing.

But had he seen "Peter Pan" the chances



MR. H. B. IRVING HOME AGAIN IN ENGLAND

The son of Sir Henry Irving is amusing his little daughter with tales of his recently completed dramatic tour through the States.

are that satisfaction would have come to him. The pirate with his hook in the place of a lopped hand would have tickled his soul as did his own *Captain Silver* with his terrible artificial leg; the crocodile that swallowed the clock would have been the most perfect of beasts, considering the need there was of him; *Tinker* would have been the most provocative of fairies, and for sheer joy of dreams and zest of youth he would have crowed aloud with *Peter Pan*—*Peter*, light as thistledown and nonchalant as a mid-summer zephyr.

NAPOLÉON at Elba! It is a theme of curious interest, but one that has been neglected by historians. Now, however, there appears a volume of proportions from the pen of Paul Gruyer, reproducing from letters and documents, the vivid, bewildering comedy that the ex-Emperor of the French played for almost ten months as King of Elba. He was, it will be remembered, after his deposition, offered his native island of Corsica—a fitting place, as it was thought, for him to spend his waning powers; but he chose a little, beautiful, meaningless island, half a day's journey from Rome, and ratifying with his signature the agreement of the Allied Powers, was made and recognized as King of Elba. Here, surrounded by a grotesque and pathetic court, he amused himself and waited—watching with half-closed eyes, like a sullen eagle. But he was careful not to wear an aspect of sullenness. The very walls of one of his numerous residences proclaimed that Napoleon could find his happiness anywhere. He had a dream that he might be joined by his queen and by his son; but his hopes were unfulfilled, and he teased the time with endless activities. He established a little theater, gave balls, explored the island, acquainted himself with its activities, played quoits, ate tunny fish on the beach with the common fishermen, neighbored with the islanders, and set the Old Guard to planting trees and tending pigs. He learned to plow, studied botany, played on the human nature of those about him, as a flutist does upon his instrument, and appropriated and colonized an adjacent island. He had hours of reverie which were mistaken for vacuity, and in Europe those who feared him most consoled themselves with the idea that his mind was

failing. He committed himself to infinite trivialities and eccentricities, some of which may have been feigned to convey an idea of declining power, and others of which represented, no doubt, the utter ennui of a mind accustomed to terrific tasks. Then, suddenly, one night, he was off and there followed the Hundred Days, Waterloo, and St. Helena.

But to lazy, exquisite little Elba "he bequeathed a network of roads where it was only possible to travel on donkey back or mule before his time. He developed its resources according to the laws of modern political economy. He taught the peasants to clear the deserted territory, and to sow more corn as a provision against want, and left thousands of olive, orange and mulberry trees from Italy on this once arid soil. He gave instructions to and enforced the laws of hygiene upon a people who wallowed in filth. He drained the fetid swamps, the haunt of mosquitoes and fever, and forbade them to defile the wells. He sought out and cleared the springs, and dug cisterns for years of drought. He revived the commerce of the island, initiated improvements in the ports, and proposed to make Porto Ferraio a free harbor, to serve as a place of call and depot for the Levantine navigation. He made a point of taking half the expense in every detail upon his own shoulders, and often paid for them entirely."

This the dæmonic man did in the hour of defeat and quiescence—enough to have made a lesser man famous! Yet this seldom is thought of or counted in among his achievements. Nothing relating to Napoleon, it often has been said, is without interest. This episodic sovereignty certainly was not. He remains the monstrous hero, after all these years—a titan at which pigmies must needs stare. And this chapter of his life, so filled with the essence of the man's devious, creative, disinterested, yet colossally selfish nature, is singularly fascinating.

WE print on our "Last Page" this month an unusually interesting bit of literary *ana*, which will especially appeal to college men the country over. It is a never-before-published "stein song," from the pen of the late Frank Norris, whose untimely death terminated a life of most brilliant literary accomplishment and promise.



EX-SENATOR JOHN C. SPOONER OF WISCONSIN

Who has just resigned from the Senate in order to resume his law practice

The Phi Gamma Delta college fraternity, whose members are popularly known as the "Fijis" (Phi G's), has the distinction of including many literary lights. It is to this group of "Greeks" that Lew Wallace, Maurice Thompson, Meredith Nicholson, Arthur Colton and Frank Norris have belonged. No member was more enthusiastic than Norris, who instituted what is known as the "pig dinner," a banquet accompanied by ceremonies peculiar to this body, and which the chapters of the fraternity, since Norris's death, call the annual "Norris."

Every Thanksgiving The Poodle Dog café, of San Francisco, was reserved for the Fijis and a dinner was served especially for this party, Norris, having been a member of the University of California chapter, among them. At the dinner held on the occasion of the California-Stanford football game, Thanksgiving of 1901, Norris was unable to be present. But he sent the "Exile's Toast," printed on the following page, which is more intimately characteristic of the force, virility and good fellowship of the man than anything else he ever wrote.

THE EXILÉ'S TOAST

(A hitherto unpublished poem)

By FRANK NORRIS

Author of "The Pit," "The Octopus," "Blix," "McTeague," etc.

"*Gesundheit!* Ach mein lieber vrien^dts, dot
note she gome to-day,
You're dinin' bei Der Poodle in der same ol'
jolly vay;
Vile me, Ach Gott, der liebe Gott, I've
sit me down undt vept
Dat your kind invitationing I can not yet
agept.
Der Poodle! Doan'd I know der blace?
Say, blind mein eyes oop tighdt
Undt standt me bei der Plaza on, I findt
der Haus all righdt.
Der glass-vare I've ge-broken dere, der
sboons I hef ge-stole!
Der vhiskey Chimmie White hef drunk from
aus der sugar-bowl!
Ach, dose vere days, der Gibbs he knows,
undt Mairsch he knows ut, too,
Undt Hethauern dot ree-member yoost a
leedle ting or two,
Undt dot poy Earnie Hoentersohn, he's lee-
dle, put, oh my!
He nef'r sets his schooner down until he's
drunk her dry.
Undt utzt Wallie Every-bit, who alleways
knows ut alle;
Undt Gibbons—"loaf-of-vomen"; he leads
shermans at Lunt's Halle.
Undt, den, Ach hoch das Vaterland; dere iss
der soldier man,*
Der terror oof der Sbaniards in der charge
of San Joan,
Der awful Captain Sailfridge, he's a howlin'
martinet
(When speakin' to him, touch der cap, he
loafs dose etiquette).
Undt Booksie Balmer he gomes, too, dot
quiet leedle poy—
Dey galls him when he's vairy goot, der sew-
ing circle's joy.
Undt Hoomphries, he's der sly one, undt he
knows der historie
Von efrei Fiji chapter in der land from sea
to sea.
Undt Pilly Shmidt undt Emory, dey does
deir leedle stunts

Fallutin' mit der "Younger Set" each Satur-
day at Lunt's.
Hi alle you Grads, you lucky Grads, who dis
T'anksgiving Day
Can shtop at home, joost tink of us, der Ex-
iles far away.
Dere's Chunky in Geneva, undt dere's Cor-
bett in Paree,
Undt D-doodle's gone to Noo Orleans, undt
in Noo York dere's me;
Undt Hooston's in St. Louis, undt dere's
Rethers—Gott knows vair.
Ve sits undt vait undt vatches undt ve groan
undt tear der hair;
Ve reckons oudt der difference in der time
undt efrei one,
Ve says oudt loud, "Dey hef kicked off, der
game hef joost begun,"
Undt ve ain'dt dere to see ut played, undt ve
ain'dt dere to yell,
Undt ve ain'dt dere to see der team joost
knock 'em into Hell.
Vail, when you all sits down again to eat dot
Poodle lunch
You alle just try to vancy dat ve're mit you
in der bunch.
Here's to der team: Bei Gott—stand oop—
dis ain'dt no usual drink;
Stand oop. Hands round between us alle,
it is der gommom link.
Stand oop. It is der Exile's Toast, ve're mit
you alle to-day;
Ve're back vonce more in der ol' blace, undt
back again to stay.
Stand oop, stand oop; from East and Vest
ve've gome to be mit you.
Ve're dinin' at der Poodle joost as vonce ve
used to do.
Dis day ve show our colors undt let alle der
eagles scream,
For
Ve're dinin' at Der Poodle undt ve're drink-
in' to der team."

Very fraternally,

FRANK NORRIS.

*These lines to be accompanied by the discharge of musketry.



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Some to save
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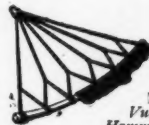
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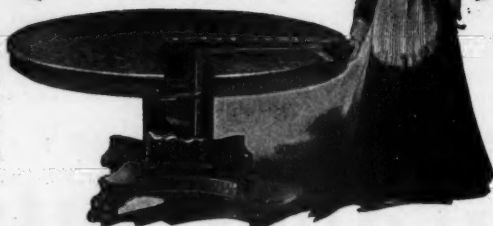
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Pompeian Mfg. Co., 22 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio
Gentlemen:—
Please send, without cost to me, one copy of your book on facial massage and a liberal sample of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Lord & Taylor

Wholesale Distributors



The trade mark which confronts you is worthy of careful study; it is the trade mark stamped on every pair of

"ONYX" Hose

It gives the prospective purchaser a special mark to distinguish the genuine from the spurious. It is a guarantee of quality; we sincerely and heartily invite you to test the "ONYX" Brand; its merits will quickly impress you, and forever settle all doubts on the Hosiery question.

The "ONYX" Brand of Hosiery is reliable, dependable, serviceable and satisfactory. You have only to ask for it and see that you get what you ask for.

We present a few "ONYX" numbers of merit, although everything worthy of being classed as desirable Hosiery for Men, Women and Children will be found bearing the "ONYX" stamp.

"ONYX" Hose sold everywhere; ask your dealer, or write for descriptive catalogue.

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310-13. Black gauze, four thread lisle, superior quality, wear resisting, 50c a pair.

409K. Black silk lisle, gauze weight, soft, glossy, flexible, durable; double sole, spliced heel, 50c a pair.

*Look Like Silk—Feel Like Silk—
Wear Better Than Silk.*

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E310. Black and colored lisle, six thread heel and toe, four threads all over; known to all men "as the best I ever wore." The only lisle Hose that will not burn nor is harsh to the feet. 50c a pair.

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We will mail postpaid on receipt of price a pair of either style.

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HATS



For sale at leading
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The Only Refrigerator
that is FREE of
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Disease Germs.

The Monroe Refrigerator has food compartments of solid, snow-white, unbreakable *Porcelain Ware*, moulded in *one* piece, with rounded corners. No darkness, no dampness, no corners, cracks or crevices. The *only* refrigerator so made. *All others* have food compartments with the inaccessible corners and crevices which get clogged up with decaying food and breed the germs which *cause decay and disease*.

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Patentees and Sole Manufacturers of Solid Porcelain Refrigerators

60 Days Free Trial

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WE PAY THE FREIGHT.

THE Monroe Refrigerator is ready to *prove* its superiority to your satisfaction, right in your own home—free of any expense or obligation on your part. Just write us. We will send you the Monroe Catalogue. Pick out the style you want to try. We will send you the Refrigerator you select, all prepaid. Test it in your home for 60 days. If it is not all we claim, if it isn't satisfactory to you, just notify us and return it at our expense. The test won't cost you a cent.

We make this 60-Day Free Trial Offer because we want you to *convince yourself* of the superiority of the Monroe Refrigerator through *actual use*—not because of any statements that we make.

No other refrigerator manufacturer *dares* to make an offer like this. We do it because we *know* the Monroe will *stand the test*. If it *couldn't* stand the test we couldn't afford to send it on a 60-Day Free Trial, because every one would come back to us.

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vitalizes the nerves, makes rich, red blood, rebuilds wasted tissues, restores the tired brain. It builds up the convalescent, refreshes the overworked, and is a boon to nursing mothers.

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I recently prescribed The "Best" Tonic for a young lady who was very anaemic and run down, with the most gratifying results. I can, therefore, and do recommend it where the circumstances permit me to do so.
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Has automatic shutter with three variations of speed and the finest single lens obtainable.

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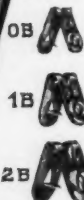
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NONE SO EASY



Some men go along with an old device longer than do others and when finally change wonder why they waited.

☞ The average suspenders are fairly satisfactory, but there being a better kind, you want them—just as you'd rather phone than write.

☞ Presidents are the easiest & most comfortable suspenders. The cords pass through little nickel tubes smoothly & quickly, relieving all strain. There's no dragging, no pulling.

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Light, Medium & Heavy weights. Extra long for big men. Special size for youths & boys

☞ If you cant get Presidents of the weight to suit in your city buy of us by mail. After 3 days' wear if you dont like Presidents send them back; we will return your money. That's a fair proposition. Try your home stores first.

Our printed guarantee, offering to make good anything that goes wrong, is on every pair of Presidents

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Fill Your Pockets With Good Shells

Don't forget that the effectiveness of your shooting and the size of your bag can be helped or hindered by the powder that is in your shells. If birds are plentiful, you can always fill your gamesack if your shells are loaded with either

**“NEW SCHULTZE” or
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—two PERFECT BULK SMOKELESS SHOTGUN POWDERS made in America by American experts.

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TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1908

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1st. Because the expert tailor in small shops is only in demand seven or eight months in the year and, like a baseball player, he must be paid practically for the whole year in the months he works.

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3rd. He cannot have those very necessary helps to manual labor—mechanical devices that promote speed and promptness.



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When you order your clothes from our representative they are made in shops where tailors have work all the year around, located in the great central market and equipped with labor saving devices.

All of this means more quality and painstaking for your money than you can obtain from the individual tailor who still works under primitive conditions.

Call on our representative, and ask him to show you what we can do for you at prices from \$25 to \$35.

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A Really Wonderful Refrigerator

A refrigerator made of milk-white glass—inside and out. Not ordinary glass, but Eureka Opal Glass—thick and durable. The only perfect material for a refrigerator because it is naturally cold, because it is absolutely non-absorbent, therefore impervious to odor, grease or moisture. The metal parts of the Eureka Opal Refrigerator have a beautiful silver polish and will neither tarnish nor rust.

The doors swing smoothly, never stick or warp, and are always perfectly tight. The inside of the refrigerator being

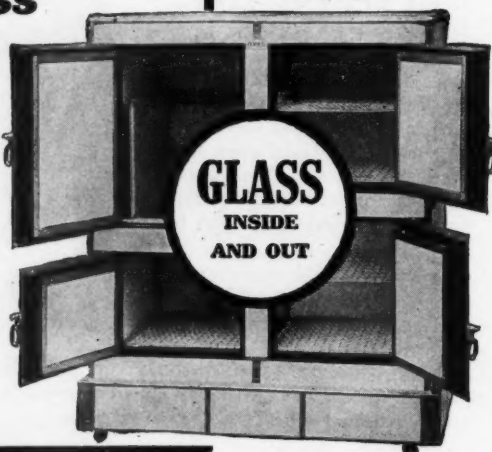
Made of
EUREKA
Opal Glass

has no cracks or crevices to collect anything and is as easily cleaned as a glass dish.

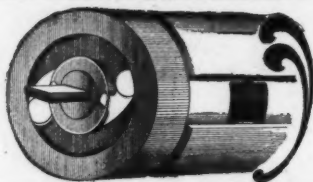
The system of insulation and circulation is really marvelous in economizing ice, preserving food, and preventing the admixture of various food odors. In beauty, durability and service, there is no other refrigerator that even approaches the Eureka.

The book on household refrigeration will interest you. Where shall we send it?

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Bear the script name of Stewart
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Get "Improved," no tacks required.

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THE WOLVERINE AUTO-BOAT

One Year Ahead of All Power Boats—21 feet long, built with improved Sponson Air Tanks, making it non-capsizable, non-sinkable. No seams to open and leak. Price, with two-cylinder engine, \$260; with four-cylinder, \$440. Write quick for catalog.
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Shaw Knit Socks for men are dyed with fast, pure and harmless vegetable dyes and guaranteed not to run, crock or fade. For comfort and durability they have no equal because they are *shaped in the knitting* and are not stretched over forms.

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Made from combed selected cotton.

- Style 1959 — Famous Snowblack, will not crock or fade.
 " 358 — Rich Navy Blue
 " 5P1 — Pure White Inside, Black and White Clerical Mixture Outside.
 " 5P14 — Black and Cardinal Mixture Outside, Cardinal Inside.
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 " D9 — Navy Blue with Fine Bleached White Hair Line Stripes.

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2. At a low maintenance cost.
3. That is simple in construction,
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6. That is built on honor,
7. By people who know how.
8. That is fast enough for racing,
9. And slow enough for pleasure,

Then you need a Model "H"

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Price, \$2,500

It has 25-30 road horsepower; 102-inch wheelbase; 32x4-inch tires; weighs 2,250 pounds; positive automatic oiling system; three speed selective transmission; deadstop brakes; compensating carbureter; speed from three to forty miles an hour.

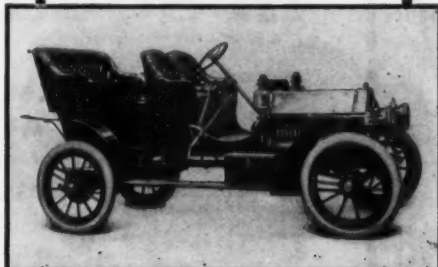
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Springfield, Massachusetts

Model G The Touring Car Without a Rival \$2,000



The high principles of honest workmanship and the advanced ideas of design that have made Cadillac construction famous, find full expression in Model G, a thoroughly dependable, powerful, four-cylinder car which brings to its owner every touring luxury enjoyed by those possessing the most expensive types.

Examine it; observe its long, rangy lines, the racy atmosphere about it, reflecting lots of spirit and "go"; ride in it and note the feeling of security prompted by a wealth of hidden energy beneath you—then you will appreciate why

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MODEL G

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Send for Catalog of car in which you are interested.

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Why not go to South Dakota this Spring and investigate the openings for yourself?

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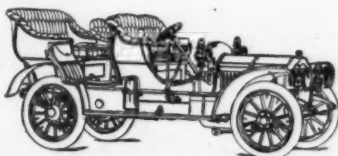
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60 H. P. Thomas Flyer, \$4,000 f. o. b. Factory
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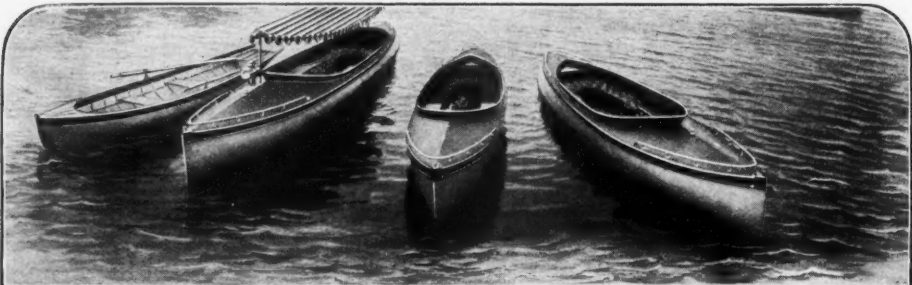
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1204 Niagara Street

Buffalo, New York

Member of Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

THE READER ADVERTISEMENTS



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They are built of smooth, pressed steel plates, with air chambers in each end like a life boat. The smooth, steel hull has handsome lines, and glides through the water with the least possible resistance—they are faster, more durable, and safer—they don't crack, leak, dry out or sink—are elegant in design and finish.

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It costs no more to get a typewriter that will do all your work than one that is a mere letter writer.

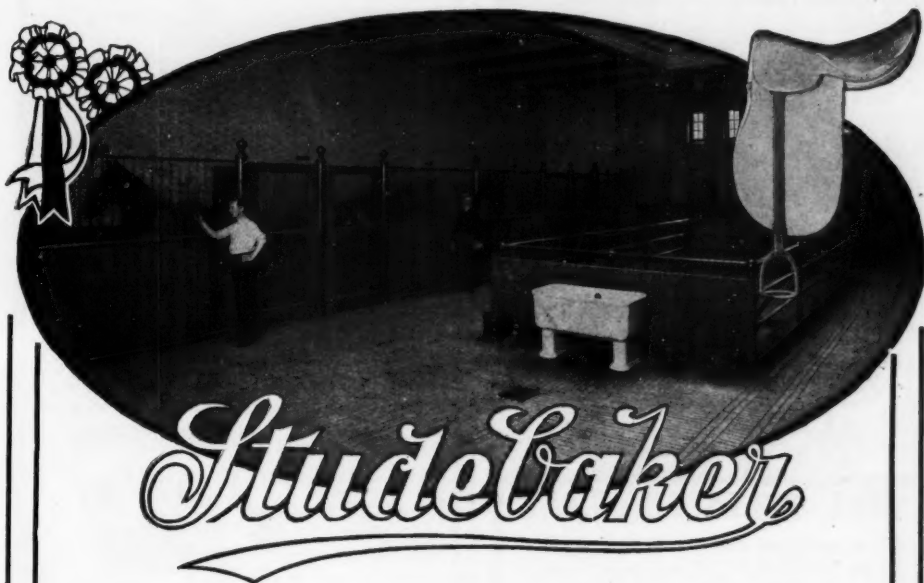
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Smith Premier Typewriter**

offers purple copying ink for letters, nonfading black ink for documents and red ink for billing and for emphasis.

The price is the same as that of all Smith Premier Models.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.
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DALLAS, TEXAS.—Studebaker Bros. Mfg. Co., 317 and 319 Elm St.



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THE READER ADVERTISEMENTS



TIME TELLS THE TALE

IT is significant that the strongest praise of the **WAYNE** comes from those who have used their cars the longest, who have driven the farthest, and who have subjected them to the hardest tests. The reason for this is patent—economy of operation and slight outlay for upkeep, absence of trouble, elimination of noise and vibration, perfect control (4 to 50 miles an hour on high speed by throttle alone), extreme flexibility, are a few of the strong points that arouse enthusiasm. Further particulars sent upon request.

Model N, 30-35 H. P. Touring Car,.....\$2,500
 Model N, 30-35 H. P. Roadster,.....\$2,500
 Model R, 30 H. P. Pullman Tourist,.....\$3,500
 Model K, 35 H. P. Touring Car,.....\$2,500

Wayne Automobile Co.

DETROIT, MICH.

AGENTS:

NEW YORK.....A. L. Kull Auto Co.
 BOSTON.....Linscott Motor Co.
 WASHINGTON.....Commercial Auto & Supply Co.
 PHILADELPHIA.....Rittenhouse Garage
 CHICAGO.....Walden W. Shaw Co.
 ST. LOUIS.....Lakedel Auto Co.
 PITTSBURG.....Liberty Auto Co.
 INDIANAPOLIS.....Capital Auto Co.
 KANSAS CITY.....Bonney Motor Car Co.
 DETROIT.....Wm. F.V. Neuman & Co.
 NEW ORLEANS.....John S. Watters, 233 Barrone St.
 SAN FRANCISCO.....Motor Car Agencies Co.
 LOS ANGELES.....E. Jr. Bennett
 NEW HAVEN.....University Auto Co.
 MILWAUKEE.....Soliday Motor Car Co.
 MINNEAPOLIS.....Evans Motor Car Co.
 HAMILTON O.....West Side Motor Co.
 MONTREAL.....International Auto Co.
 SEATTLE.....M. Francis Kane, 507 Mutual Life Bldg.
 TROY, N. Y.....Troy Carriage Works
 JOHNSTOWN, PA.....Johnstown Auto Co.
 DENVER.....Western Auto Co.



No. 766. Spindle Seat Bike Gear Driving Wagon with 1½ in. Guaranteed Cushion Tires and Leather Seat Fenders. Price complete, \$63.50.

34 Years Selling Direct

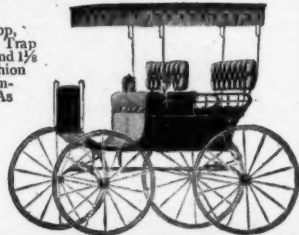
Our vehicles and harness have been sold direct from our factory to user for a third of a century. We ship for examination and approval and guarantee safe delivery. You are out nothing if not satisfied as to style, quality and price.

We Are The Largest Manufacturers In The World selling to the consumer exclusively. We make 200 styles of Vehicles, 65 styles of Harness. Send for large, free catalogue.

ELKHART CARRIAGE & HARNESS MFG. CO. Elkhart, Ind.

No. 335

Light Canopy Top, Four Passenger Trap with Bike Gear and 1½ Guaranteed Cushion Tires. Price complete, \$98.00. As good as sells for \$25.00 more.



Write To-day

Catalog Free with full information.

"A Hill Climber Built in the Hills"



Model "G" Glide

Motsinger Auto-Sparker

Starts and Runs

Gas Engines without Batteries
 No other machine can do it successfully for lack of original patents owned by us. No twist motion in our drive. No belt or switch necessary. No batteries whatever, for make and break or jump-spark. Water and dust proof. Fully guaranteed.

MOTSINGER DEVICE MFG. CO.
 13 Main Street Pendleton, Ind., U. S. A.

FOR 1907

The Chauffeur's choice, the Owner's pride, the Dealer's opportunity. The car for hills, sand roads and speed.

SPECIFICATIONS:—36 H.P. Rutenber motor—120-in. wheel base—34x4 tires—selective type sliding gear transmission—powerful brakes—high road clearance. Catalogue FREE.

Address **THE BARTHOLOMEW CO. 315 Glide St. PEORIA, ILL.**

Pony Rigs for Boys and Girls



Nothing else could give your children so much pleasure. Our Tony Pony vehicles, all styles, strong, roomy, safe, combine best material, original designs, expert workmanship, —nobby and durable. **OUR PONY FARM** is the best stocked in the West. Prompt shipments. Illustrated catalogue free.

Michigan Buggy Co.
 261 Office Bldg. Kalamazoo, Mich.



Less than Half price

For all standard makes of Typewriters. Not repaired but Factory rebuilt, guaranteed same as new. Every machine warranted for one year. Write us for prices before you buy. **Rebuilt Typewriter Co. 53 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.**

IN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, PLEASE MENTION "THE READER."

Rambler

A Medium Weight Touring Car

*Handsome Appearance, Stable Construction
and Scientifically Correct Design*

Including more distinctive and practically valuable features than ever before combined in one model.

Motor—4 cylinder vertical, 25-30 horse power.

Clutch—The new *Rambler* balanced cone.

Transmission—A special design of the progressive sliding type from which every unpleasant feature has been eliminated.

Final Drive—Propeller shaft with adjustable roller bearings.

Rear Axle—Floating type with ball and roller bearings.

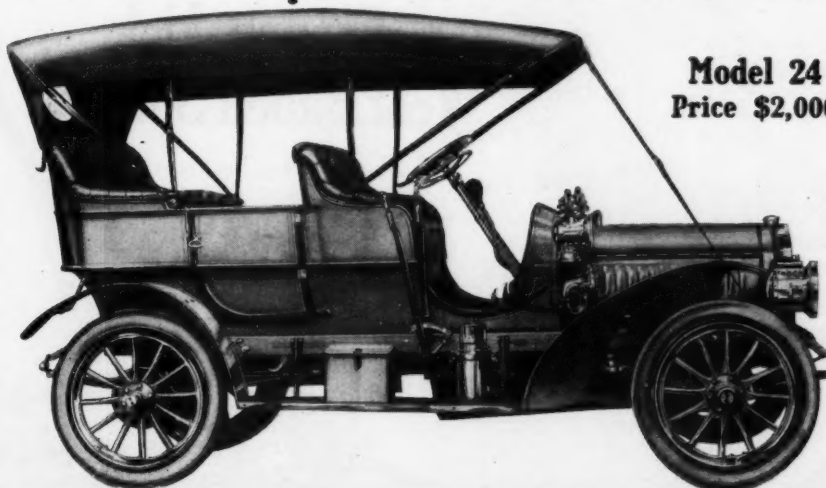
These are but a few of the good points and an examination will convince you that it is the greatest proposition ever offered.

Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wis.

Branches:

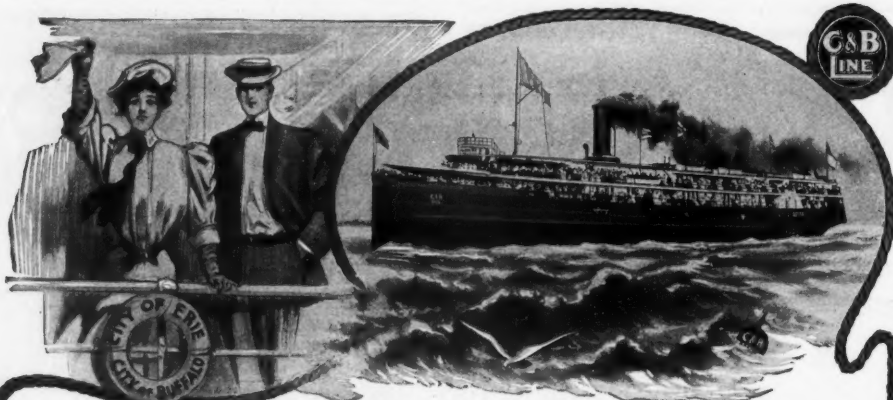
Chicago, Milwaukee, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco.
New York Agency, 38-40 West 62nd Street. Representatives in all leading cities.

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company



Model 24
Price \$2,000

THE READER ADVERTISEMENTS



THE LAKE ROUTE Between CLEVELAND & BUFFALO FARE \$2.50

The C. & B. Line steamers are new, fast and luxurious in their appointments, unsurpassed for comfort and convenience. The service is the finest offered on the interior water of the United States.

Lowest rates and through tickets sold to Toledo, Detroit, Mackinac, Adirondack Mountains, Hudson River, Muskoka Lakes, St. Lawrence or Saguenay Rivers, and all points in the United States or Canada.

All rail tickets reading over the L. S. & M. S. Ry. or N. Y. C. & S. I. L. R. R. will be accepted on this Company's steamers without extra charge

DAILY TIME TABLE

Leave Buffalo (Eastern Standard Time) 9:00 P. M.

Arrive Cleveland (Central Standard Time) 6:30 A. M.

CLEVELAND WHARVES—1290 River Ave., N. W.

Leave Cleveland (Central Standard Time) 8:00 P. M.

Arrive Buffalo (Eastern Standard Time) 7:30 A. M.

BUFFALO WHARVES—Cor. Ohio and Illinois Sts.

Illustrated booklet sent free on receipt of four cents in stamps for postage. Address Department "C"

THE CLEVELAND & BUFFALO TRANSIT COMPANY

W. F. HERMAN, G.P.A., Cleveland, Ohio



Two Weeks of Perfect Rest

The soothing calm of nature in a quiet mood unfolds the tired spirit from the cities at

French Lick West Baden Springs

No famous foreign spa can equal the curative properties of these waters which are unsurpassed in the treatment of Kidney, Liver and Stomach troubles.

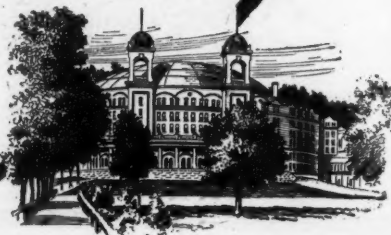
Hotel accommodations are ideal, and

unique in offering the seeker of health perfect rest and quiet as well as ample opportunity for indulging in his favorite recreation. Many indoor and outdoor amusements—the most attractive health resort in America. Beautifully situated in Southern Indiana on the

MONON ROUTE

Write for descriptive booklet, rates, etc.

CHAS. H. ROCKWELL, Traf. Mgr. FRANK J. REED, G.P.A.
Custom House Place, CHICAGO



Did you hear about the ?

Aerocar

The \$2,000 Model "D" Light Touring AEROCAR? The car that astonished and chagrined the drivers of several 50-horsepower cars? The staunch 20-horsepower machine that ploughs straight through any kind of roads?

A wonderful demonstration of endurance and ability was given by running from New York to Boston, 245 miles, on March 12th.

The roads were buried under snow and ice. The drifts in places were up to the tonneau.

Several cars started—three finished—but the AEROCAR was the first and only one to arrive the same day.

The AEROCAR alone carried four persons the entire distance.

The AEROCAR was the lowest powered car to attempt the run over the awful snow-bound roads.

The AEROCAR was driven by an amateur—no mechanic was carried—and no repairs or adjustments were made en route.

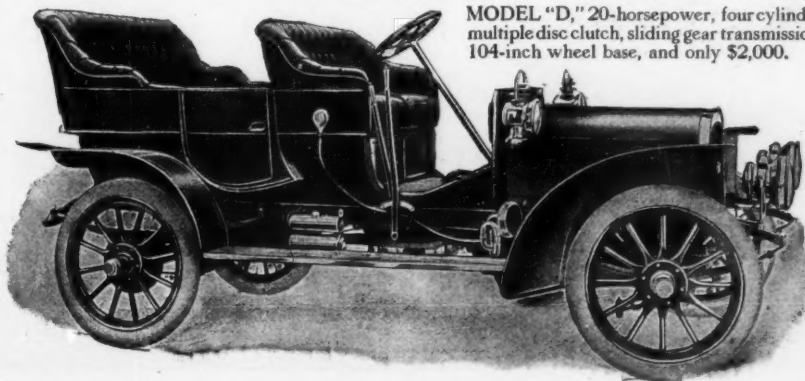
The AEROCAR used was taken the evening before from the stock on the floor of the New York branch.

It is the AEROCAR that you can own, drive and care for yourself. Its simple construction—its few parts—their high quality—its light weight—give it its superior standing. With its powerful motor—reliable and true—its great ability and endurance are unequaled. If you want a handsome, luxurious, comfortable touring car for actual work—get an AEROCAR. They are "built for service." *Ask to be sent our free book D-15 about this car*

THE AEROCAR COMPANY

Detroit, Michigan

Member A. M. C. M. A.



MODEL "D," 20-horsepower, four cylinder, air-cooled multiple disc clutch, sliding gear transmission shaft drive, 104-inch wheel base, and only \$2,000.

The New Ocean House

Swampscott, Mass.
right by the ocean.

Is delightfully and conveniently situated on the famous North Shore near Boston, where New England's most popular and beautiful summer resorts are located.

¶ The New Ocean House enjoys an unrivaled reputation, its patrons returning to it season after season.

¶ Less than thirty minutes by train from Boston, the New Ocean House is an ideal spot of recreation for the tired man of business and his family.

¶ Every care and facility is offered for the comfort, delight, and safety of its four hundred guests.

¶ The New Ocean House has many large and luxuriously appointed rooms arranged en suite with bath and modern improvements.

¶ The beach, opposite Hotel, is smooth and sandy where safe surf bathing may be enjoyed — no undertow.

¶ No day seems long enough while there to fully appreciate the lavish hospitality, the health-giving charm, of the out-door life — tennis, driving, sailing, fishing, well-managed garage, spacious stable, picturesque shaded walks and the broad, smooth roads are acceded to be the finest in America for driving and automobiling.

¶ The appointments of the hotel are perfect — unequalled cuisine, electric lights, elevator, cool, broad verandas, beautiful ballroom, and an orchestra of highest standard. ¶ Until June first write for descriptive Booklet to

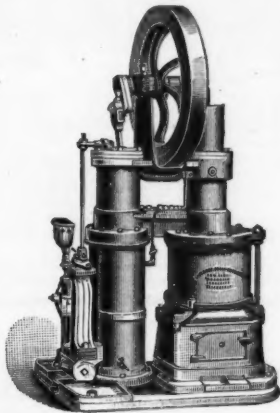
Ainslie Q. Grabow, Proprietors

270 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

¶ After June first, care of New Ocean House, Swampscott, Mass.



THE world-wide popularity of the Rider and Ericsson Pumping Engines for domestic water supply, and their adoption into every clime, have resulted in the appearance on the market of imitation pumps, so named as to deceive the innocent purchaser. Complaints received from many, who have been so imposed upon, impel us to publish this advertisement, and to advise intending buyers that they look carefully at the two cuts here shown.



The "Rider"



The "Ericsson"

They are facsimiles of the genuine. Be sure, also, that the name-plate of the Rider-Ericsson Engine Co. appears upon the pump you purchase. When so situated that you can not personally inspect the pump before ordering, write to our nearest office (see list below) for the name of a reputable dealer in your locality, who will sell you only the genuine pump. Write for Catalogue M. R.

**Rider-Ericsson
Engine Co.**

35 Warren Street	-	-	New York
239 Franklin Street	-	-	Boston
40 Dearborn Street	-	-	Chicago
40 North 7th Street	-	-	Philadelphia
234 Craig Street, West	-	-	Montreal, P. Q.
22 Pitt Street	-	-	Sydney, N. S. W.
Amargura 96	-	-	Havana, Cuba

Atlantic City, N. J. **WORLD'S RENOWNED HEALTH RESORT**



Hotel Rudolf

LARGEST AND
MOST MODERN
HOTEL ON THE
COAST.

DIRECTLY ON
OCEAN FRONT
AND BEACH
PROMENADE.

**Open all the
year**

New York's Aristocratic Location. Favorite All-year Seaside Resort. Capacity, 1000. American and European Plan. Rooms with Bath. Hot and Cold Sea and Fresh Water Baths. Dining Room overlooks the ocean. The finest Salt Water Bathing. Balmy Sea Air. Fishing and Sailing a Popular Pastime.

Send for Booklet and Rates

CHARLES R. MYERS, Owner and Proprietor, Atlantic City, N. J.

There's Something You Want to Know

What is it?

At a cost of but a few cents per day we will keep you posted on any subject—no matter what—that is before the public—anything that is being or is going to be written and printed about. That is our business—

Accomplished through our TOPICAL SUBJECTS PRESS CLIPPING SERVICE and LITERARY BUREAU—the most complete and best organized in the world.

Reading and clipping from over 50,000 publications monthly (including every Daily and nearly every Weekly and Periodical in the U. S.)—

We supply you, every twenty-four hours—or as frequently as desired—with every item printed anywhere (or covering such territory or publications as you may desire) relative to the subjects in which you are interested.

Write for Booklet "B," stating subject you wish covered—we will tell you how we can serve you (sending you sample Clippings) and what it will cost. We furnish original MSS., essays, speeches, debates, etc., if desired.

Other Things You May Want to Know

OUR "PERSONAL ITEM" SERVICE: We supply Clippings from all publications, of everything said about yourself or your business. Ask for Booklet "C" and Sample Clippings.

OUR "TRADES NEWS" SERVICE: We supply daily all news of value in marketing your products, making investments, etc. Ask for Booklet "A" and sample service, stating line.

It's Simply a Question of HOW We Can Serve You—Ask US

International Press Clipping Bureau : 115 Boyce Building : Chicago USA



IRONDEQUOIT PORT WINE

Unequaled in Quality

¶ If you are run down and your physician orders you to get a bottle of wine, you want the best, the purest and the most nutritious.

¶ The Irondequoit Wine Co. is the **Oldest Wine House in America** and their 75 years' experience in wine making has made Irondequoit Wines the best in the market.

¶ They are recommended by physicians for their tonic properties, their palatableness and rejuvenating effect.

¶ Call for "Irondequoit" and you will get a pure, honest wine matured to the ample age of seven years.

For sale by druggists generally, or, if you can not get it, send to us. Illustrated booklet, "Products of the Vine," free on request.

IRONDEQUOIT WINE CO.

203 Main Street, E. ROCHESTER, N. Y.



ELGIN Watch Satisfaction

The entire satisfaction of the millions who are carrying ELGIN WATCHES has given the ELGIN that proud distinction—"Standard of the World."

It makes no difference what grade ELGIN you buy, you have a watch that dollar for dollar has no equal.

The G. M. WHEELER Grade ELGIN, a popular priced, seventeen jeweled, finely adjusted, accurate timekeeper, is

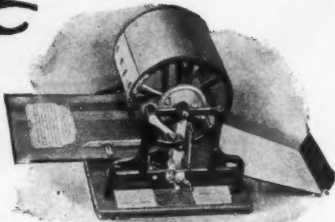
*"The Watch That's Made
for the Majority,"*

and can be had in stylish thin models and sizes so suitable for men's and boys' use.

ELGIN WATCHES of equal grade for ladies, at moderate prices. Ask your jeweler.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.,
Elgin, Ill.

The Rotary Neostyle



The Best Duplicator

The rotary principle insures speed because there is no waste motion.

The rotation of the drum presents the printing surface to the paper—the supply of ink is furnished automatically.

Merely turning the crank and feeding the paper prints exact duplicates of your original as many as you wish.

The stencil is written on the typewriter or by hand like an ordinary letter except on the specially prepared paper.

Your circular letters are printed in your own office and ready to mail in less time than it ordinarily takes to get the job ready to send out to a printer.

We would like to show you how we can save you money. Booklet on request.

Neostyle Co.

30 Reade St., New York
109 Franklin St., Boston
219 Randolph St., Chicago

5% BONDS Safer Than Any Savings Bank

And Payable in \$5 Instalments

Our 5% First Mortgage Gold Bonds enable you to invest your savings in the highest type of basic security—First Mortgages on New York Real Estate. They combine the three essentials of a perfect investment—Absolute Security, High Earning Power, Cash Availability—and can be procured on an investment of

Five Dollars per Month

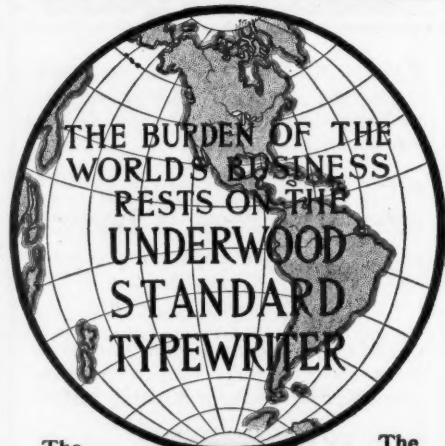
On each instalment we pay 5% interest for every day invested, and your money is available at all times. Get the full earning power of your savings. If you are receiving only 3 or 4%, our plan will increase your income from 25 to 66 2/3%, and you have better than savings bank security.

Write for our booklet, which contains valuable and interesting data in regard to the growth of New York City. It explains how you can stop that loss of from 1-4 to 2-3 in your interest earnings.

Write—not to-morrow—NOW.

NEW YORK CENTRAL REALTY COMPANY

Suite 746, 1133 Broadway, New York
(Surplus and undivided profits, \$1,000,000.00)



The
Machine
that
Revolutionized
Type-
writer
Making



The
Machine
that
Makes a
New Speed
Record
at Every
"National
Business
Show"

Send for Speed Record of March 21, 1907.

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER COMPANY
NEW YORK or ANYWHERE

A Vital Issue Clearly Presented

Medical Experts Agree
"That Acetanilid Properly Used
and Properly Balanced Becomes
a Most Useful and Safe Remedy"

This fact clearly presents the whole aim and success of the Orangeine prescription, now so widely published and attested from 15 years of widest possible use. The "proper use" of this "valuable remedy," so skillfully balanced with the other remedies composing the

Orangeine

FORMULA

secures a wonderful range of pure remedial action, **without trace of depressant or drug effect.**

The testimony of prominent physicians and individuals all over the country, who have known Orangeine for years, proves that Orangeine promptly and safely reaches the cause of

**"Grip," Colds, Headache,
Neuralgia, Indigestion, Nervous-
ness, and Brain Fag**

Prevents much sickness.

Fortifies the system against disease attack,
 "Saves days from worse than waste."

FROM MANY TRIBUTES

MR. EDWARD MURRAY, a well-known lawyer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I have been using Orangeine for the past six years, and my experience has led me to believe, in spite of sensation mongers, that it is infallible. My mother now in her 88th year, finds Orangeine very beneficial, and any effect, other than benefit, would certainly make itself felt in a person of her years. I conscientiously recommend Orangeine to all my friends and acquaintances."

DR. H. R. GOODSELL, Memphis, Tenn., writes: "It is four years since I commenced using Orangeine, and my regard for it as a therapeutic agent has constantly increased; that it gives prompt and pleasant relief in sick and nervous headache, neuralgia, indigestion, lassitude, and the majority of minor ills, there can be no doubt. I consider it both a luxury and a necessity."

Our Formula Since 1892:

"Minimum Dose, in Perfect Remedial Balance."

ACETANILID	2.4 Gr.
Soda Li-Carb.	1 "
Caffeine	.6 "
Homeopathic Trituration of Mandrake, Blue Flag and Nux Vomica	1 "
Total only	5 Grs.

25c Package FREE For Honest Test

Send postal for prominent experience and testimony, with 25c PACKAGE FREE FOR HONEST TEST. Orangeine is sold by all druggists, or mailed on receipt of price. 25c package (2 powders); 25c package (6 powders); 50c package (15 powders); \$1 package (35 powders).

The Orangeine Chemical Co. 15 Michigan Ave. Chicago

One might argue that a good letter is just as good written on cheap paper.

One might also argue that fine jewelry would be just as good delivered in a coal-cart.

Business men know that proper delivery wagons and good paper are worth all they cost.

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND

"Look for the Water Mark"

is certainly good paper. We do not know of better for commercial use.

Write us on your present letterhead for the Book of Specimens, showing OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND in white and fourteen colors, printed, lithographed and engraved on letterheads, checks and other business forms, or ask your printer for it.

**Hampshire
Paper
Company**

The only paper makers in
the world making bond
paper exclusively

South Hadley Falls
Massachusetts



OPPORTUNITY

Think of the hundreds of millions of dollars that are paid out every week in salaries! Think of the billions that are being spent for the erection of office buildings, modern factories, subways and canals! Think how much it would mean to you to become the directing force behind one of these vast enterprises! How well are you equipped to make a *showing* in competition with your fellows? Is there any one thing in which you excel? Can you plan a big business campaign? Are you a master of finance? What *is* your specialty? You *must* have one to succeed.

So many and varied are the chances that are offered you that you can almost pick out your own occupation. You have means of preparing for a career that in your father's time was not even dreamed of. He had to work at least two hours longer in a day than you do now. He was paid infinitely smaller salary, and he had to serve a long, tedious, tiresome apprenticeship for a meager, trifling sum while learning, and then at best he could only learn what his employers chose to teach him. Things are entirely different now. The American School of Correspondence will bring the instruction to you. If you will only take the two hours a day that your father has turned over to you as an inheritance and use that time to study carefully you can master one of the professions listed below.

We Employ No Agents to bother you with repeated calls at your home or place of business. We talk to you only by mail. The money you pay us is not used to maintain an expensive organization of high-priced agents, but is used to give you better instruction at a lower cost.

Tell us what course you are most interested in, and receive Free (if you mention this magazine) our 200-page hand-book fully describing it.

.... Mechanical Drawing
.... Electrical Engineering
.... Mechanical Engineering
.... Telephone Practice
.... Telegraphy
.... Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting

.... Heating, Ventilation and
Plumbing
.... Stationary Engineering
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(fitting for entrance to
engineering schools)

.... Structural Drafting
.... Locomotive Engineering
.... Civil Engineering
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AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE READER MAGAZINE, '07



IN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, PLEASE MENTION "THE READER."

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

**"The Most Effective of the Natural Medicinal Waters"
and "Strikingly Superior to Lithia Tablets" in
Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, Renal
Calculi, Gout, Rheumatism, Etc.**

Dr. I. N. Love, *New York City, former Professor of Clinical Medicine and Diseases of Children, College of Physicians and Surgeons and in Marion Sims College of Medicine, St. Louis, Vice-President of American Medical Association, 1895, etc.*, in an article in *Medical Mirror*, February, 1901, says: "While being the most effective of the natural mineral waters, it is strikingly superior to emergency solutions of lithia tablets and pure water, even where the said solution is an exceedingly strong one."

Dr. Alexander B. Mott, *New York, Professor Surgery, Bellevue Hospital Medical College, Surgeon Bellevue Hospital*: "In the Gouty Diathesis, Chronic Inflammation of the Bladder, and other diseases affecting the Urinary Organs, it may be relied on to give the most satisfactory results."

The Late Prof. W. B. Towles, M.D., *of the University of Virginia*, had "no hesitancy whatever in saying that for Stone in the Bladder * * I know of no remedy at all comparable to it."

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is for sale by the general drug and mineral water trade. Testimonials which defy all imputation or question sent to any address.

Hotel at Springs opens June 15th.

PROPRIETOR BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, Virginia.

Summer Time Is Vacation Time

The vacation which is intelligently planned will bring pleasure, rest and recreation to the most prosaic life.

Can't We Help You Plan It?

The Pere Marquette Railroad publishes a number of handsomely illustrated guide-books to the principal

Rest Spots of Michigan

"Michigan Summer Resorts" tells of the resorts of the upper Lake Michigan country. "Michigan East Coast Resorts" describes the lower shore of Lake Michigan.

Then there is "Fishing and Hunting in Michigan," and booklets describing the resorts at Charlevoix, Ottawa Beach and Points aux Barques in detail.

These booklets will be sent to any address on request to

H. F. MOELLER, G. P. A., 308 Union Station, Detroit, Michigan



Mrs. **Graham's Kosmeo**
Creates a Perfect Complexion

Kosmeo is a dainty, snow-white, sweet smelling cream, delightful to use.

It immediately cools and soothes a burning, sensitive skin, and heals a rough, chapped or otherwise irritated skin in one application.

It is an absolute protection for men, women and children from sunburn, freckles and tan; excellent for men's use after shaving.

Kosmeo cleanses the pores thoroughly and promotes a healthy circulation, thus removing the cause of pimples and blackheads. It makes the flesh firm and the skin smooth and clear, free from wrinkles and glowing with health.

Price 50 cents. At all dealers, or sent by mail postpaid.

A Sample Box of Kosmeo and Booklet Free

Mrs. Gervaise Graham, 1473 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



While Waiting for
the Doctor
USE
POND'S
EXTRACT

Accidents happen every day. Do you know what to do should one happen?

FREE
FIRST AID BOOK

Tells you what to do in cases of shock, fainting, cuts, wounds, sprains, bleeding, burns, scalds, fractures, poisoning, etc., based on surgical practice. This book should be in every home.

Sent Free for the Asking.

Write to Pond's Extract Co., Dept. 35, 78 Hudson St., New York.



The A B C of Travel

The Abel & Bach Co. are leaders in the manufacture of unique and useful articles of traveling equipment. Every article made in the A B C factories has a distinct place in the world of travel.

The above cut shows our number 1012, a patented tray fixture trunk. It is so made that the tray raises with the top. Is canvas covered, has the finest brass plated steel trimmings, fully covered tray and an extra dress tray. All securely riveted and lined throughout with cloth. The 36-inch size retails for \$15.

Write for our book "Tips to Travelers," showing many new and novel articles manufactured by us. Sent free.



Abel & Bach Company
Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

Largest makers of traveling equipment in the world.

This mark guarantees quality and service.

Chicago Salesrooms: 46-48 Adams St.



Dissolvane Rubber Garments

For the Prevention and Reduction of Superfluous Flesh

Do not wait until your figure becomes fleshy and burdensome. Commence wearing Dissolvane Rubber Garments *NOW* and retain the natural beauty and symmetry of figure which is the envy of all women.

If you have allowed superfluous flesh to accumulate, begin **at once** to wear these wonderful Garments and regain your natural appearance.

Our daintily illustrated booklet will be of interest to any woman who has sufficient pride and self-respect to care for her personal appearance

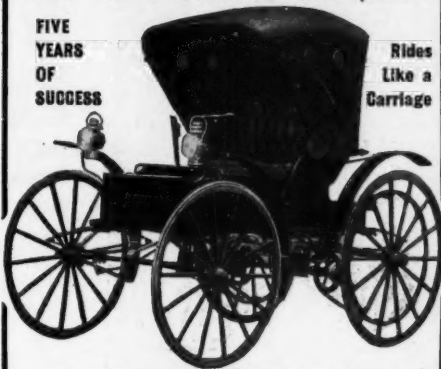
Dissolvane Company 20D West 34th Street New York

(Adj. Waldorf)



The Holsman Automobile

FIVE
YEARS
OF
SUCCESS



Rides
Like a
Carriage

A STANDARD type of power vehicle, light, strong, handsome, high-wheeled, high-bodied—simple, and splendidly efficient. "Rides Like a Carriage," noiselessly and smoothly, over paved city streets, or rockiest, ruttiest, country roads. Practically no repairs and low maintenance.

Solid Rubber Tires—no pneumatics to collapse. Air-cooled—no water to freeze. Holsman features are all fully patented.

Two simple hand levers regulate entire control—start, steer, stop, reverse and brake. No live axles, friction clutches, differential gears, pumps, etc. Double hill-climbing power in reserve. Send today for Handsome Booklet—Free.

HOLSMAN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

676 Monadnock Block

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shake Into Your Shoes



Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, etc. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POW-DERS, the best medicine for Feverish, sickly Children. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

Allen's Foot-Ease. Address, **ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.**

[Mention this magazine.]



LET ME TELL YOU of a simple and easy way to enlarge your arms an INCH in 1 MONTH, and increase your strength and breathing capacity 50 PER CENT. Develop your arms, shoulders, chest and legs to a wonderful extent. Strengthen your HEART, LUNGS, NERVES and all the internal muscles. Rid yourself of rheumatism, writer's cramp, dyspepsia and constipation. And attain robust health, great strength, youthful vigor and a perfect form. Write to

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"And We Will Mend Thy Wages"

—Shakespeare.



We, the International Correspondence Schools, have "mended" the wages of many thousands of young men situated as you are now. We can "mend" yours.

On file in our offices at Scranton are a hundred thousand names and addresses of workers whose wages have been increased from 50 to 800 per cent. as a result of I. C. S. training. The I. C. S. trains you in your own home.

During February, 344 students voluntarily reported an increase in salary and position as the direct result of I. C. S. training.

In the next few months the I. C. S. training will advance several thousand more. Do you want to be one of them? If so fill out the coupon and mail it to-day.

That is the first step. It puts you under no obligation and no expense, yet it has been the means of opening up new opportunities and tripling and quadrupling the earnings of thousands who have no more ability than you, but who were willing.

ARE YOU WILLING?

International Correspondence Schools,

Box 986, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X

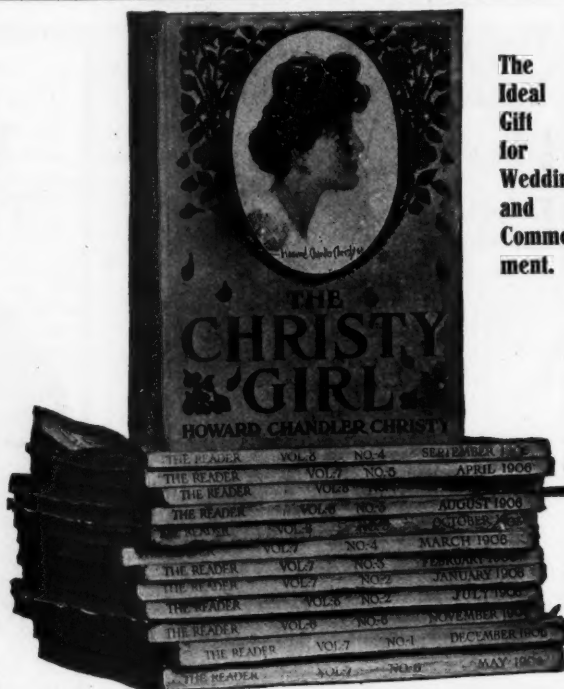
Bookkeeper	Mechan. Draughtsman
Stenographer	Telephone Engineer
Advertisement Writer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Show Card Writer	Mech. Engineer
Window Trimmer	Surveyor
Commercial Law	Stationary Engineer
Illustrator	Civil Engineer
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These combine to make **THE READER** the magazine for Americans who desire wholesome entertainment, trustworthy information and intelligent comment on the activities of to-day.

Among the important features for the coming months will be the great Bryan-Beveridge debates, the timely and significant articles on South America by Albert Hale, and the new and eagerly expected novel by Octave Thanet, author of "The Man of the Hour."

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READER 5

I enclose \$3.00, for which send, charges paid, a copy of **THE CHRISTY GIRL** to

Name _____ Town _____

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When Your Husband Phones:

"I'm bringing a man home with me,"
And you happen to be short in some
important detail,

Or he hasn't allowed you time
enough to do the right thing in the
right way:

Then remember



10¢

Campbell's SOUPS



"For two pure things,"
Observed her mother,
"Why, you are one,
And here's the other:"
Campbell's Soups

They start the dinner right.
They nourish; they delight; they sustain.
They are made as carefully as you would
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They contain the best the market supplies.

They are *quick*—

For all you need do is

Just add hot water and serve

and you are ready for "the man."

Try these of the 21 kinds:

Consommé—Tomato—Okra—Mock Turtle

If your grocer doesn't sell Campbell's Soups, will you please
tell us and send his name and address?

If you'll drop us a postal, we'll send you a book of the
"Campbell Kids" in colors. Ask for booklet No. 22.
It also tells how we make soup. IT'S FREE.

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Desk No. 22

Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

*Our plant is operated under Government Supervision.
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When you Buy a Gas Range be sure it's a DETROIT JEWEL

The difference between Detroit Jewels and ordinary gas ranges is the difference in construction, and a consequent difference in results. Detroit Jewel Gas Ranges save gas. Positive tests by experts show that Detroit Jewels do more work with less gas than any other.

JUST THINK! this saving in gas occurs every time you use the Detroit Jewel, so you see it would pay you to replace your old gas range with a Detroit Jewel.

THE REPUTATION of Detroit Jewels is worldwide, so, naturally, there are many imitations of Detroit Jewels—ranges built to look like Detroit Jewels, but whose resemblance ends with their looks.

ANOTHER FEATURE: Detroit Jewel Oven Tops and Oven Bottoms have a special heat deflecting construction so that full value is secured from the heat. This increases the cost of manufacture, but it makes better-baking and longer-lasting gas ranges.

DETROIT JEWEL STAR-SHAPED top burners, cast in one piece, are great gas savers, because they spread the blaze under the utensil when cooking, and thus give quick results. The mixer caps are made of pressed sheet steel, nickel plated and tight fitting, giving perfect control of the mixture of gas and air at all times.

DETROIT JEWEL ADJUSTABLE SAFETY LEVER VALVES can be regulated to any gas pressure, and secure the most economical results; do not leak or waste gas.

SQUARE, DEEP OVENS are made with Detroit Jewel special ventilating flue construction, insuring perfect baking and economy in gas consumption. Throughout Detroit Jewel Gas Ranges will be found every device for convenience, utility and gas economy ever designed. Most of these features originated in the Detroit Jewel plant, where a staff of gas range experts is regularly employed designing, improving and perfecting Detroit Jewel Gas Appliances.

DETROIT JEWEL Gas Ranges

YOU CANNOT get Detroit Jewel results unless you use a Detroit Jewel Gas Range.

The Detroit Jewel line of gas ranges, which you can see displayed at the offices of most gas companies, and at the stores of most dealers, includes every desirable style, and all built with Detroit Jewel gas-saving flue construction, and other exclusive Detroit Jewel improvements.

THE FIRST COST of a gas range is the least important item. It is the monthly gas bills that makes the range expensive or cheap. That makes it important to get a Detroit Jewel. The bodies of all Detroit Jewels are made of refined steel of first quality—a material especially adapted to gas range construction—instead of the ordinary sheet iron or steel generally used. Has a smooth surface which cannot chip or peel and requires no blacking. All bodies made in one piece, without seam or joint, insuring great durability.

ALSO NOTICE THE DETROIT JEWEL Patent Interlocking Removable Oven Linings—perfected after years of study and experiment on the part of our gas range experts. Inside linings, oven top and oven bottom, and all burners can be removed for cleaning and replaced in a few minutes.

NO BOLTS OR NUTS used as our original interlocking construction makes them unnecessary. The spreading of linings due to expansion and contraction of oven bottom or top, common in other makes is entirely overcame, me,



Look for this
Trade Mark on the
range you buy.

BECAUSE OF OUR LARGE MANUFACTURING facilities and immense production, Detroit Jewel Gas Ranges are sold at the same prices as ordinary gas ranges. Do not buy without first investigating Detroit Jewels. Remember that each one is backed by our guarantee of the gas company, or dealer who sells it.

Detroit Jewel Gas Water Heaters

heat a given amount of water more quickly, and at less cost than any other heater manufactured, of equal size and weight. Built with cast iron casings,—not affected by rust. Cast iron door, swinging on hinges, gives ready access to burners for cleaning. Easily connected to hot water boiler and may be used in connection with coal range. Operate independently. Send for descriptive circular and prices.

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This interesting little booklet of gas range information shows all the new styles of DETROIT JEWEL GAS RANGES. Tells about the many advantages of gas fuel and includes a variety of choice recipes by world-famous cooks. Sent free on request. Address Dep't M.



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DETROIT — "Largest Stove Plant in the World" — CHICAGO

Two Kinds of "Good Health"

THERE is *active* and *passive* Good-health!
One kind is the aggressive, *conquering*
Health of the pacing Tiger.

The other is the placid, passive, *actionless* Health of the Cow lying on the grass, chewing her cud, and waiting to be milked for another's benefit.

This wide difference in Health springs chiefly from the wide difference in food.

The Tiger feeds entirely on *meats*, which are *Nitrogenous* Foods, rich in *Proteids*.

The Cow feeds on *grass* and other carbonaceous Foods, containing very *little* Proteid.

Proteid, you know, is the food-factor which builds and rebuilds animal (human) tissue, brain, flesh and muscle.

It is also the factor that builds *Courage*, *Audacity*, "*Nerve*," and that pent-up *Force* of the coiled spring, ready to instantly apply.

This is the reason why meat-eating Races, and meat-eating animals have, through the effect of these *Proteids*, triumphed ever since the world began.

3 3

But there is *one Vegetable* which is richer than the richest *Meat* in *Nitrogenous* Proteid.

That Vegetable is the *Bean*—of Snider class.

These Snider-grade Beans contain 23 to 25 pounds of *Nitrogenous* Proteid in every 100 pounds, with less than 2 pounds of Fat to handicap their absorption by the system.

Even Beefsteak contains only 20 pounds of this "*pre-eminent*" food-factor diluted with 76 pounds of Water per 100 pounds.

Daily Bread contains less than 7 pounds per 100 of Proteid, and Eggs but 12½ pounds per 100.

So that *Beans* are richer in the *aggressive*, "*Tiger-kind*" of Health-production than any other food of twice their price that can be freely digested by the average person.

3 3

The great handicap of Beans *has been* their useless and inconvenient *excess* of Sulphur.

This Sulphur turns into Sulphuretted Hydrogen Gas when Beans (as ordinarily cooked) are eaten. And that Gas in turn causes Flatulence, Colic, "*Wind on the Stomach*."

Moreover, Beans (as ordinarily cooked) are so close-textured that the juices of the stomach cannot *penetrate* them freely enough to fully *digest* them.

This is why the *Snider Process* of preparing and cooking Pork & Beans was invented.

That Process not only eliminates bean-faults, but renders Snider Beans mellow, cheesy, porous and very absorbent.

It does this without making them soft, mushy, split, cracked, soupy or discolored, like other brands of Pork & Beans.

A glance into the first tin of "*Snider-Pro-*



cess" Pork & Beans that you cut open will *show* the difference instantly.

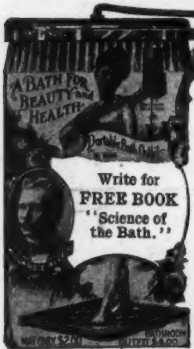
And, when you *taste* them, their mellow, cheesy consistency, with their fine full flavor, tinged with that appetizing Seven-Spiced Snider Catsup will surprise and delight you.

Your money back from the Grocer if, in *your* opinion, Snider's are *not* the finest Pork & Beans you have ever eaten.

This advertisement authorizes the refund.

The T. A. Snider Preserve Co.,
Cincinnati, U. S. A.

THE READER ADVERTISEMENTS



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A PERFECT COMBINATION PORTABLE SHOWER, FRICTION AND MASSAGE BATHING OUTFIT, guaranteed as to utility, efficiency and durability. The only **SANITARY, SELF-CLEANSING** bath brush which at **ONE OPERATION** thoroughly opens and cleanses pores, imparts healthy tone and glow, protects system from cold and infectious germs. For **HOT or QUICK SHOWER** bath in **YOUR OWN ROOM.** Can be carried in grip.

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Either Outfit shipped on receipt of price. All goods fully guaranteed or money refunded.

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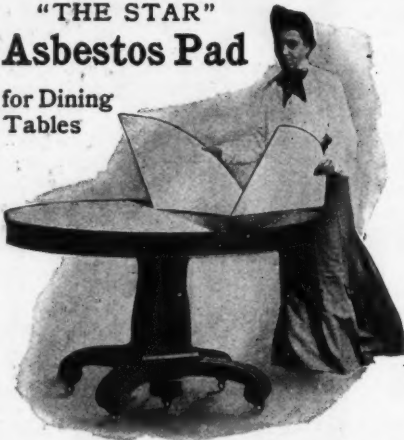
AGENTS MAKE \$50 WEEKLY

Ask for Terms
Please state whether you want Outfit
for your own use or to sire the agency

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"THE STAR" Asbestos Pad

for Dining
Tables



THE only protection to the most highly polished surface against injury from moisture and hot dishes. Easy to handle; **MADE TO FOLD** to convenient size to lay away in drawer when not in use. Made of specially prepared asbestos, covered with double-faced Cotton Flannel to make it soft and noiseless. Made to order for any size table. Leaves for extension if required. Dolly, Chafing-dish and Platter Mats of same material for tables when cloth is not used—round, square, or oval, 5 to 18 inches in size. *Write for descriptive booklet.*

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The Cuisine is Unsurpassed.
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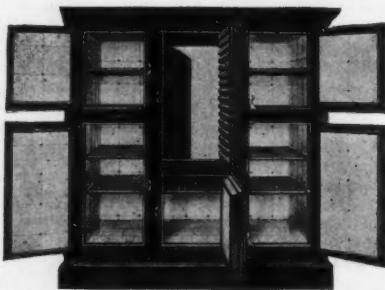
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are acknowledged by architects and sanitary experts to be the **best** refrigerators that can be built and they are cheapest in the end, because they use so much less ice, and soon pay for themselves in saving on ice bills.

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NOTE { We furnish Flags any size or price desired } Write
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You can easily dye feathers, laces, ribbons or other materials to trim hats lovely colors that will gratify your artistic sense, appeal to your taste and accord with your idea of thrift.

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Diamond Dyes are inexpensive and their assortment of colors fits every condition or complication of wardrobe that may confront you. These colors are appropriate to all seasons and suitable for all occasions. You can always have a fresh hat to match your dress with little trouble and at trifling cost.

Don't be humbugged by dyes which promise to color Wool and Silk (Animal material) and Cotton and Mixed Goods (Vegetable material) the same color with the same dye.

You can't color Cotton and Mixed Goods (Vegetable material) and Wool and Silk (Animal material) equally well with the same dye—it is a chemical impossibility.

Diamond Dyes for cotton will color any fabric as well as any one dye in the world—in other words, as well as is chemically possible; but, for particular coloring, Diamond Dyes furnish you with one set of dyes of one strength for Cotton and Mixed Goods (Vegetable material), and another set of dyes of a different strength for Wool and Silk (Animal material).

Diamond Dyes Make Home Dyeing Scientific

Remember—Diamond Dyes insure your success because they are the only dyes which put home dyeing on an *absolutely scientific* basis—where success is a scientific certainty.

If you are dyeing cotton, linen or mixed goods, ask for *Diamond Dyes for Cotton*. If you are dyeing wool or silk, ask for *Diamond Dyes for Wool*.

Of course, it *sounds* easy to trust to chance and use one dye for both, but unless economy is successful it isn't *real* economy.

Send us your name and address (be sure to mention your dealer's name and tell us whether he sells Diamond Dyes), and we will send you a copy of the famous *Diamond Dye Annual*, a copy of the *Direction Book*, and 36 samples of dyed cloth, all FREE. Address

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Is built on a new principle. It expels all foul air as soon as formed. It keeps your food sweet and healthful because it can retain and circulate only pure, dry, chilled air.

Is the only
Refrigerator Which Breathes



30 Days' Free Trial

To positively satisfy you that "The Odorless" is all that we know it to be, we want you to send for one. Stock it with food. Test it vigorously for 30 days free. Then, if it does not operate to your satisfaction—send it back.

Our catalogues are free. They describe the sizes, styles, and give prices of these modern refrigerators.

Send for them, also for our booklet, "A Woman's Idea," which tells how the principle of the Refrigerator that Breathes was discovered and shows how the average housewife can save the cost of an Odorless Refrigerator in one season in the saving of perishable foods.

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MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

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are not more welcome, after Winter's cold and snows, than is Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder to the tender raw skin, roughened by the wind of early Spring, of the woman who values a good complexion, and to the man who shaves. In the nursery Mennen's comes first—the purest and safest of healing and soothing toilet powders. Put up in non-refillable boxes, for your protection. If Mennen's face is on the cover, it's genuine and a guarantee of purity. Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents.

Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542.

Sample Free

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Newark, N. J.



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? How So Complete For The Cost, \$2400 ?

Answer: Simplicity and Economy of Structural Detail
Our latest books of plans giving views, sizes, costs, etc., are

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JELL-O The Dainty Dessert

To prepare, add boiling water and let cool.

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See the beautiful display of dainty desserts made from **JELL-O**. Sample it free and allow our demonstrators to explain how easily most elaborate but inexpensive desserts can be prepared from it at a moment's notice.

7 Flavors:

Lemon
Orange
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THE READER ADVERTISEMENTS

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Made instantly with boiling milk.

Packed in pound and half pound tins.

Sold where the Best is sold.

Made by the makers of

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STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, 1316 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.



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Reliable Food for Infants


It is a pure and safe food where the mother does not nurse the baby. An invigorating food-drink for the nursing mother.

Horlick's Malted Milk is quickly prepared, delicious to the taste and easy to digest. It builds up both the bone and muscle tissues, giving a sturdy body and good health to the growing child.

At druggists everywhere. Simply mix with hot water and it's ready to use.

Ask for Horlick's—others are imitations.

The ideal food for all ages.




Stallman's Dresser Trunk

Easy to get at everything without disturbing anything. No fatigue in packing and unpacking. Light, strong, roomy drawers. Holds as much and costs no more than a good box trunk. Hand-riveted; strongest trunk made. In small room serves as chiffonier. C.O.D. with privilege of examination.

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THE "IRISH MAIL"

Touring Car is just the thing. Geared for speed, yet built so low it can't upset. Be sure to get the only genuine "Irish mail." It has the name on the seat.

Hill-Standard Mfg. Co., Anderson, Indiana

Send Us 25 Cents



To pay express charges, and we will deliver, prepaid to your home address, a good brush and a sample can of **ROGERS STAINFLOOR FINISH**, the best Floor Finish made, and also the best general finish for Furniture and all Interior Woodwork. Contents of can will cover 20 square feet, two coats. Mention color wanted: Light Oak, Dark Oak, Mahogany, Walnut, Cherry, Malachite Green or Transparent. Stamps accepted.

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Supersedes Tacks

Moore Push-Pins

GLASS heads, STEEL points

For fastening up CALENDARS, small pictures, posters, draperies, match-scratches, and numberless "little things," without disfiguring wood or plaster walls.

At Stationery, House-furnishing, Notion and Photo-supply Stores, or mailed prepaid for 16c per Packet of 1/2 doz., or 30c per box of one doz. No. 1 or No. 2 like cuts.

Moore Push-Pin Co., 154 S. 11th St., Phila., Pa.

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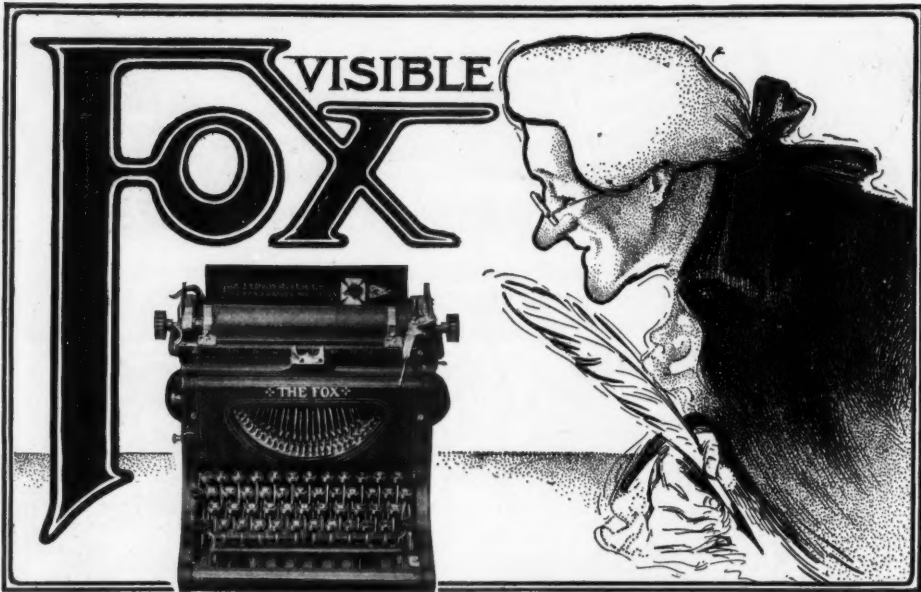
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THE READER ADVERTISEMENTS

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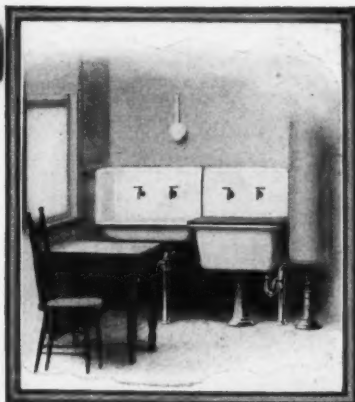
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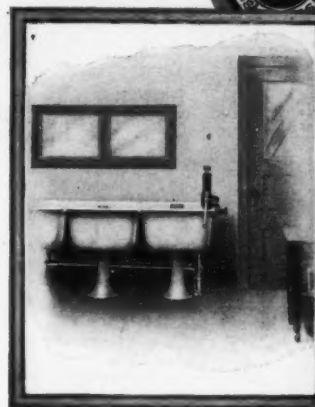
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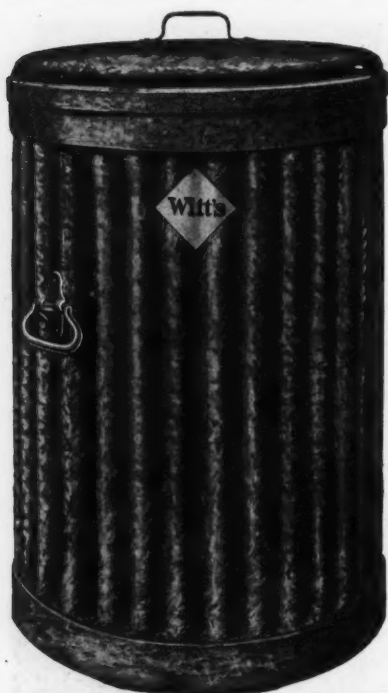
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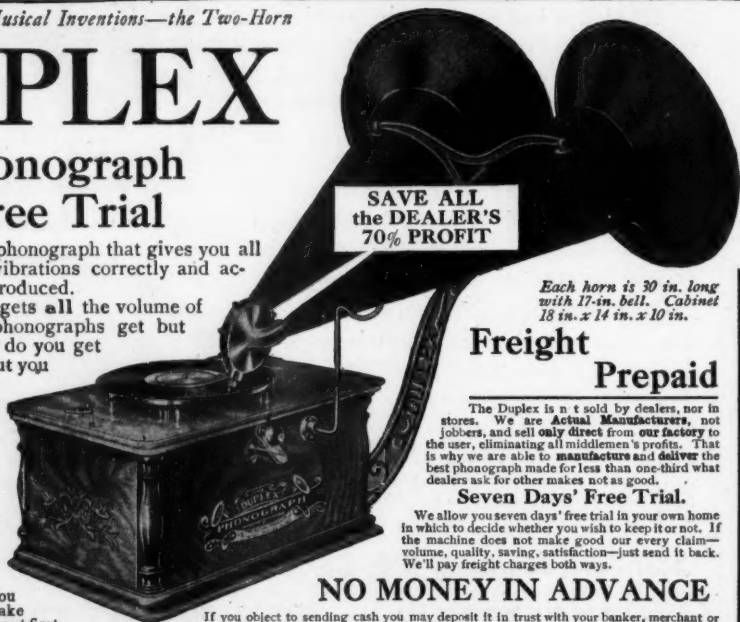
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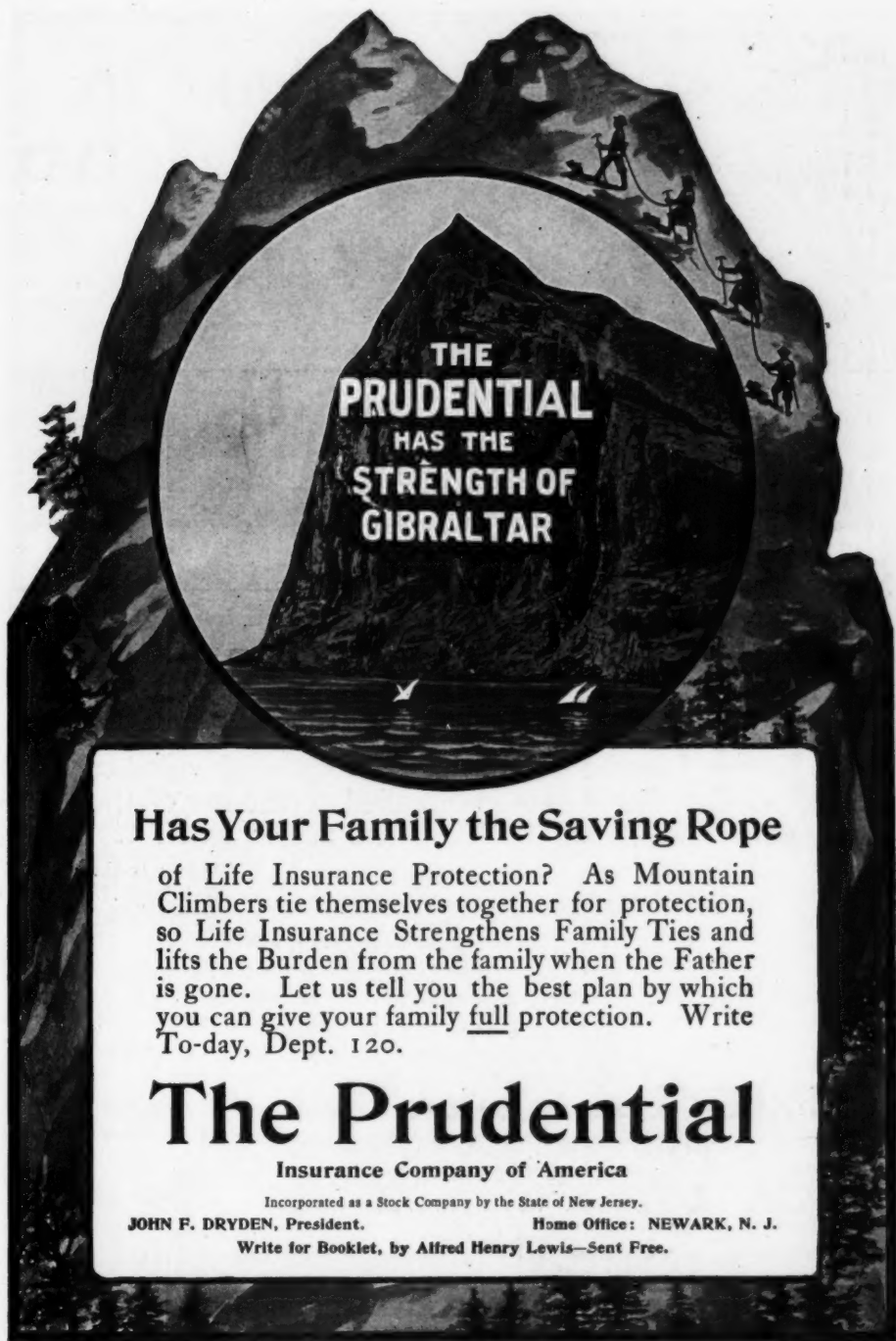
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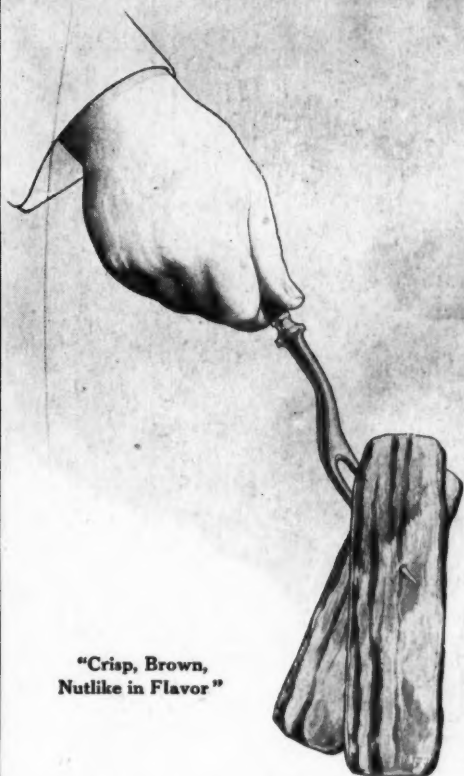
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Swift's "Premium" Broiled Bacon



"Crisp, Brown,
Nutlike in Flavor"

Suggestion for Early Spring Breakfasts:

Oranges
Swift's Premium Bacon
French Fried Potatoes
Corn Bread
Coffee

For breakfasts, luncheons, sandwiches, as a rasher for steaks or fowl—nothing so delicious as Swift's PREMIUM Bacon broiled. From U. S. Government Inspected porkers. There is a distinctness about the cure of Swift's Bacon that makes it always "PREMIUM." If Charles Lamb lived today his theme would be "Broiled Bacon" instead of "Roast Pig." Swift's Premium Bacon broiled well browned and crisp, certainly tastes good. So nut-like in flavor and one of the most valuable of meats. A great aid to digestion. The important thing to remember, is that your dealer gives you Swift's PREMIUM —no other.

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"What adjectives shall we find to do justice to that riper, richer, more subtle and sustaining viand, broiled bacon? * * * It strengthens the arm while it satisfies the palate. Crisp, juicy, savory; delicately salt as the breeze that blows from the sea; * * * aromatic, appetizing, nourishing, a stimulant to the hunger which it appeases * * * brought by art and man's device to a perfection surpassing nature. All the problems of woodland cookery are best solved by the baconian method."

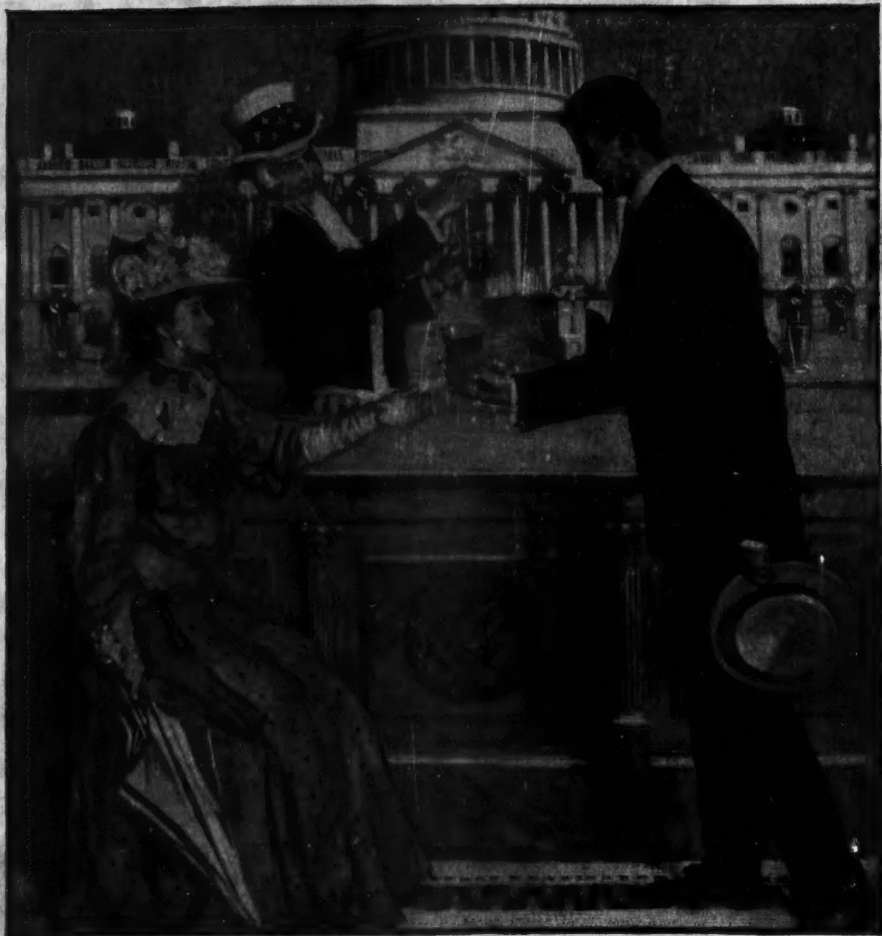
—In Scribner's for January, 1907.



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